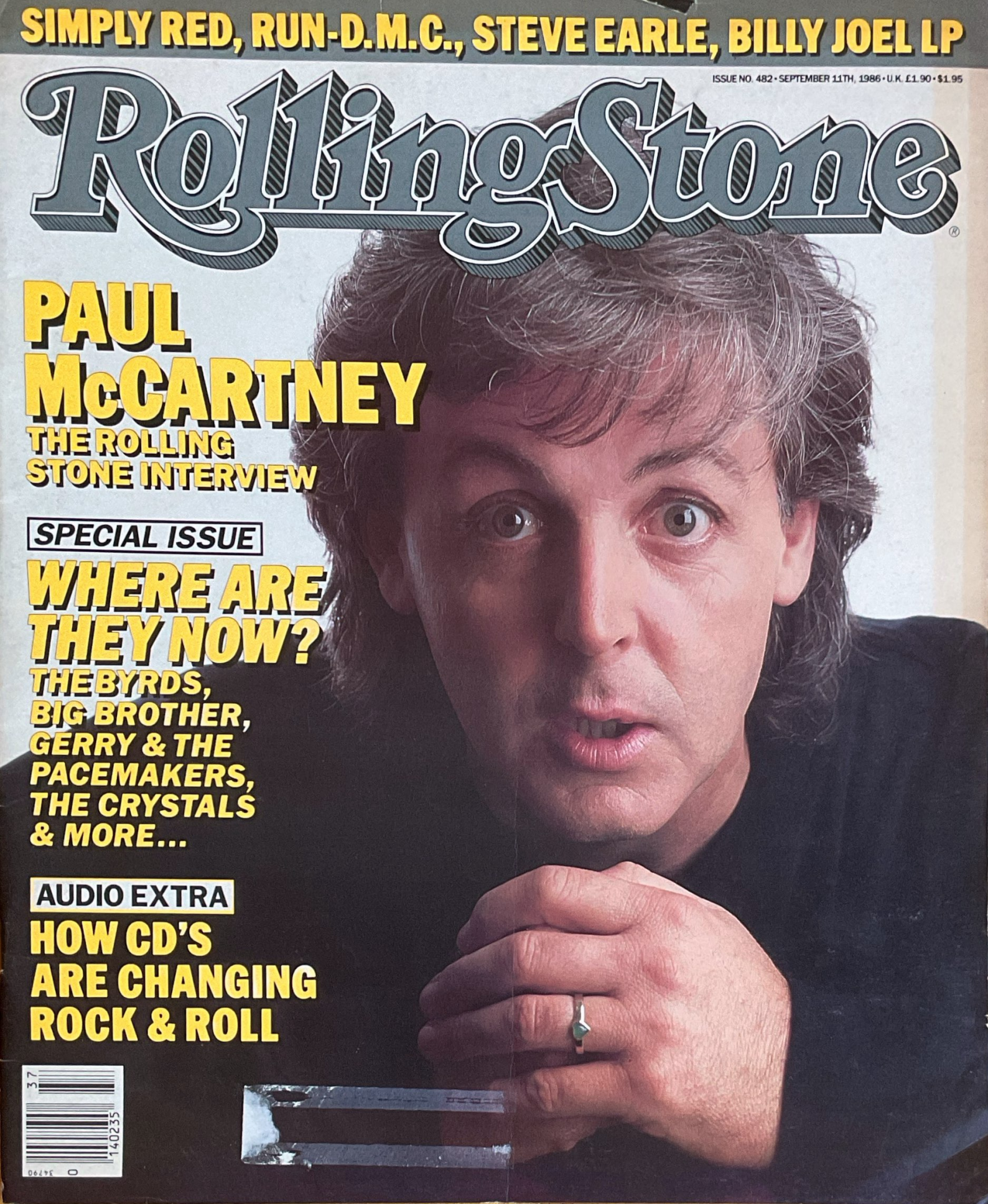
SIMPLY RED, RUN-D.M.C., STEVE EARLE, BILLY JOEL LP

ISSUE NO. 482 • SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1986 • U.K. £1.90 • $1.95

Rolling Stone



PAUL McCARTNEY
THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW

SPECIAL ISSUE

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?
THE BYRDS, BIG BROTHER, GERRY & THE PACEMAKERS, THE CRYSTALS & MORE...

AUDIO EXTRA

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIES AND STARR

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Ralph J. Gleason (1917-1975)

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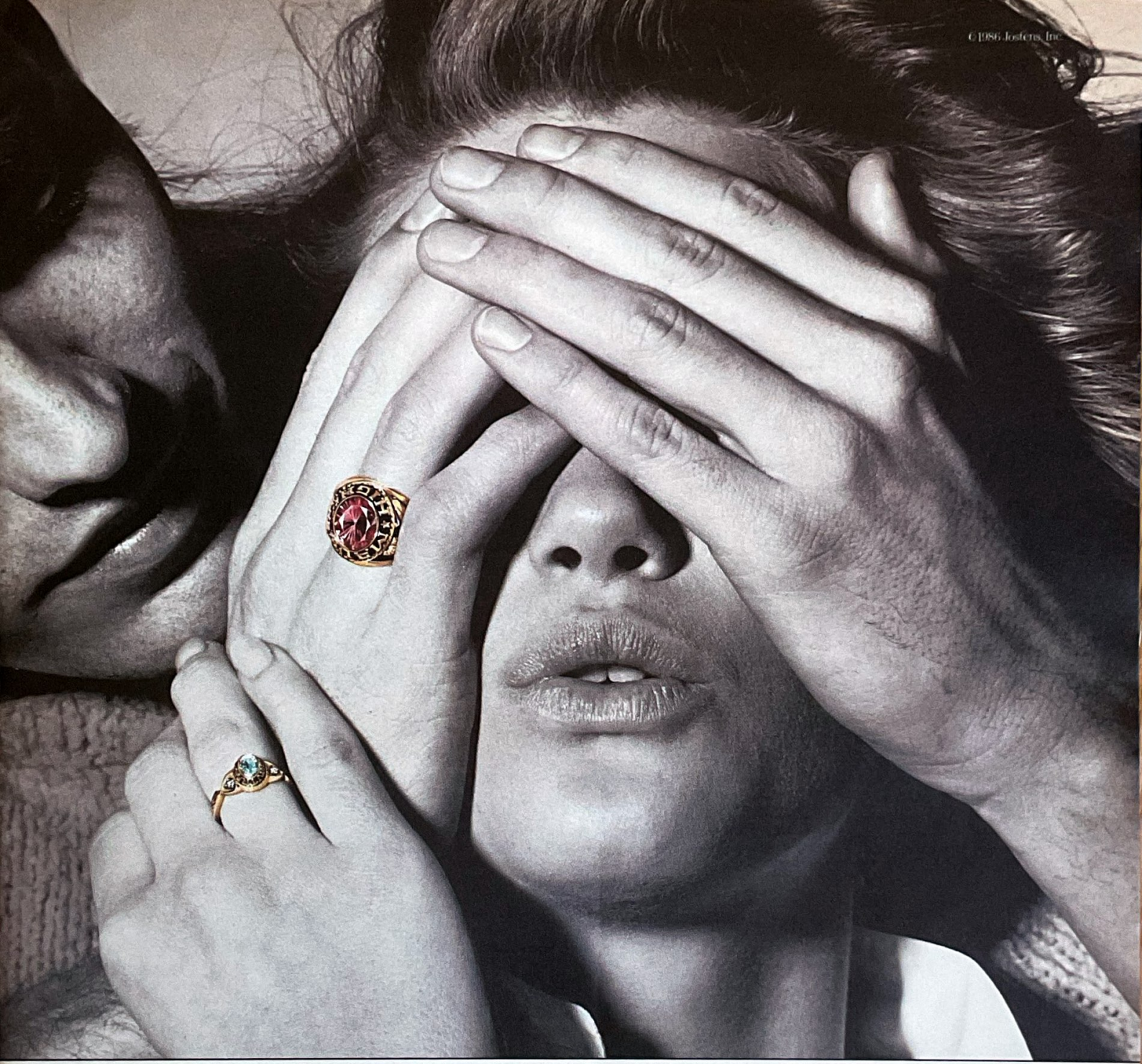
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Rolling Stone, P.O. Box 55329, Boulder, Colorado 80322-5329.



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Bees knees

A BIG, FAT HIGH FIVE TO NEAL KARLEN and ROLLING STONE for the hilarious

saga of the San Jose Bees ("Bad Nose Bees," RS 478/9). I've never enjoyed a piece of sports journalism as much. It should be mandatory reading for every sports-periodical editor in North America. Maybe then we'd see something in their magazines besides the usual white-bread blathering we are force-fed.

DANNY ANDREWS
Calgary, Canada

THANKS FOR YOUR ARTICLE ON THE San Jose Bees. I have been searching sports magazines for such a story, but it figures that they're all too intimidated by baseball commissioner Peter Ueberroth to print one, just as baseball owners have been too gutless to sign my favorite Bee, Steve Howe. He's a refreshing, courageous guy who's doing his best to beat his problems despite a lack of encouragement. Whatever the future holds for Howe and the other Bees, I wish them luck. It's nice to see a team willing to give people chances – and it's nice to see one magazine bold enough to give the Bees attention.

MONICA HITT
Kansas City, Missouri

Take cover

HEY! YOUR COVER PICTURE OF TOM Petty and Bob Dylan is a classic (RS 478/9). As soon as I can tear my eyes away, I just might read the article.

TRACY HILT
Janesville, Wisconsin

PLEASE THANK PHOTOGRAPHER AARON Rapoport for the great cover photo of Tom Petty and that "other guy" (!!**!). Also, thank him for the sexy picture of T.P. on page 34.

PAT CLARKE
Matawan, New Jersey

Fans' notes

YOUR SUMMER DOUBLE ISSUE IS GETting worn out, and it just got to my mailbox a few days ago. Why? Because of T. Gertler's article "The Lifeguard" ("The Voices of Summer," RS 478/9). It is so nice to see some reinforcement in print for that misunderstood job. I take my job as head lifeguard on a Florida beach very seriously, as do the three male guards working with me. We train at the start of each duty day to prepare ourselves for the work ahead of us, work that can be very challenging when the surf is up. Just because I'm a woman, and forty-seven at that, is no excuse for me to miss any of the training or any of the action. Ain't that tough enough?

PAT CARMONEY
Melbourne Beach, Florida

I ENJOYED DAVID MAMET'S PIECE ON the old-time pool halls and shared his lament that they no longer exist. A hall I once frequented now houses a bunch

of yuppie boutiques. But picture back then: a comfortable, dark pool hall with twenty-five classic oak tables and two rows of dark-brown benches around the entire room where the old regulars would sit reminiscing or reading their papers (all the while sneaking sips from the whiskey bottles they had in their coat pockets). You want cool? How about a gorgeous three-ball combination to sink the nine ball for the game and then yelling, "Rack!" as you walk (strut actually) to the head of the table to chalk up for your next break shot. At the sound of "Rack!" one of two old black men, either Lightning (blind in one eye) or Short Willie (a slight limp) would head for your table, rack your balls and pick up the money your opponent placed on the table to pay for the game. Mamet's article once again reminded me of those days. I met a lot of strange and fascinating people in that old pool hall.

BRUCE G. KAUFFMAN
Washington, D.C.

Ameriweenies

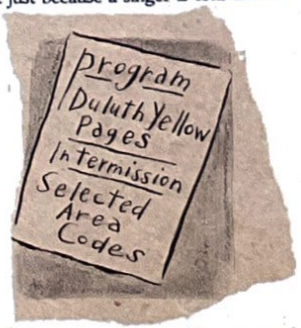
SO YOU'VE HAD IT WITH "THESE DOPEY little countries" ("Terror of the Euroweenies," RS 477). Well, good riddance to you then. Don't imagine we miss you in your stupid hats, so artlessly

impressed with everything. Just because the world hates you, you retaliate with a weak bad-mouthing about Europe. Just face it, you're all talk. There's a yellow streak in you a mile wide. You're a bunch of mindless hooligans who love picking on underdeveloped third-world nations. You're a nation of miserable cowards – you slap Qaddafi on the wrist and then lie shivering under your beds for the rest of the year, too afraid to even leave the country. You're pathetic and weak. You think the rest of the world is impressed? You're laughable.

DANIEL CREW
Bristol, England

Write on!

I'M WRITING TO SAY AMEN TO ANTHOny DeCurtis's remarks, in his review of the Joe Cocker LP, that "instinctively interpretive vocalists . . . demand material equal to their talent" (Records, RS 476). Are we to be satisfied knowing that just because a singer is told that he



could "sing the telephone directory and still move people," he has no choice but to dutifully start with the *A*'s? The fate of the singer who is not quite sure what he wants to say, or what forum to use to say it, is unfortunately one of having his material culled from literally thousands of songs submitted from everywhere under the sun, usually listened to by his "people" and played for him only after someone else has deemed it "commercial enough."

Singers, write! Express yourselves!

DENNIS LOCORRIERE
Nashville, Tennessee

Dennis Locorriere is a former vocalist with Dr. Hook. – ED.

Old geezer?

REGARDING MARK COLEMAN'S REVIEW of the *Absolute Beginners* soundtrack album (Records, RS 478/9), how can he consider Slim Gaillard an inappropriate musical prototype of the era and subculture portrayed in the film? Gaillard was a major figure in the American jazz scene from which the English scene portrayed in *Absolute Beginners* took much inspiration. "Old geezer"? Gaillard was one of the *original* absolute beginners!

KAREN M. SHOOP
Long Beach, California

IF COLEMAN THINKS SLIM GAILLARD IS just "a hapless old geezer," he should ask his grandfather about "Flat Foot Floogee." Back in the late Thirties, Slim and his partner, bassist Slam Stewart, were prime purveyors of such romping R&B novelties. Just because the old gent has been reduced to thankless cameos doesn't mean he should be trashed or forgotten.

PAUL OLOWACZ
Wayne, New Jersey

Jane Siberry

THANK YOU! "UNPLAIN JANE" WAS A long-awaited minitribute to an absolute shining star – Jane Siberry (RS 478/9). I am the proud owner of Siberry's 1981, 1984 and 1985 albums. Joni Mitchell took me through my teens, now I ponder the future with Jane Siberry.

KRISTEN M. GRANDINETTI
Niagara Falls, New York

I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FOLLOW JANE Siberry for quite some time, but it's been very difficult. When I first saw the "Mimi on the Beach" video, I was hooked on her unusual style. Since then, every scrap of information I could get on her has been a help to understand her cryptic music. Thanks!

DEBORAH E. YASH
Lewiston, New York

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DRAWINGS BY JAMES T. PENDERGRAST

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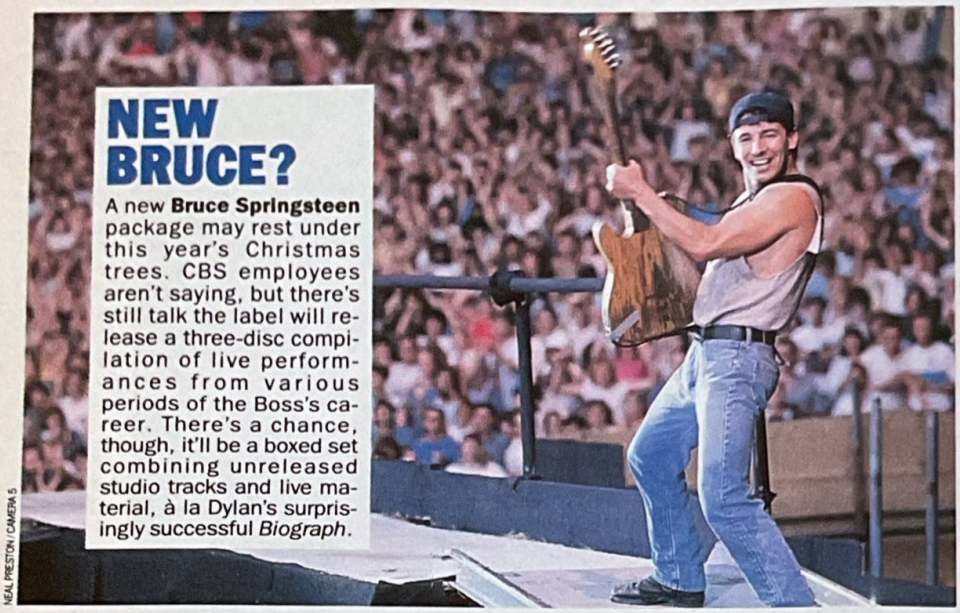
RANDOM

BY MARK COLEMAN



NEAL PRESTON / CAMERA 5

NEW BRUCE?

A new **Bruce Springsteen** package may rest under this year's Christmas trees. CBS employees aren't saying, but there's still talk the label will release a three-disc compilation of live performances from various periods of the Boss's career. There's a chance, though, it'll be a boxed set combining unreleased studio tracks and live material, à la Dylan's surprisingly successful *Biograph*.

DYLAN RAPS

Bob meets Kurtis Blow

Yo, **Kurtis Blow**. What's **Bob Dylan** doing on your new album? "He raps, he really raps," says Kurtis. "The man *raps*." Seems the unlikely duo were using adjacent recording studios in New York's Power Station a few years ago, and Dylan borrowed Kurtis's backup singers (known today as **Full Force**). So when Kurtis composed a "message rap" called "Street Rock" for his upcoming LP *Kingdom Blow*, he figured it was time to collect on the favor. Blow describes the result as "hard-core rock & roll and hard-core rap mixed together," with Dylan delivering fiery lines that touch on the news media and the famine in Ethiopia. *Kingdom Blow* also matches its hip-hop monarch with **P-Funk** overlord **George Clinton** on "Magilla Gorilla" and **Trouble Funk** on "I'm Chilling," the first single from the LP. "Besides that," says Mr. Blow, laughing, "it's a regular album."

STRUTTIN' AGAIN

A new **Stray Cats** LP? We thought **Brian Setzer**, **Slim Jim Phantom** and **Lee Rocker** were sworn enemies. "We called each other up and said, 'Let's cut the crap and go out for a drink or something,' " Setzer says. "We got the urge to make a fun album." The result, *Rock Therapy*, was recorded and mixed in a week – "like the first Beatles album," cracks Setzer. "We just got drunk and played rockabilly songs." Half are Stray Cats originals; the others are by the likes of **Chuck Berry** and **Gene Vincent**. The reunion will probably only be temporary, though: Rocker and Phantom are set to release another LP with **Earl Slick**; Setzer is in the studio with **Don Gehman**, cutting a rootsier second solo album. "It's back to **Buddy Holly and the Crickets**," Setzer says.

The temporarily reunited Stray Cats (from left): Slim Jim Phantom, Brian Setzer and Lee Rocker

NELS ISRAELSON

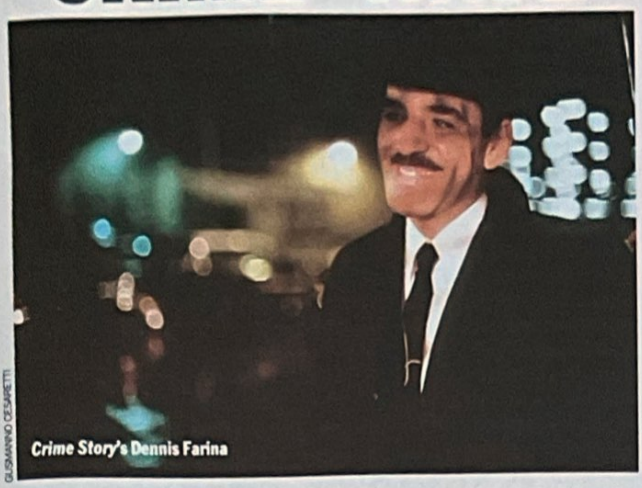
RAISING HELL

DEBORAH FEINGOLD

First there was **Scandal**; then came Scandal Featuring **Patty Smyth**; now there's Patty Smyth and a question mark. "It's like the band in *Spinal Tap*," Smyth says, laughing. "There've been endless changes, so it's not like I'm dropping the ax on anybody. It's sort of a sentimental attachment. I have a feeling I'm not going to give the name up." Deciding on a name is about all that's left to go on Patty's, or Scandal's, or whoever's, new album, which is due out next month.

"It looks like the title track will be 'Never Enough,' " Patty says, referring to a tune she wrote with **Cyndi Lauper**'s old crew – **Eric Bazilian** and **Rob Hyman** of the **Hooters** and **Rick Chertoff**, the coproducer of Patty's album. "That sums it up; 'Never Enough' is very descriptive of me," she says. "It's pretty strong, actually." After "The Warrior," *that*'s hardly a surprise. Smyth intends to assemble a band and hit the dusty touring trail not long after her LP is released. Ruby Elizabeth – Patty and **Richard Hell**'s one-year-old daughter – may also tag along. "We already rented a baby bus with a crib and playpen," Smyth says. "I'm gonna grind it into the ground this time. She'll have a *great* time."

'CRIME' WAVE



GIOVANNI CESARETTI

Crime Story's Dennis Farina

Don Johnson's Sonny Crocket may not dress like a real cop, but *Miami Vice* mastermind **Michael Mann**'s new show is sure to have a more authentic look. *Crime Story*, due this fall, is based on the exploits of **Chuck Adamson**. In the early Sixties, says Mann, Adamson headed "an elite task force in the Chicago Police Department during an era of massive car theft, sophisticated burglary rings, organized crime, bank robberies." Adamson himself is the show's head writer, and star **Dennis Farina**, whose character is based on Adamson, was once a detective in Adamson's unit. Mann promises the show will look "not gritty, but real." Along with vintage pop tunes, each show will feature original music by **Todd Rundgren**. "I used to watch *Hill Street Blues*," laughs Rundgren, "but this is more like *The Godfather*."

TIME WILL TELL

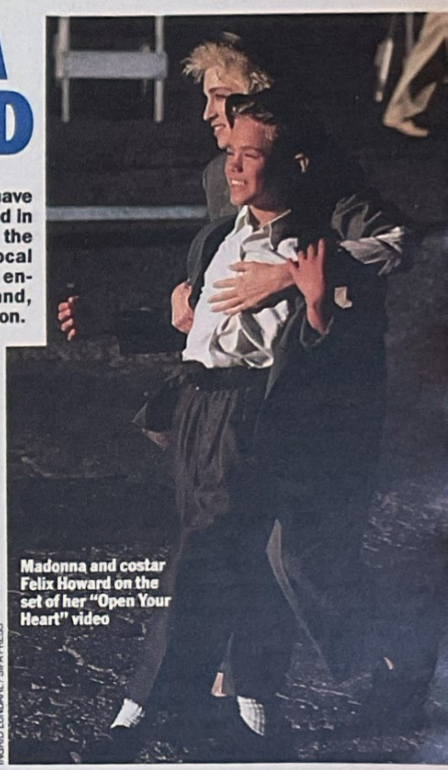
As Timex Social Club's "Rumors" becomes the biggest independent-label smash in quite a while, Jay Records owner and "Rumors" coproducer Jay King is waging a war of words with the group. "They turned into movie stars on me," he says. "They forgot what time it was." Maybe so, but King reckons the laugh is on Danya, their new label. "We are the Timex Social Club," he says of his new group, Secret Society (recently signed to Tommy Boy). "Do you think Timex Social Club will sound like that? *Hell*, no!" To further complicate matters, Timex went out on a leg of Run-D.M.C.'s tour this summer without their lead singer, Michael Marshall. He stayed back in San Francisco, completing the first Timex LP. According to Marshall, when his album and King's both come out, the difference between the two will be apparent, " 'cause he's weak," Marshall says of King. "He can't sing—I don't know what he does. He tried to sing in the studio, but we asked him not to." Will the real Timex Social Club please stand up?

BILLY DOUGLAS / PAT JOHNSON STUDIO

Timex Social Club's Marcus Thomas, Michael Marshall and Kevin Woods (from left)

MADONNA AND CHILD

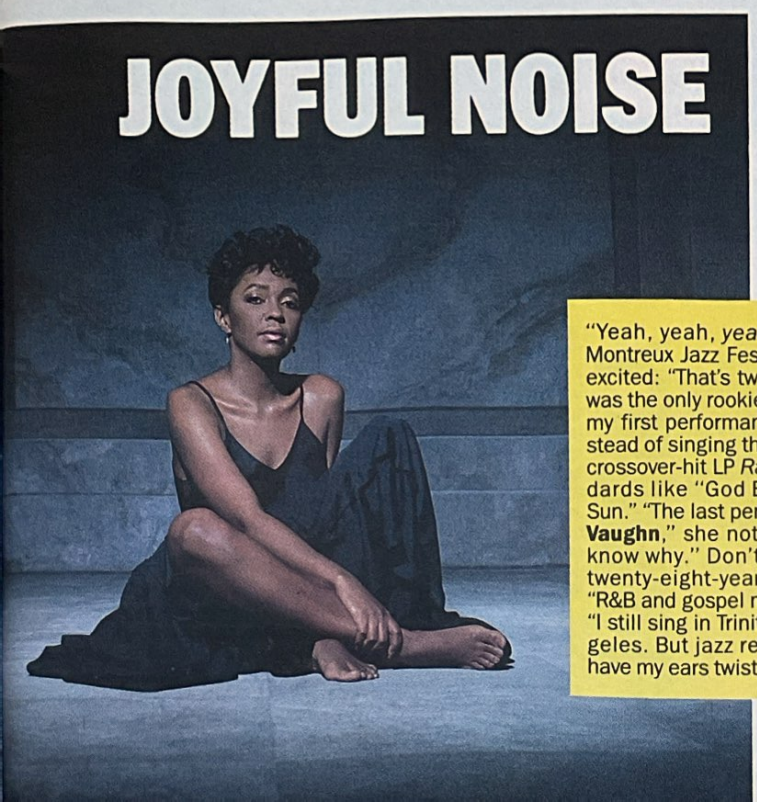
The video for "Open Your Heart" must have been an eye-opener for Madonna. Filmed in Los Angeles's seedy Echo Park district, the clip shows Madonna performing at a local adult-entertainment center. Then she encounters a lad named Felix Howard and, well, we'll leave the rest to your imagination.



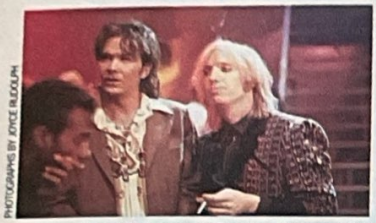
INGRID LUNDAHL / SIPA PRESS

Madonna and costar Felix Howard on the set of her "Open Your Heart" video

JOYFUL NOISE



"Yeah, yeah, *yeah!*" **Anita Baker** got to play the Montreux Jazz Festival this summer, and she's still excited: "That's twenty years of jazz tradition, and I was the only rookie there. Not to mention that it was my first performance out of the States. . . ." So instead of singing the gospel-tinged love songs of her crossover-hit LP *Rapture*, Anita pulled out jazz standards like "God Bless the Child" and "Midnight Sun." "The last person to touch that song was **Sarah Vaughn**," she notes about the latter. "And now I know why." Don't let her modesty fool you: this twenty-eight-year-old Detroit native has a *voice*. "R&B and gospel music are like my base," she says. "I still sing in Trinity Baptist Church, back in Los Angeles. But jazz represents a challenge. I need to have my ears twisted around every now and again."



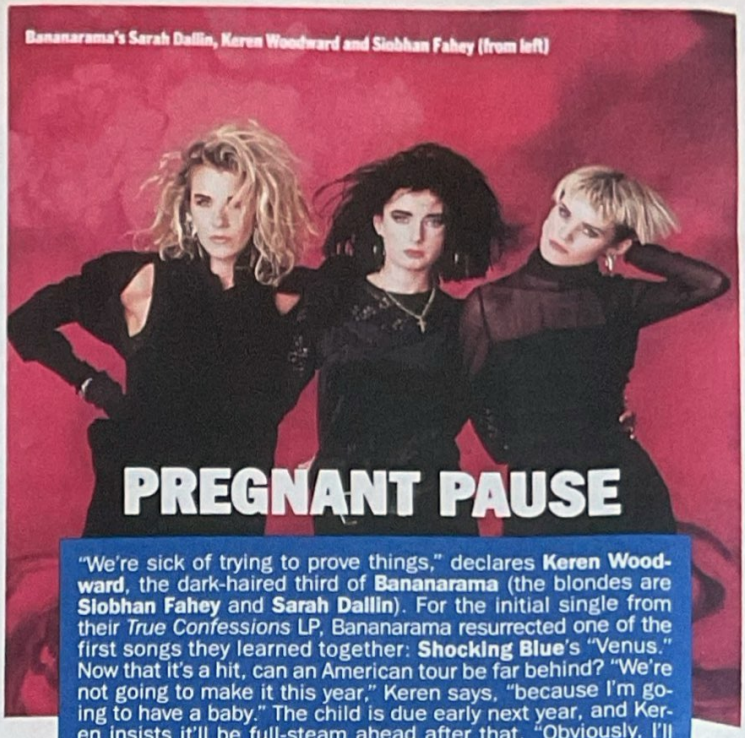
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOYCE RUDOLPH

HEAVEN ON EARTH

Made in Heaven **sounds like a long, strange trip. Directed by Alan Rudolph of *Choose Me* fame, it's a cosmic road movie (due early next year) starring Tim Hutton and Kelly McGillis. "It's a love story," explains Hutton, "about two people trying to find each other on earth after they meet in heaven." Along the way Hutton encounters some, er, *colorful* character actors: Neil Young, Tom Petty and the Cars' Ric Ocasek. "They were probably more prepared than any of the other actors," Hutton says in behalf of these screen greenhorns. Young certainly took his role as a truck driver seriously: "He wanted to know where the truck was on the night before filming," says Hutton. "He wanted to sleep overnight in the cab because that's what a truck driver would do!" Petty plays a casino boss named Stanky, while Ocasek gets his hands dirty portraying — what else? — a car mechanic. Young also wrote and will probably sing the movie's title song.**

About the idiosyncratic Alan Rudolph, Hutton does nothing but rave. "It's the best experience I've had with a director so far," Hutton says. "He's very much into music." Sounds like he'd have to be.

***Made in Heaven*'s Timothy Hutton with three of his musical costars (from top): The Cars' Ric Ocasek, Neil Young and Tom Petty**



Bananarama's Sarah Dallin, Keren Woodward and Siobhan Fahey (from left)

PREGNANT PAUSE

"We're sick of trying to prove things," declares **Keren Woodward**, the dark-haired third of **Bananarama** (the blondes are **Siobhan Fahey** and **Sarah Dallin**). For the initial single from their *True Confessions* LP, Bananarama resurrected one of the first songs they learned together: **Shocking Blue**'s "Venus." Now that it's a hit, can an American tour be far behind? "We're not going to make it this year," Keren says, "because I'm going to have a baby." The child is due early next year, and Keren insists it'll be full-steam ahead after that. "Obviously, I'll need some help, but the father [boyfriend David Scott-Evans] is willing to do that." Won't this change Bananarama's tongue-in-cheek carefree image? "I can add a new dimension to the group," she says, chuckling. "A more *mature* woman."

A SUPERWOMAN'S SECRETS

Only a supergirl could have survived **Helen Slater**'s film debut as a pubescent caped crusader. "Because it wasn't that successful," says Slater, "I've been saved. Also it was *Supergirl*, so I had my womanliness to come." And come it did when she played one of *Ruthless People*'s lovable kidnappers. Next up is *The Secret of My Success*, a romantic comedy in which she plays a Harvard-grad financial wiz with whom **Michael J. Fox** falls in love. Quite a role for a nice Jewish girl from Long Island only four years out of New York's High School for the Performing Arts. Is she a ruthless person? Is that the secret to her success? "There is a certain ruthlessness in going for it," she admits. Rumors to the contrary, Slater isn't involved with her famous costar. Still, she confesses to finding Fox charming. "He's a mensch," she says.

JOYCE RAVID; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY PATRICK SWANN FOR SCHUMI

NOTABLE NEWS

Taylor Hackford (*An Officer and a Gentleman*) will direct *Chuck Berry: Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll*, a feature film including concert footage. **Keith Richards** has signed on as musical director, and **Robbie Robertson** will serve as creative consultant. Hackford is also producing *La Bamba*, a film biography of early rocker **Ritchie Valens** in which **Marshall Crenshaw** will appear as **Buddy Holly** and **Brian Setzer** as **Eddie Cochran**. And **Rob Lowe** plans to play Cochran in a bio pic that he'll also coproduce. . . . **Alison Moyet** is recording a new album with producer **Jimmy Iovine**, while her British soul mate **Paul Young** is teamed up with **Hugh Padgham** on his upcoming effort. . . . **Mick Taylor**, one-time **Rolling Stone**, is doing a U.S. tour while scouting around for a record deal. . . . **Sigue Sigue Sputnik**'s first U.K. tour was canceled for ideological reasons; ticket sales weren't so great either, reportedly. . . . **Howard** and **Jan Jones** had their first child, a boy named **Osheen**. . . . MCA Records has signed **Charlie Sexton**'s fifteen-year-old brother, **Will**, and his band, the **Kill**.

O LUCKY MEN

Keith Emerson, Greg Lake and Cozy Powell (from left)

"Making a comeback is one of the most difficult things to do with dignity," says Greg Lake, "and I think we've done that." ELP is the "we" under discussion, the *E* being keyboardist Keith Emerson, while new drummer Cozy Powell holds down the *P*. Lake insists that the resurrected ELP is striving to avoid the ol' "Asia corporate-rock thing." At any rate, the imaginatively titled *Emerson, Lake & Powell* has managed to hold its own in the marketplace. Lake says that the group considered forging a new sound but ultimately decided to stay with the tried and true. "In the end," he says, "apples don't fall very far from the tree." Go easy on the green ones, kids. ELP also toyed with giving itself a proper name. "But we couldn't think of one," Emerson admits. "They all sounded daft." Daft or not, the group has just embarked on a U.S. tour. "It will be technological," Lake says. "I think we're going to be working in quadraphonic." Now that's more like it. After all, as Emerson says, "ELP has a tradition behind it. I doubt there'll be any flying pianos." Not till Elton John hits town, anyway.

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You'll like it. Even after the flakes are gone.
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SHAMPOO
For Dandruff Care and Great-Looking Hair

CONCERT INSURANCE CRISIS

Ticket prices to rise as premiums soar

By Anthony DeCurtis

THE LIABILITY CRUNCH THAT HAS driven insurance premiums sky-high is taking its toll on the rock & roll concert business. One promoter estimates that rising insurance rates will result in ticket-price hikes over the next year of fifty cents for rock and pop shows, and at least $1 to $1.50 for heavy-metal concerts. Insurance problems also forced Willie Nelson to relocate his July 4th Farm Aid II concert and have contributed to the cancellation of stadium shows and the closing of rock clubs. And the situation is likely to worsen before it improves.

"It's not aimed at rock & roll," said National Union insurer Walter R. Howell Jr. "Rates have gone up in the entire insurance industry." In fact, according to Jack Chutuk, who writes entertainment insurance for Fireman's Fund, "the furor should've started maybe ten years ago."

Primary insurance premiums for concerts – which cover, say, the first million dollars in losses – had remained stable for nearly a decade, costing promoters about five cents per ticket sold. But in the last eighteen months those rates have increased about 500 percent, according to Howell, and will probably continue to escalate. As for umbrella insurance – which covers losses beyond the primary insurance – it's difficult to get at any price, Howell says.

"It's a very complex and difficult business," says East Coast promoter John Scher. The most visible and controversial factors contributing to the problem are instances of violence and injury at rock shows – including deaths at recent concerts by Ozzy Osbourne and Judas Priest. Fans have also become much more likely to file claims. "Every time you turn around you have a goddamn lack-of-proper-security lawsuit," says Chutuk. Howell estimates that over the last ten years, claims have increased tenfold.

Shows requiring that the promoter carry umbrella insurance, such as the outdoor concert series at the Pier in New York City, have been especially hard hit. For those shows, promoter Ron Delsener is paying a whopping eighty-two cents a head, up front, for $5 million umbrella insurance.

Property damage – particularly at heavy-metal shows in the Northeast – has created an additional insurance problem. Delsener stated that he can't get property insurance on heavy-metal shows. For an upcoming Ozzy Osbourne show at the Nassau Coliseum on Long Island, for example, Delsener plans to insure himself for property damage. "The seat will be $18, but the deal with the act is based on $15 a ticket – the $3 I'm going to keep till the end of the show," Delsener says. "If you sell 15,000 tickets, that's $45,000. I'll use that to self-insure, to pay off the damages. But suppose property damages come higher than that – where does the money come from?"

Indeed, heavy-metal and stadium shows are the most likely to suffer from the current insurance dilemma. John Scher states that "there were certain stadium shows that didn't happen this summer because of insurance problems. At this very moment, there are heavy-metal shows that are in danger of not happening. On a straight-ahead rock & roll level, or on a pop-music level, there's no danger of shows not happening, as I see it now. But in the heavy-metal area, unquestionably."

Chutuk agrees. "We're stressing more and more that the promoters have to look at some of these acts and say, hey, maybe we can't put them on, or if we do put them on, we've got to take extra security precautions. We've never set ourselves up in the position, in the twenty-five years we've been in this industry, of wanting to blacklist any act. That would be a terrible thing, censorship in the worst sense." But, Chutuk concludes, "looking at it from a practical point of view, you can't rip apart halls and expect insurance companies to pay for it." ■

Wal-Mart bans LPs

Discount chain also removes magazines

APPARENTLY AS A RESULT OF PRESSURE from right-wing fundamentalist preacher Jimmy Swaggart, the giant Wal-Mart discount department-store chain has stopped carrying records by about ten different rock and comedy acts, as well as nearly three dozen rock and pop-culture magazines, including ROLLING STONE.

The 900-plus store chain, whose corporate offices are in Bentonville, Arkansas, informed both Lieberman Enterprises and Handleman Enterprises, Wal-Mart's two major rack jobbers (record distributors), that they do not want to sell albums by Ozzy Osbourne, Judas Priest, Mötley Crüe, Black Sabbath, AC/DC, Eddie Murphy and Richard Pryor, among others.

According to reports in *The Washington Post*, *Billboard* and the *Los Angeles Times*, Wal-Mart's decision to pull these albums off its shelves followed a June 1st TV sermon by evangelist Jimmy Swaggart (who is the cousin of rock & roller Jerry Lee Lewis). In the sermon, Swaggart criticized Wal-Mart and K-mart, another discount chain, for carrying merchandise that could negatively affect kids. Although Wal-Mart acknowledges that they spoke with Swaggart about his sermon, they deny that he has had any influence. "It [the sermon] had no impact at all," says Wal-Mart public-relations coordinator Stacey Duncan, who says the decision was made in May. She would not elaborate on why the discount chain suddenly decided not to carry particular records and magazines. "We make our decisions on merchandise internally, based on what Wal-Mart wants to sell and what Wal-Mart believes is the family image. It has nothing to do with our customers or religious groups, government groups, any type of pressure at all."

But others believe that Wal-Mart, whose stores are located mainly in the South, is reacting to outside pressure. "You're talking about hard-core fundamentalism," says an executive at a record-distribution company, who didn't want his name used. "People who are very militant. Wal-Mart isn't thrilled to do it, but they have to recognize the fact that these people can make a lot of heat even though they may be a very small minority."

"Wal-Mart is responding to the sensibilities and values of the marketplace," says David Lieberman, chairman of the board of Lieberman Enterprises. "On one hand we're not in favor of censorship; on the other hand we recognize that our customer [Wal-Mart] has to do business."

The affected record labels, which include Warner Bros., Elektra/Asylum and CBS, have been low-key in their response to the situation. "Our hope is that the people who want those records will find them elsewhere, and Wal-Mart will realize that they're losing out on revenue," says Bob Merlis, vice-president of publicity at Warner Bros. "For all these years this stuff was available and now it's perceived by this infinitesimally small but vocal group to be pernicious. I think the fact that rock magazines are no longer available in those stores says more than individual records [not being available]. I don't think you can put blinders on the buying public. It just makes the stuff more enticing."

"The consumer should be allowed to make a choice, and conditions should be such that they can make that choice," says Bob Altshuler, a spokesman for CBS. "Those records wouldn't be out there if consumers didn't want them. People have the right to buy what they want to buy." ***–Michael Goldberg***

Fogerty to tour, release album

JOHN FOGERTY BEGINS HIS FIRST tour in fourteen years at the end of this month. With the exception of an appearance at Farm Aid last year, the Rockin' All Over the World Tour marks the first time Fogerty has performed in public since Creedence Clearwater Revival broke up in October 1972. Fogerty's new album, the follow-up to his comeback hit *Centerfield*, is titled *Eye of the Zombie* and will come out in mid-September. The title track, released as a single in mid-August, is a classic brooding Fogerty rocker with a swamp groove.

For the tour, Fogerty is assembling a backing group that includes former Rufus drummer John Robinson, session bassist Neil Stubenhaus, keyboardist Alan Pasqua (all of whom play on the new album) and backup singers Willie Green and Bobby King, who sang with Fogerty on his 1985 Showtime TV special. They recently wrapped up a month of rehearsals in Los Angeles.

ON THE ROAD

Compiled by ALISA MARIE BELLETTINI

AC/DC: *Bismarck, ND, 8/26; Rapid City, SD, 8/27; Sioux Falls, SD, 8/28; Bloomington, MN, 8/29; East Troy, WI, 8/30; Kalamazoo, MI, 9/1; St. Louis, 9/3; Hoffman Estates, IL, 9/4; Indianapolis, 9/5.*

A-HA: *Irvine, CA, 8/26; San Diego, 8/27; Phoenix, 8/28; Salt Lake City, 8/30; Denver, 9/1; Oklahoma City, 9/3; Austin, TX, 9/4; Houston, TX, 9/5; Dallas, 9/6.*

It's no wonder that A-ha, with only one album to its credit, gives a stage show that barely lasts one hour. To re-create studio confections like "Take On Me" and "The Sun Always Shines on T.V.," A-ha is accompanied by three backup musicians. But the Norwegian glamour boys won't need any help sending their teenage fans into a tizzy.

THE BoDEANS: *Hamilton, CAN, 8/27; Toronto, 8/28; Ottawa, CAN, 8/30; Montreal, 8/31, 9/1.*

ALEX CHILTON: *San Francisco, 8/26; Berkeley, CA, 8/27; Los Angeles, 8/29,30; Huntington Beach, CA, 8/31.*

THE DREAM SYNDICATE: *Austin, TX, 8/28; Houston, TX, 8/29; Dallas, 8/30; Oklahoma City, 9/1; Columbia, MO, 9/2; St. Louis, 9/3; Champaign, IL, 9/4; Chicago, 9/5.*

EMERSON, LAKE AND POWELL: *Kansas City, MO, 8/26; St. Louis, 8/27; Nashville, 8/28; Memphis, 8/30; Louisville, KY, 8/31; Cincinnati, 9/1; Toronto, 9/3; Montreal, 9/5.*

Keith Emerson is still plunging daggers into his keyboards, Greg Lake will rev up his tenor for golden gassers like "Lucky Man," and drummer Cozy Powell, like Carl Palmer before him, knows his way around some fancy time signatures. The group also has an ambitious video setup featuring historical footage and separate screens for E., L. and P. – presumably so you can see the lines on their faces better.

FAIRPORT CONVENTION: *Columbus, OH, 9/24; Cincinnati, 9/25; Chicago, 9/27; Ann Arbor, MI, 9/28; Cleveland, 9/29; Pittsburgh, 10/1; Washington, DC, 10/2; Philadelphia, 10/3; New York, 10/4.*

The band that practically invented British folk-rock makes a rare visit to these shores with a lineup featuring three members of the classic 'Full House' band – guitarist Simon Nicol, drummer Dave Mattacks and bassist Dave Pegg. Handling Dave Swarbrick's old fiddle chores is new recruit Ric Sanders. Their set list is full of genuinely timeless material (traditional English jigs and reels, the occasional Richard Thompson classic), but after two decades Fairport still rocks 'em up like they were written yesterday.

THE FEELIES: *Northampton, MA, 9/8; Albany, NY, 9/9; Rochester, NY, 9/10; Cleveland, 9/12; Dayton, 9/13.*

JOHN FOGERTY: *Memphis, 8/27; Pittsburgh, 8/29; Rochester, NY, 8/30; Saratoga Springs, NY, 9/1; Wheedsport, NY, 9/3; Binghamton, NY, 9/5; Philadelphia, 9/6; Middletown, NY, 9/9; Allentown, PA, 9/10; Columbia, MD, 9/12.*

GUADALCANAL DIARY: *Mobile, AL, 8/27; New Orleans, 8/28; Houston, TX, 8/29; Dallas, 8/30; Austin, TX, 8/31; San Diego, 9/5.*

Catch this Georgia foursome in the flesh, because its new Elektra LP, 'Jamboree,' doesn't quite do justice to its vigorous thump or the crackling guitars of Murray Attaway and Jeff Walls. There is a familiar R.E.M. folk-pop strain to some of the originals. But the band also has an engaging sense of humor, evident in the Three Stooges tribute "I See Moe."

WHITNEY HOUSTON: *Philadelphia, 8/27; Syracuse, NY, 8/28; Hoffman Estates, IL, 8/30,31; St. Louis, 9/1; Denver, 9/8; Salt Lake City, 9/10; Sacramento, CA, 9/12.*

ELTON JOHN: *Toronto, 8/26; Montreal, 8/27; Hartford, 8/29; Saratoga Springs, NY, 8/30; Columbia, MD, 8/31; New York, 9/11-13.*

Elton is back for another go-round of North American arenas and outdoor amphitheaters. This visit coincides with the release of his new Geffen album, 'Leather Jackets,' and for the occasion, big-time designer Bob Mackie has cooked up some eye-catching new stage threads for E.J. Cooking behind him will be longtime guitarist Davey Johnstone and a three-piece horn section.

THE MONKEES: *Denver, 8/27; Salt Lake City, 8/29; Portland, OR, 8/30; Santa Clara, CA, 8/31; Costa Mesa, CA, 9/4; Los Angeles, 9/5-7; Las Vegas, NV, 9/8-14.*

THE MOODY BLUES: *Concord, CA, 8/26; San Jose, CA, 8/27; Los Angeles, 8/28,29; Costa Mesa, CA, 8/30; San Diego, 8/31; Los Angeles, 9/1.*

PET SHOP BOYS: *San Francisco, 10/31, 11/1; San Diego, 11/4; Los Angeles, 11/7-10; Chicago, 11/13,14; Detroit, 11/17,18; Cleveland, 11/21,22.*

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS: *Seattle, 8/27; Portland, OR, 8/28; San Francisco, 8/30; Santa Barbara, CA, 8/31; San Jose, CA, 9/2; San Bernardino, CA, 9/4; Laguna Hills, CA, 9/5; Los Angeles, 9/7,8.*

R.E.M./FETCHIN' BONES: *Birmingham, AL, 9/5; Bloomington, IN, 9/6; Cincinnati, 9/7; Louisville, KY, 9/8; Nashville, 9/10; Jackson, MS, 9/11; New Orleans, 9/12; Memphis, 9/13; Little Rock, AR, 9/15; Oklahoma City, 9/17; Austin, TX, 9/18; Houston, TX, 9/19; Dallas, 9/20.*

THE SMITHS/PHRANC: *Los Angeles, 8/26; Irvine, CA, 8/28; San Diego, 8/29; Phoenix, 8/30; Boulder, CO, 9/3; Dallas, 9/5; Houston, TX, 9/6; New Orleans, 9/8; St. Petersburg, FL, 9/10.*

GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DELAWARE DESTROYERS: *Salt Lake City, 8/26; Spokane, 8/28; Yakima, WA, 8/29; Seattle, 8/30; Vancouver, CAN, 9/1; Anchorage, AK, 9/4,5; Fairbanks, AK, 9/6; Portland, OR, 9/9.*

RANDY TRAVIS: *Shannon, MS, 8/28; Lampe, MO, 8/29; Cache, OK, 8/30; McAlester, OK, 8/31; Warwick, RI, 9/2.*

TRUE BELIEVERS: *Calgary, CAN, 8/26; Winnipeg, CAN, 8/28; Minneapolis, 8/30; Iowa City, 9/1; Kansas City, MO, 9/2; Oklahoma City, 9/3; Dallas, 9/4.*

UB40/FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS: *Toronto, 8/26; Detroit, 8/27; Hoffman Estates, IL, 8/29; Milwaukee, 8/30; Minneapolis, 8/31; Des Moines, 9/2; Lincoln, NE, 9/3; Denver, 9/5; Salt Lake City, 9/6.*

STEVE WINWOOD: *Hoffman Estates, IL, 8/26; Columbia, MD, 8/28; Holmdel, NJ, 8/29; Wantagh, NY, 8/31; Rochester, NY, 9/1; Philadelphia, 9/4; Rochester, NY, 9/5; Mansfield, MA, 9/6; Saratoga Springs, NY, 9/7; Portland, ME, 9/9; New Haven, CT, 9/10; New York, 9/12,13.*

For his first major tour since the days of Traffic, Steve Winwood is digging deep into his bag of hits for material. Among the classics he plans to play are his old Spencer Davis Group rousers "Gimme Some Lovin' " and "I'm a Man," as well as the epic Traffic number "The Low Spark of High-Heeled Boys." Winwood's stage band includes two horn players. Guitarist Joe Walsh – who figures prominently on the new LP, 'Back in the High Life' – may pop up on a few dates.

STEVIE WONDER: *Lafayette, LA, 8/28; Mobile, AL, 8/29; Birmingham, AL, 8/30; Albany, GA, 8/31; St. Paul, 9/4; Iowa City, 9/5; Ames, IA, 9/6; Lincoln, NE, 9/7; Champaign, IL, 9/11.*

DWIGHT YOAKAM: *Dallas, 9/5; Austin, TX, 9/6; Baton Rouge, LA, 9/7; Kansas City, MO, 9/9; Hutchinson, KS, 9/10; St. Louis, 9/12.*

● All dates subject to change.

TOP TEN CONCERT GROSSES

DATE	ARTIST/CITY		TICKETS	SHOWS	GROSS
7/15-17	**BOB DYLAN/TOM PETTY**	New York	57,000	3	$1,206,000
7/14,15	**DEPECHE MODE**	Laguna Hills, CA	30,000	2	$441,332
7/19	**RUN-D.M.C./WHODINI**	New York	19,501	1	$324,923
7/1,2	**JACKSON BROWNE**	Philadelphia	22,117	2	$275,627
7/10,11	**ZZ TOP**	Tulsa	16,751	2	$259,640
7/17	**STEVIE WONDER**	Seattle	12,624	1	$233,544
7/13	**THE MOODY BLUES**	Mansfield, MA	15,000	1	$211,655
7/6	**JIMMY BUFFET**	Hoffman Estates, IL	14,129	1	$200,000
7/10	**PATTI LaBELLE**	Baltimore	9,798	1	$198,714
7/14	**STEVIE NICKS/PETER FRAMPTON**	Mountainview, CA	11,146	1	$186,369

Courtesy of POLLSTAR

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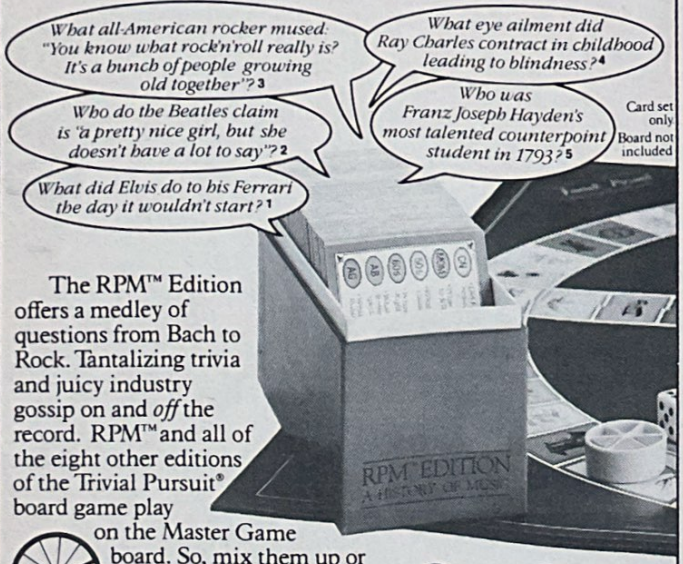
What all-American rocker mused: "You know what rock'n'roll really is? It's a bunch of people growing old together"? 3
What eye ailment did Ray Charles contract in childhood leading to blindness? 4
Who do the Beatles claim is "a pretty nice girl, but she doesn't have a lot to say"? 2
Who was Franz Joseph Hayden's most talented counterpoint student in 1793? 5
Card set only
Board not included
What did Elvis do to his Ferrari the day it wouldn't start? 1
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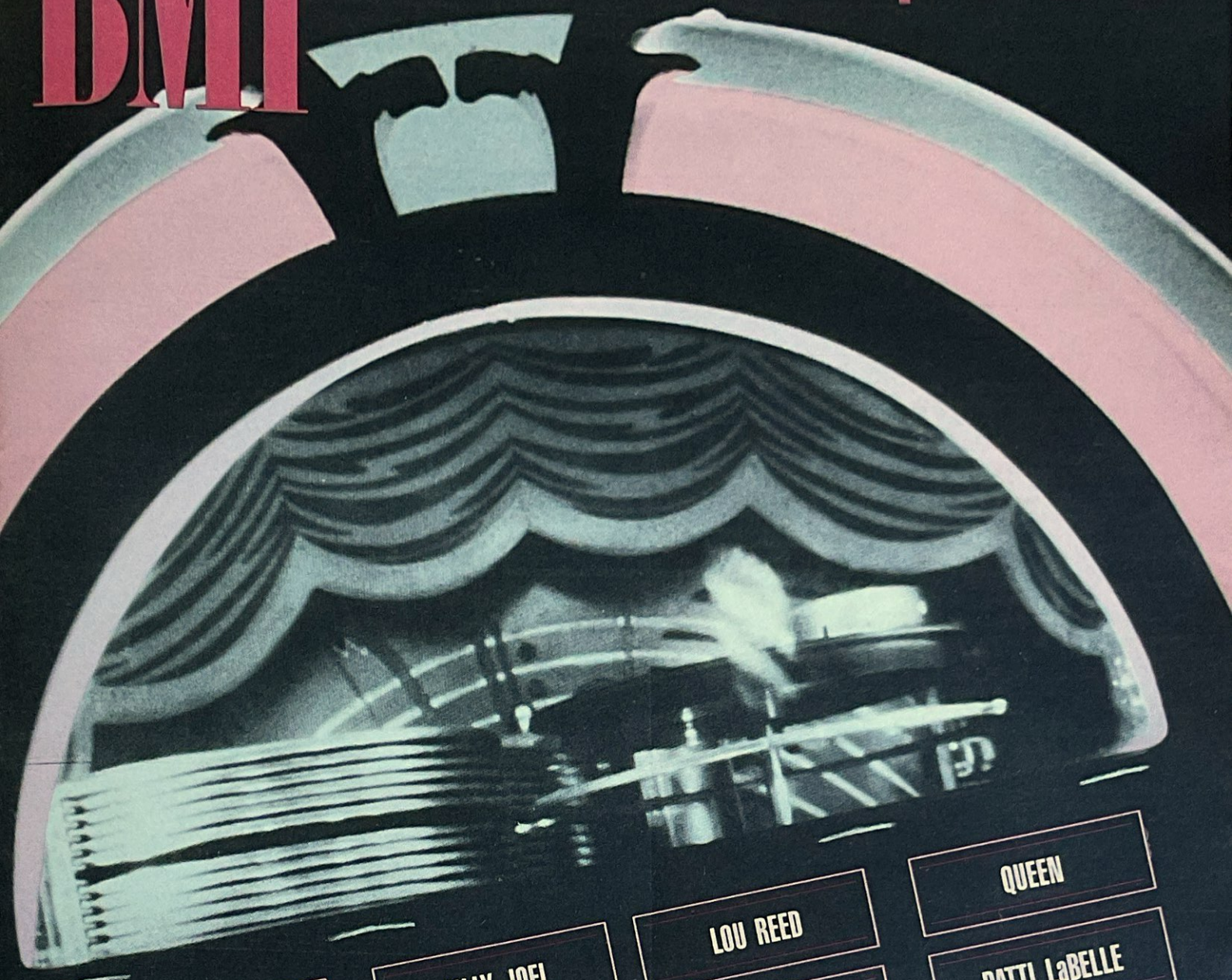
Still The Top Selection



THE BEACH BOYS

THE EVERLY BROTHERS

RAY CHARLES

BILLY JOEL

ARETHA FRANKLIN

MICHAEL JACKSON

LOU REED

STEVE WINWOOD

THE MONKEES

QUEEN

PATTI LaBELLE

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PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT BONNER / RON KEITH

Run, Darryl "D" McDaniels and Jam Master Jay (from left)

RUN-D.M.C. ANSWERS A BUM RAP

WITH THE SUCCESS OF RUN-D.M.C.'S third album, rap has come of age. *Raising Hell* is both the first rap LP to go platinum and the first to enter the Top Ten on *Billboard*'s pop chart. And after some initial resistance from AOR stations, the album's second single, a hip-hopping remake of Aerosmith's "Walk This Way," is becoming a crossover hit with the help of heavy play on MTV. Run-D.M.C. has been able to go where no rappers have gone before, in part because the group has created such a smart, accessible blend of rap and rock. The excitement of this breakthrough has been dampened, however, by incidents of violence during and after several concerts. After Run-D.M.C.'s June 28th show in Pittsburgh, the mayor called for a movement to ban all rock concerts. During the group's July 24th concert in Atlanta, there was an extended brawl. Onstage, Joe "Run" Simmons tried to cool things down. "Fuck the fight," he told the crowd, "the real fight's up here!" Later, backstage, the group – Run, 21, Darryl "D" McDaniels, 21, and Jason "Jam Master Jay" Mizell, 21 – sat down to talk.

Do you ever feel any responsibility for the violence at your concerts?

RUN: My little self, I don't tell anybody, "Go do crime." I don't rap about doing crime. I have nothing to do with crime. Crime was here before I was born. And rap was here, too.

Have you tightened security at shows?

JAY: We spend a lot of our money on policemen out there . . .

RUN: . . . to make sure our fans are safe! Our fans aren't the ones doing it. Those are the rough guys that say it's payday.

Last time you played New York there was some trouble. What about this time?

RUN: Nothing happened. It was such a nice concert.

D: Nothing happened inside at all.

What about outside?

D: If that's the case, they should be afraid to come outside.

RUN: And they should definitely be scared to go to rock concerts where people get killed.

D: Like at the Who concert.

So what would you say to someone who's afraid to go to your concerts?

RUN: I'd tell them it doesn't happen a whole lot. Go with friends. Don't be stupid. Everybody knows when there's a gang of motherfuckers on the corner down there, you turn on Twenty-third if they're on Twenty-fourth.

They're trying to blame it on rap. Why not? They tried to dish rock & roll at the start.

D: They're saying that the music makes them do this. But when we talk on our record, we talk about good things: Go to school, don't do drugs. It ain't like we're saying, "After the concert, go out there, get all the gold and snatch the ladies' purses."

RUN: For people who say that's what we're talking about, I say, "Why don't you sit down and *listen* to what we're talking about?"

With Reagan in the White House, it's not the greatest time to be a young black in America. Do you feel pressure to be role models?

RUN: It's tough. We made a record, "Hard Times." It's an inspirational record: "Hard times are coming to your town/ Stay alert don't let them get you down/ Hard times can take you on a natural trip/But keep your balance and don't you slip." The kids listen to us before they listen to the teachers. So we give them a lesson – we tell them go to school, be cool like Run, this is what Run does.

Are you surprised *Raising Hell* went platinum?

RUN: Not very surprised.

JAY: Put it like this: We knew we went gold twice, and both of those albums couldn't touch this one.

Why did you decide to remake an FM rock staple like "Walk This Way"?

RUN: We also made "Rock Box" and "King of Rock." The reason we made those records – with heavy-metal guitar – is because a long time ago, before rap records were even made, there was a lot of disco being played on the radio. Rappers didn't have anything to rap over. We had to search for old rock records. We used to scratch the record "Walk This Way." We didn't care about the vocals, the guitars or nothin'. We knew that the start of this record hit hard enough for us to rap over. Then when we made this album we said, "Let's use 'Walk This Way.' " And Rick Rubin, one of our producers, said, "Let's make it over, just call those guys." So we talked to them. We didn't know the name of the record back then. We just said, "Get the Aerosmith out." And we showed them what we used to do to their record, and they were amazed.

How conscious an attempt to cross over was that single?

JAY: When we first started doing shows, our managers had us going to punk-rock clubs, which we sold out. We were like something new that came out. So we feel we had a lot of rock fans anyway. And as businessmen, it's only right for us to expand. So when we were making our all-beat records, and the rock people liked it, we said, "Hey, let's give them something that they might like even more."

You've been able to get on AOR stations, but lots of black acts haven't. In general, what do you think of the state of radio?

RUN: In general, it's fucked up. We think music is music. They characterize it as "white" music and "black" music and "pop" music. We just say we like music, good music. It's not like we attempted to cross over or nothing like that. Any station that wants to play us, it's just music.

What are your plans now?

RUN: After the tour, we're starting a movie called *Tougher Than Leather*.

Can you tell us a little about it?

RUN: It's gonna be really hectic. At the start of the movie we're on tour. You see us backstage, and we have a funny guy who works for us named Runny Ray. You *love* Runny Ray. The next thing you know he comes into the promoter's room like this, and he sees somebody get shot. And he tries to leave, and they grab him, and *boom*, they kill Runny Ray. And a guy says, "Why'd you shoot the guy?" "Just another dead nigger." This is what the white guy says. They plant a gun on him. They put drugs on him. The cops find him – say it's drug related, it's his fault. So for the rest of the movie, they don't give a fuck about us. So we become Run-D.M.C. the detectives. . . . Best movie in the world!

Does the movie have to be so violent?

RUN: It has to be violent because it has to be violent. We don't want anyone to shoot anybody over this. [*Screaming*] We want you to feel sorry for poor Runny Ray!

Do you hear the influence of rap on pop?

RUN: We're the first guys who made a record with only drums. Now there are musicians that don't respect us, coming out stealing. . . . I'm talking about Tears for Fears coming in with "Shout," and I'm sure it's a rap tune. Janet Jackson, for instance, with "Nasty" – "GIVE ME A BEAT" – it's a rap record! And don't tell me it's not, because I'll tell you all day that she stole this from us. If you can take this incredibly dynamic music and put singing over it, you're good to go. You ain't got no beef with the critics that don't like rap. But I'm still fighting.

JAY: All the people who do steal from us, it's just good when they play that type of stuff on pop stations, 'cause that's just going to let *us* be accepted. And once we get our foot in the door . . .

RUN: . . . we're not letting it out!

– David Wild

IN BRIEF

MUSICIAN FOUND DEAD IN BOY GEORGE'S LONDON HOME

MICHAEL RUDETSKY, a musician friend of BOY GEORGE's, was found dead in one of George's London houses. The cause of death was respiratory failure due to an intake of drugs; no drugs, however, were found at the home, and the death is not considered suspicious. George was not there at the time. Keyboardist Rudetsky, 27, had flown to London from New York two days before to record with George. Meanwhile, British politicians fumed as George had his wrist slapped with a $375 fine after pleading guilty to charges of possessing heroin. George now claims to be drug free. . . . Having been released from the hospital, GRATEFUL DEAD guitarist JERRY GARCIA is recovering at home from the diabetic coma that he lapsed into on July 10th. The Dead have canceled all August and September dates and are discussing whether their fall tour, slated to begin in October, will also go by the boards. . . . U.S. concert promoters continue to experience financial difficulties. Denver-based powerhouse BARRY FEY, of FEYLINE PRESENTS, recently declared bankruptcy, and at least two major Midwestern promoters are said to be hanging on for dear life. . . . After playing some dates with blues guitarist ROBERT CRAY this summer in Europe, ERIC CLAPTON decided to cover the title track of Cray's *Bad Influence* LP on his upcoming album. Cray's next album, his major-label debut, is due in October on PolyGram. . . . At work on a new solo LP, PETE TOWNSHEND has also put together another double LP of old demos, *Another Scoop*. Due in September, the demo album contains versions of "Happy Jack" and "Pinball Wizard." As an editor at Faber & Faber, Townshend has also acquired the memoirs of ex-ANIMAL ERIC BURDON, titled *I Used to Be an Animal, but I'm All Right Now*, which will be published in America early next year. . . . DAVID CROSBY is due out on parole shortly. A spokesperson reports that Crosby, while doing time in a Texas jail, wrote a number of songs, worked on a screenplay and drafted a story he wants to submit to *Miami Vice*. Crosby is expected to move back to L.A. and begin recording demos. . . . IGGY POP has signed a record contract with A&M, and his new LP, *Blah, Blah, Blah*, produced by DAVID BOWIE, will be out this fall – in fact, the first single should hit the racks in September. Former SEX PISTOL STEVE JONES plays guitar on the album. . . . The LP by Austin's TRUE BELIEVERS is the first album released under the distribution deal reached by ROUNDER RECORDS and EMI. Rounder has also released six LPs as part of a series called Modern New Orleans Masters, including discs by IRMA THOMAS and the DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND.

– Anthony DeCurtis

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BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.

New LP features four bands from Leningrad

JOANNA STINGRAY'S FIRST FORAY INTO record production was hardly a typical one. It took a year, from start to finish, required four trips to the Soviet Union and involved smuggling recording tape out from behind the iron curtain. Eventually, both the KGB and the FBI had a lot of questions for her. "Anybody who goes in and out of that country as much as I do has both sides wondering if they're a spy," said Stingray, a twenty-six-year-old Los Angeles singer-songwriter.

But Stingray's persistence paid off. *Red Wave: 4 Underground Bands from the USSR* – which Stingray compiled, produced and mastered – is the first album of Russian rock ever released in the U.S. A two-record set on the L.A.-based Big Time Records label, *Red Wave* features four Leningrad bands: Alisa, Strange Games, Kino and Aquarium. Stingray first became involved with the Soviet rock scene when she contacted Boris Grebenschikov, the leader of Aquarium, during a one-week trip to the U.S.S.R. in 1984. A Russian friend in L.A. had given her his number. "He said he was the most famous rock & roller over there," said Stingray. "My initial reaction was 'Wait a minute, there's no rock over there. This is a joke.' "

Moscow, which was "gray, cold and unhappy," seemed to confirm her doubts. But when she contacted Grebenschikov in Leningrad, she found him at the center of a thriving rock subculture, where fifteen to twenty bands compete to play at a club that opened in 1981 and punks dye their hair pink, wear leather and even take part in the occasional slam dance. "Moscow and Leningrad are almost like two different countries," said Stingray. "Leningrad is so much closer to the West."

Back home, Stingray "couldn't think about anything else but everything that happened to me there. I had to go back." She has been back every three months since, to write songs with Grebenschikov, to listen to various Leningrad groups and to videotape the bands.

Stingray got the idea for *Red Wave* after an "official" Soviet band, Autograph, appeared via satellite during last summer's Live Aid concert. "They were terrible, so boring. I had everyone I know call me and say, 'Joanna, *that's* what you were raving about?' It made me sick, and I said, 'Wait a minute. The people I hang out with rank up there with the Bowies and the Dylans of this world. Maybe it's about time I showed people.' "

Unlike Autograph, the bands on *Red Wave* are all "unofficial"; they are not allowed to play for money or to release their music on the state-owned Melodia Records, the Soviet Union's only label. The flip side is that they are not as heavily regulated as the official bands, whose members are employed by the state and thus subject to stringent censorship. The unofficial tag doesn't keep them from distributing music domestically through an underground grapevine that extends across the country.

"One way to look at it is that they've created their own independent label," Stingray said. "It's become very efficient, more so than a lot of independent labels here."

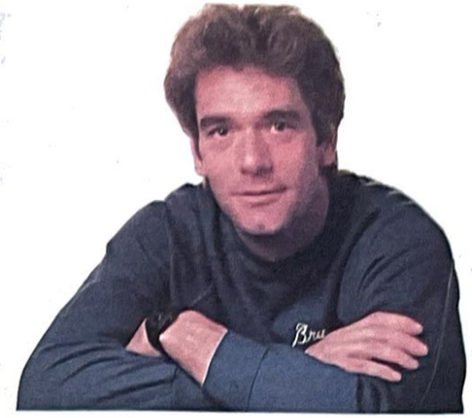
The music on *Red Wave* – which ranges from the ska-tinged pop of Kino to the brooding, introspective songwriting of Grebenschikov – was recorded mostly in cramped living rooms transformed into home studios with borrowed two-track and eight-track equipment. The lyrics, sung in Russian (a translated lyric sheet is provided), are not overtly political. But veiled references to politics shine through, as does a keen awareness of progressive Western rock.

"This doesn't have to do with politics," said Stingray, who plans to send copies of *Red Wave* to President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, and is recording her own album in the U.S. "I think of it as a step above politics. These singers are really singing about how you can live in the Soviet Union and have a great time. I mean, they have a *great* time."

—Michael R. Benson

HUEY LEWIS: ON COURSE

Releases 'Fore!' LP, begins world tour



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"THE GOOD NEWS IS IT'S FINISHED," says Huey Lewis about *Fore!*, the long-awaited follow-up to *Sports*, his 1983 multiplatinum smash. Pressed further he says, "It's a rock & roll album, though there's also more moods than that." Other revelations? "It's eleven inches, black vinyl."

Sounds pretty simple for a man who hasn't made an album in three years. Of course, it's not. "The song is really the thing," Huey explains. "And not to sound too cosmic, but the song is a gift, and it has to sort of come to you. I don't think there's any way of conjuring them – I wish I knew a way."

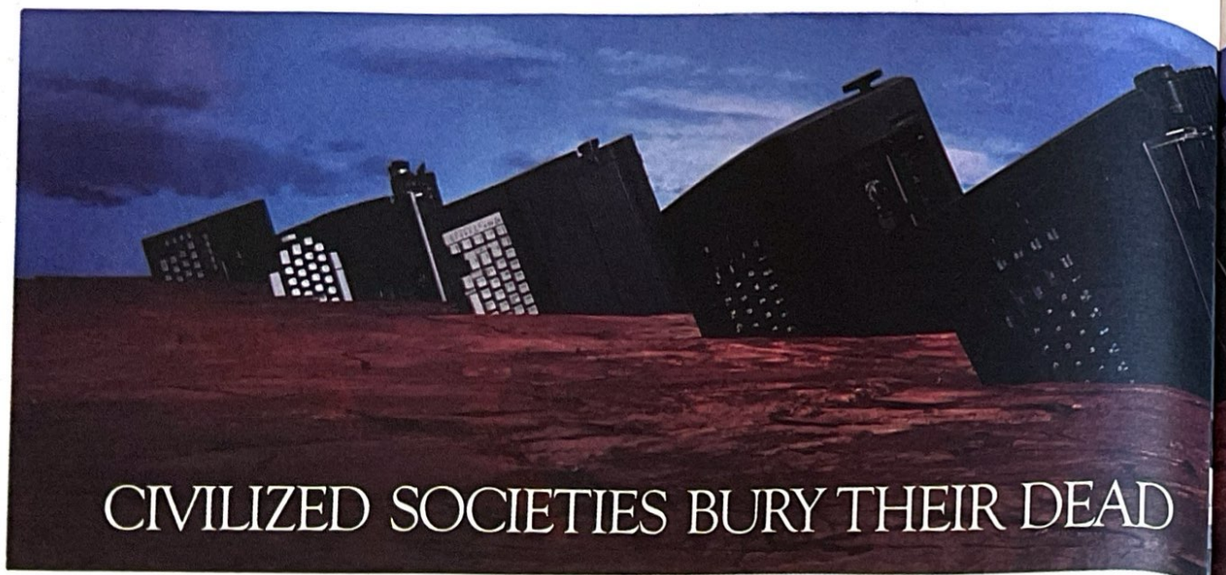
For *Fore!*, their fourth LP, Huey and the News managed to conjure up ten tracks: six are originals, and four are by outside songwriters. "Hopefully," Lewis says, "the common denominator is that they're good songs." The originals are the single "Stuck with You," which is already bulleting up the charts, "Hip to Be Square," "Whole Lotta Lovin'," "I Know What I Like," "Forest Through the Trees" and an a cappella ballad, "Naturally." Lewis says the four other tunes are "all written by people who fit the qualifications; that is, they are friends and unknown." Tower of Power sax man Doc Kupka wrote "Simple As That," and "Jacob's Ladder" is by Bruce Hornsby, whose band, the Range, has just released an LP on which Lewis produced three tracks. The other two songs were written by two of Huey's California buddies – Reid Neilsen ("I Never Walk Alone") and Mike Duke ("Doing It All for My Baby," co-written with P. Cody).

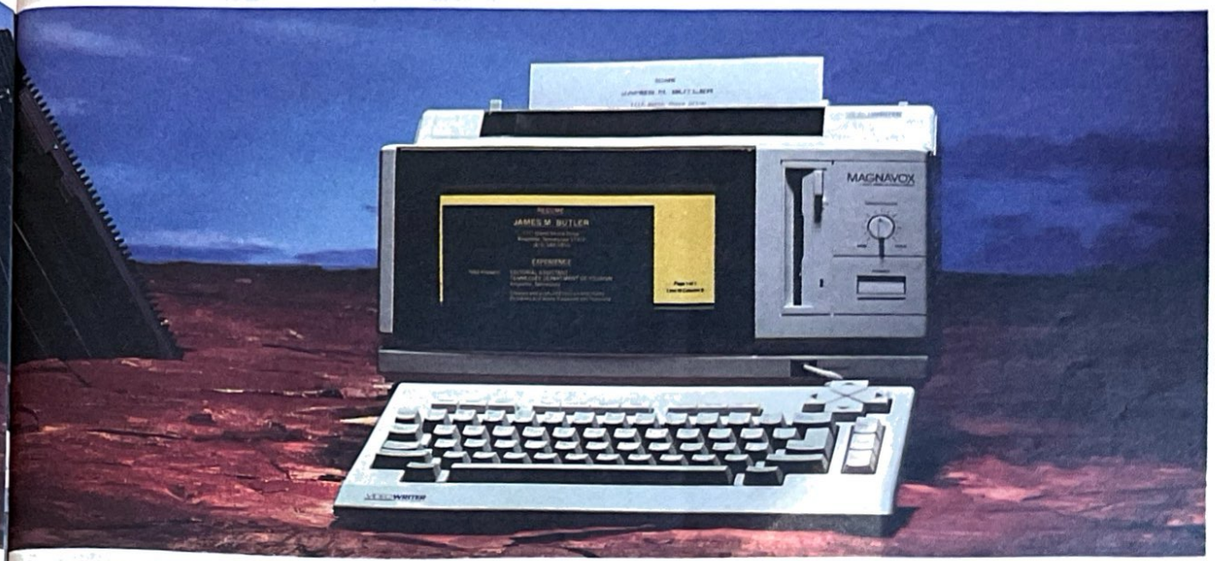
In addition to the golf-related title, Lewis played out his much-loved sports motif in a more dramatic way on *Fore!* On "I Know What I Like" and "Hip to Be Square," Lewis, a true home-town fan, recruited four San Francisco 49ers – Joe Montana, Dwight Clark, Ricky Ellison and Ronny Lott – to sing. ("I guess you could call it that," Lewis says. "They sort of yell.")

Huey and the News produced *Fore!* themselves, and new studio technology is one reason the album took six months to complete. "Somebody said we used to try to capture a performance and now we create one, and to a certain extent that's what you have to do," says Lewis. "The trouble is, there's so many options that it takes forever to figure them out. Now that you can have any sound in the world on your snare drum, you might as well check out a few of them. But it gets to be very frustrating."

There's no need to worry that the long break from the road will stiffen Huey Lewis and the News' style when they embark on their world tour this month. "It can get a little weird when you're trying to rock these tunes you've cut on machines," Lewis admits, "but when we go live, we throw the machines in the wastebasket and wail!"

—Anthony DeCurtis





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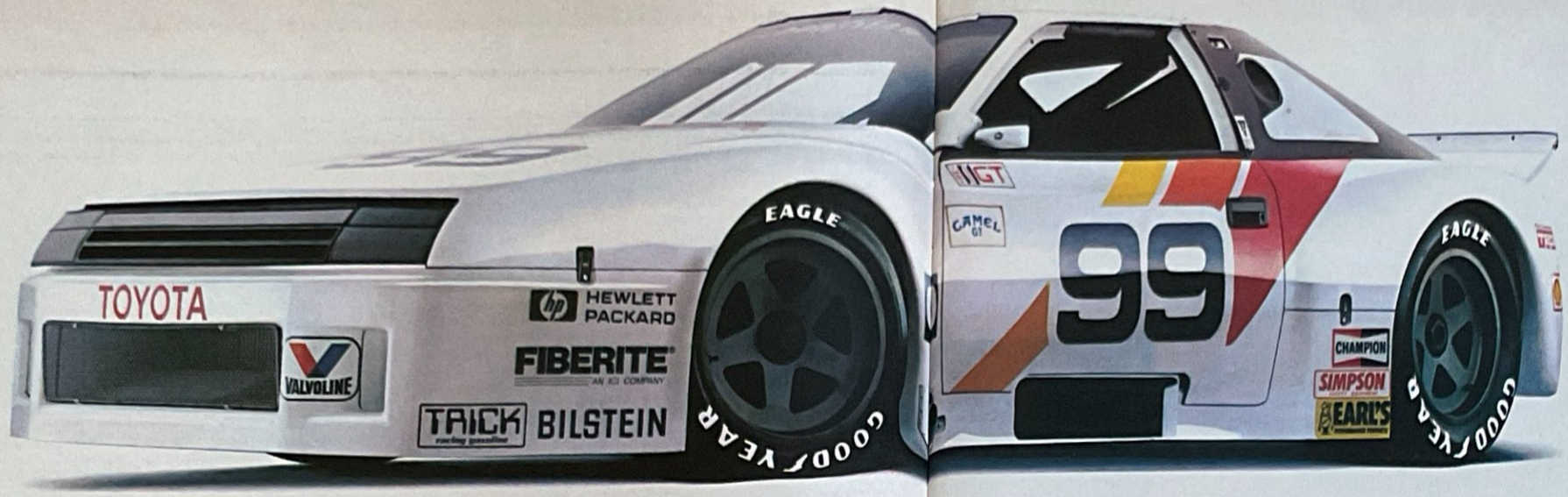

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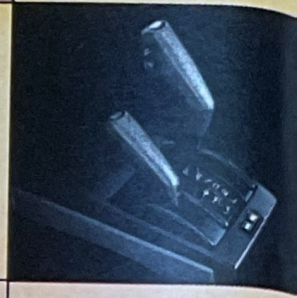

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NEW FACES

STEVE EARLE

Country boy rocks the big city

By Rob Tannenbaum

STANDING ON THE SMALL STAGE OF THE Bottom Line in New York, banging out songs from his *Guitar Town* album on an acoustic guitar, Steve Earle looked about as comfortable as a bull in an elevator. His Manhattan première was preceded by word that John Cougar Mellencamp and Bruce Springsteen were both admirers of his – and the hype had helped draw an imposing percentage of the city's music arbiters to the same club Springsteen once frequented. And Earle felt the pressure. "This next song was written by a pretty good hillbilly singer from South Jersey," he announced as his five-piece band unexpectedly leaned into a seething cover of Springsteen's "State Trooper."

Because Earle writes about small-town restlessness and Reaganomic suffering, his songs invite comparison with those of Springsteen, Mellencamp and Bob Seger. "But I consider myself a country singer," Earle says emphatically over a vodka and tonic on a hotel roof the day after his New York show. "That doesn't mean it isn't rock & roll. . . . I'm going to reach that audience, but I'm not going to change the music." His writing reflects a natural fondness for rock. He saw a few of Springsteen's shows last tour, opened for the Replacements this summer, would rather see Hüsker Dü than Kenny Rogers and listens to college radio. But, he adds, "you will never see a Steve Earle record mixed by Jellybean Benitez."

The comparison with mainstream rockers, Earle argues, reflects how much rock has borrowed from the country tradition. "Country is where lyrics that are that strong and that topical came from originally. There would have been no Bob Dylan had there been no Hank Williams. It's the portability of the music that gave it its character, the fact that you could travel. I'm not a piano player 'cause you can't hitchhike with a piano."

Earle hadn't played "State Trooper" live before that night in mid-June, and despite the presence of Springsteen bassist Garry Tallent in the crowd, he played it "to defuse the Springsteen and Mellencamp comparisons." It was a blunt act characteristic of the thirty-one-year-old Earle, who even *Guitar Town* coproducer Tony Brown admits "looks like the kind of guy who might carry a switch-blade in his back pocket." While Earle's hillbilly tales evoke Steinbeck, his life has been pure Hemingway, marked by countless fights, a fondness for cocaine and three marriages (going on four).

Earle's father was an air-traffic controller who was transferred frequently around the San Antonio area. The oldest of five kids, Steve got an acoustic guitar at the age of eleven because his family couldn't afford an electric. His first songs were inspired by the Beatles, Creedence and Elvis Presley movies ("I even paid money to see *Spinout*"). And in the best rock & roll tradition, he was a high-school misfit. "I got beat up for having long hair. Three or four rednecks would jump out of a pickup truck and beat the hell out of me, cut my hair with a pocketknife and steal my boots. My father finally told me I'd have to learn to fight because boots cost sixty dollars. So I bought a sawed-off shotgun. They came piling out of that truck one day, I let off both barrels, and it was assholes and elbows back in the truck. They never messed with me again." But the redneck abuse did take a psychic toll; although he listened to country music, "there was a lot of it I didn't admit I liked . . . because these people were fucking torturing me."

Instead, Earle discovered Bob Dylan and Tim Buckley, and he became "a walking, talking anachronism," hitchhiking around Texas and playing his own songs in coffeehouses, an alternative to working in bars, where he "played 'Help Me Make It Through the Night' and 'Mr. Bojangles' and shit." Earle settled on folk around the time Texas songwriter Townes Van Zandt befriended him. "He was a real good teacher and a real bad role model," Earle says with a grimace. After running away from home a few dozen times, he left for good at sixteen, married at nineteen and settled in Nashville soon after.

While Earle was writing songs, he payed the bills with a succession of day jobs: he framed houses, worked offshore for a month ("I came back in with the most money I'd ever had in my hand in my life, and I got in the most trouble I'd ever gotten into in my life"), baled hay and worked in an Italian restaurant until he hit the day manager in a dispute over a meatball sandwich. Eventually, he began to sell some songs. Elvis Presley chose one to record at a Nashville session that never happened. Johnny Lee took one into the Top Ten, but Earle hated it, "except when the royalties came in." A second marriage, which took place at the Take 5 bar in Nashville's Metro Airport and which was based on "a mutual interest in drug abuse," began deteriorating. Earle spent two tequila-drenched years in Mexico. "I bottomed out," he admits.

Back in Nashville, he sold a few more songs and formed a rockabilly trio that was signed to CBS in 1983. He released four singles in the next three years, most of which he dismisses as "terrible," and also recorded an unreleased LP. When CBS dropped him, he went to Los Angeles to investigate the acclaimed roots-rock scene. "I thought, 'With all that cowpunk thing going on, maybe I can make a better hillbilly record in L.A. than I can in Nashville.' When I got out there and saw the kids that were coming out to see Lone Justice and Dwight Yoakam . . . I realized that I didn't want to be identified with that. . . . The emphasis with me is on songs rather than attitude or image."

Earle headed back to Nashville, slept on friends' couches and concentrated on writing songs he was proud of. He was signed to MCA by Tony Brown, who has worked with Elvis, Emmylou Harris and Rosanne Cash. Together they constructed the ten rocky odysseys on *Guitar Town* – songs that reflect Earle's past. "Good Ol' Boy (Gettin' Tough)," for example, is his angry response to Reagan's firing of the striking air-traffic controllers, including Earle's brother. But, Earle says, "my politics are real schizophrenic. . . . I'm somewhat to the right of Attila the Hun in some areas." With typical effusiveness, Earle explains why he and his band use only American-made equipment when possible and complains about Reagan's policies regarding South America and the American farmer (Earle appeared at Farm Aid II). He promises that his next album, which is already three-quarters written, "will be more political" than his autobiographical debut.

Maturity may be unavoidable for Steve Earle. He has a permanent address for the first time in years, a four-year-old son from his third marriage and a commitment to write songs with T-Bone Burnett. His girlfriend, whom he'll marry when his third divorce is final, is expecting a child in December. But this hillbilly rebel still has long hair and an earring, plus a rubbery gut that suggests a ninety-proof diet. And he still resists changing out of an old shirt and jeans, even for photo sessions. "I do own one $900 hillbilly tuxedo," Earle admits. "I bought it for the ASCAP awards last year. Then I passed out in it on a friend's kitchen floor." ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY E.J. CAMP; SHIRT AND JACKET BY TOMMY HILFIGER; STYLIST: ROBYN DIETZ

ON THE CHARTS

SIMPLY RED HOT

A new British band with a remarkably soulful singer soars to Number One

Hucknall (foreground) with (from left) McIntyre, Richardson, Kellett, Bowers, Joyce

DAVIES & STARR

By Parke Puterbaugh

A RED AND SILVER BUS IS rolling through the verdant Swiss countryside, transporting the members of Simply Red and their entourage from one end of Lake Geneva to the other. The destination is Montreux, where Simply Red will close one of the evening concert programs at that city's annual jazz festival. Spirits should be high aboard the coach – not only has Simply Red earned a prime slot at one of music's most prestigious events, but the band's soulful single "Holding Back the Years" has just reached Number One on the American charts. At the moment, though, a screaming match is in progress between singer Mick Hucknall and the obstinate French-speaking driver, who is attempting to prevent Hucknall from cuing up a cassette.

"*Je suis un musicien! C'est pour moi!*" yells Hucknall, his red corkscrew curls bobbing from underneath his broad-brimmed black hat. More words are exchanged. "*Fermez la bouche!*" orders the singer, ending the argument with a defiant press of the play button. His face flushed as crimson as his hair, Hucknall mutters, "Fucking prat," under his breath as he wanders toward the back of the bus. Then, all of a sudden, his mood changes, and Hucknall is swept away by the music. Eyes closed, he sashays down the aisle of the bus, raising his voice along with Marvin Gaye's in a gently enunciated and oddly apropos lament: "Make me wanna holler/Throw up both my hands."

Among the members of Simply Red, music is more than just a way to pass the time while telephone poles flash by. "Usually, we get onto a bus, and the music starts, and all the band are grooving straightaway," says drummer Chris Joyce. Hucknall orchestrates the band's travels with music handpicked from a red box that holds thirty homemade cassettes. His taste, and the group's, is a potpourri that embraces reggae, dub, classic jazz, Fifties rhythm & blues and a healthy sampling of Motown and Stax. There is music for every activity, from shouting to sleeping. Once, when the bus was huffing and puffing up a steep Italian incline, Hucknall popped in jazz drummer Elvin Jones's *On the Mountain* – music whose exertions suited the occasion.

Hucknall's knowledge of music might be termed scholarly if he weren't so viscerally involved. Back in his home town of Manchester, an industrial city in northern England, Hucknall used to be a club DJ, manning the turntable every Wednesday night for a dance-floor seminar called Black Rhythms. He wasn't the world's flashiest DJ, and he didn't scratch or rap between records, but he built up a slow fire over the course of an evening through the sheer seductive force of the music. The same can be said of his work with Simply Red. The group's songs are about hard times and trouble, but Hucknall doesn't shout. Instead, he caresses with a velvet growl that quietly demands attention.

Hucknall always knew he would be a singer, and for him, Simply Red is the culmination of years of musical experimentation, dating back to the late Seventies. Along with some Manchester mates, he first formed a quasi-punk group called the Frantic Elevators, who made a lot of noise and four hard-to-find singles. The Elevators, who were not especially loved at home, were punk parodists, but few people got the joke. "Half of the thing about us is that we would actually use an absurd guitar solo just to show how stupid the whole thing was," says Hucknall. The group disbanded in 1982, leaving Hucknall with firm convictions about the sort of music his next band would *not* play. "I thought I'd rather try to do something else than just play straight-ahead rock music," he says. "What's the point in making that kind of stuff when there's a thousand other bands doing the same thing?" The most useful item left over from the Elevators was an early version of "Holding Back the Years."

After the Elevators' breakup, Hucknall began "messing around" with bassist Tony Bowers, who'd played in Durutti Column, an artsy Manchester New Wave group. "We were listening to a lot of pygmies and Moroccan music and stuff," Hucknall says with a chuckle. "Let's call it our experimental period." In mid-1984, he linked up with Fritz McIntyre, whose roots as a gospel pianist provided a more down-to-earth grounding for Hucknall's musical meanderings. Simply Red began to coalesce during this time, with various members, including a brass section, coming and going. Bowers soon became a full-fledged member, bringing with him drummer Chris Joyce, another Durutti alumnus. Trumpeter Tim Kellett, who doubles on keyboards, was summoned back from the exiled brass section.

In the meantime, a buzz spread around England

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about Hucknall's remarkable voice. One showcase concert, at Bedford College in London, was so heavily attended that, according to Joyce, "record-company people were climbing in through the toilet window 'cause they couldn't get in the door." A bidding war followed, with offers of advances of up to half a million pounds. Simply Red chose Elektra U.K., which hadn't offered the largest advance but had promised good points and seemed the most enthusiastic. Unfortunately, shortly after the signing, Elektra U.K. folded, and Simply Red eventually wound up with Elektra's parent company, WEA, except in the U.S., where the group remains on Elektra.

Simply Red's first single, "Money's Too Tight (to Mention)," appeared in early 1985. Originally recorded by the Valentine Brothers, an L.A. funk duo, "Money" was a song about life under Reagan. Hucknall had heard the tune when he was a club DJ, and Simply Red's version became popular on Britain's dance floors, where it was taken as a protest against Margaret Thatcher's policies.

In June 1985, Sylvan Richardson, a classically trained guitarist who'd moved into jazz, joined the band, and a now-final lineup entered the studio with Stewart Levine – a producer who'd worked with the likes of Sly Stone, B.B. King and Womack and Womack – to record a full album. Titled *Picture Book*, the LP is filled with vividly imagistic songs, written by Hucknall, that mine the theme of economic and personal distress – among them "Come to My Aid" and, especially, "Jericho," with its chant "If you ain't rich, then you won't go to the ball."

Hucknall grew up with poverty and has watched the dole queues grow longer at home. His own father, a barber by trade, was recently laid off and will likely never work again. "It's very simple," Hucknall says in a soft voice. "I just feel that working-class people should get more money for what they do. 'Cause really, they do most of the work, and I think the wealthier people can afford to pay them more."

Normally diffident and guarded when discussing himself, Hucknall becomes positively enraged when the talk turns to British politics, flaring up at the mere mention of Thatcher's name. "She led our people into a belief of a false illusion that the empire was still there," he says. "The empire was fucked by about 1948. I wouldn't say I'm a patriotic person, but I love England, and the place is a mess."

Mick Hucknall's velvet growl quietly demands attention.

Having hoisted himself out of poverty and tasted success, the twenty-six-year-old Hucknall is now determined to keep Simply Red on top. "This game is so business oriented now," he says, "and there's so much pressure in that respect, that you have to keep a really tight ship. If you don't keep the whole unit close together and somebody drifts, then you get rid of them quickly and bring in someone else who's prepared to stay close. As we stand at the moment, all the members of the group are close, and it's gonna stay that way, I think, for quite a long time."

As close as they may be, Simply Red's members are a rather unlikely bunch that includes a Jehovah's Witness (guitarist Richardson) and a Mormon (sax player Ian Kirkham), as well as the son of a Pentecostal preacher (keyboardist McIntyre). "We are," admits McIntyre, "eight very strange personalities working together in this unit." (In addition to the six-man core, Simply Red's ranks are augmented by Kirkham and backup vocalist Janette Sewell.)

Their common ground is music, and once Simply Red finishes a seven-week tour of the U.S., the band will repair to the Compass Point studio in the Bahamas to cut a new album with producer Alex Sadkin, who has worked with Grace Jones, Duran Duran and the Thompson Twins. Hucknall has twelve new songs written and ready to go – including a pair written with Lamont Dozier, of Motown's fabled Holland-Dozier-Holland songwriting team. With *Picture Book* now more than a year old, he is itching to record them.

Already, Simply Red has commercially surpassed such fellow Manchester bands as New Order and the Smiths – more *outré* groups with whom they share little in common but geography – and some observers are only half jokingly calling them the biggest group from Manchester since the Hollies. But no matter how big they get, they'll not likely lose sight of their roots. "The day we went Number One, somebody was telling us it was a headline in the *Manchester Evening News*," says Tony Bowers, sounding both amazed and amused.

"They wanted us to switch on the Christmas lights this year," Chris Joyce adds. "And we're all like a bunch of yobs, y'know?" ■

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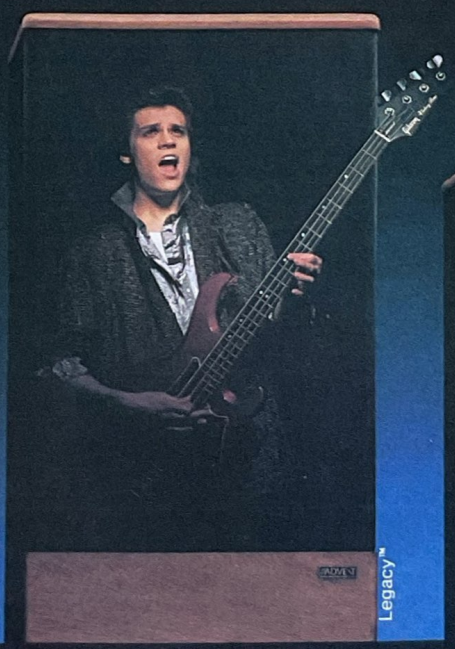

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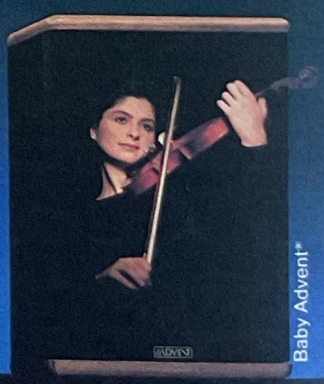

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The Barbecue Pit: Caroline Williams wonders who's for lunch on the set of *Saw 2*.

WORKING ON THE CHAIN GANG

America's number-one drive-in movie critic goes to pieces in 'The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2'

By Joe Bob Briggs

I WAS CHAIN-SAW MEAT FOR TOBE HOOPER. That's Tobe "Mr. Chain Saw" Hooper to you. Tobe "I really did, too, direct *Poltergeist* even though Steve the Wimp was hangin around all the time" Hooper. Tobe, the man who saw American families turning to cannibalism in 1974 and treated it like the growing social problem it was instead of like they were *weirdos* or something. The man who made the greatest drive-in movie in the history of the universe: *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. The man whose parents didn't know how to spell *Toby*. Tobe was on the horn. Tobe wanted me.

On the day I showed up, on a hot, muggy Wednesday in

downtown Austin, there were giant horseflies hitchin rides over to the set just to see Dennis Hopper's underarms. It was that kind of day. Somebody was sleepin on top of the rat cage, which was located next to the chain-saw-repair facility (thirty-five saws specially rigged for splatter), which was located in the loading dock of the old abandoned *Austin American-Statesman* newspaper building, which was full of 2000 skeletons trucked in from somewhere, includin a couple hundred real ones from India, and the remains of three or four city editors from the Fifties. This was the Barbecue Pit, the place where Tobe was takin the raw material of this human existence of ours – our pain, our joy, our sadness, our desire to act like geeks all day if we can be in the movie – and turnin it into 100 minutes of cheap exploitation. I was proud to be part of it.

The most famous cannibal family in history has grown up in *Saw 2*. They've gone and got theirselves a catering binness, and to handle all the meat, they had to go get this abandoned amusement park by the interstate and convert it into a combination slaughter barn, short-order grill, dining room and playpen. All the furniture's made out of human and animal bones, but ever once in a while Daddy (Jim Siedow) has to scream at 'em to get up off their heinies and do some work instead of just settin around all day listenin to the radio and Black-and-Deckerin the house. If you can believe it, Bill Moseley as Chop-Top and Bill Johnson as Leatherface have even lower IQs than their brothers from *Saw 1*. "If I told you once, I told you a million times," Daddy yells at them, "don't saw the main support beams!"

The guy who dreamed this up is Kit Carson, the co-screenwriter on *Paris, Texas*, who spent two hours sleepin on the sidewalk the night before I got to the set. He came walkin toward me lookin like a pup tent that's been chewed up by a pit bull, danglin a portable typewriter in one hand and tryin to keep his matted blond hair from breeding. I told him he looked real existential.

"Joe Bob!" he spurted. He then launched into an explanation of how *Saw 2* was the movie for people sick of *The Breakfast Club* and the little brat-pack oatmeal-face whiners that are in those flicks and how everbody that looks like Molly Ringwald is gettin a chain saw through the gizzards in this one.

"Yuppie meat," I said.

"Yuppie meat," he repeated for no reason.

Then he grinned and took me over to Tobe Hooper's trailer, and Tobe invited me in and chewed on a cigar the size of Montana and bustled a lot like he was demented and told me how he'd been sick for a week with the weird virus that ravaged the old *Austin American-Statesman* building and made about twenty-five people think they had AIDS. This made the movie late, which didn't make Cannon Films in El Lay too happy, and that's why they weren't gonna be finished till the Fourth of July for a movie that opens August 22nd.

I asked Tobe how much money I was gettin and how it oughta be more than a few hundred since I was gettin killed off and so I'd be unavailable for *Saw 3* and could I have a free T-shirt. He whimpered a little bit, like a mangled puppy, and I knew I had a friend for life.

Next thing, we went upstairs where there used to be the set of a radio station except Leatherface had just chain-sawed it into 97,000 pieces in an attempt to casserole Caroline Williams, the star of the movie, who was walkin around with caked blood all over her legs practicing her screams. (In an effort to outdo Marilyn Burns, star of *Saw 1* and greatest screamer in drive-in history, Caroline perfected five distinct varieties of scream.) They had a screen set up where Tobe could watch yesterday's scenes and confer with his chain-saw-effects master, Tom Savini, the little guy who's pumped more blood and lopped more limbs than any man alive. Tom was sittin on a beat-up old couch and watchin footage of a chain saw moving horizontally toward a screaming head, only at the last second the guy loses control of the saw and – whoops! – just hacks off an ear. The crew groans. They had to stick a bunch of stuff back on the head for the second take, where the saw goes straight through at forehead level, destroying half the head and releasin about seven gallons of spurting blood. "Excellent," I told Mr. Chain Saw. Tobe chewed some more.

TIM BOOLE

Joe Bob buddies up to his saw.

Everbody that looks like Molly Ringwald is gettin a chain saw through the gizzards in this one.

For about twenty minutes we watched Grandpa try to kill Caroline with a sledgehammer – just like the scene in *Saw 1*, only slicker – and then I got bored and went to find Dennis Hopper.

I don't know about you, but I consider Dennis Hopper one of the finest gonzo acidhead raving psychotic poets of our generation. In this movie, of course, he's the establishment figure – the cop that's been searchin for Leatherface and his family for twelve years, gradually gettin crazier than they are. I found Dennis over on the Dueling Chain Saws set, where a couple of stuntmen were battling to the death in a raging, sparks-flyin, smoke-spewin struggle to see who could be the first guy to get sent straight to prison by the Consumer Product Safety Commission. One guy was dressed up like Leatherface, the other guy like Dennis, complete with a pair of chain-saw *holsters*. When the fight actually started, with both guys slinging their chain saws together like swords so you could hear the blades grind together, everbody on the crew winced and flinched. When it was over, with one guy sprawled across a table after leaping two feet in the air to keep himself from being sawed off at the knee, nobody said anything for five or ten seconds, waitin to see if both guys still had all their body parts intact. Everbody secretly hoped they wouldn't need a second take.

"Outstanding," said Dennis, staring down at his stunt double from a raised perch full of skeleton art and armchairs made with arms. Dennis rubbed his hands together, wringing the sweat. "Outstanding."

He looked at me. "That was outstanding."

Dennis has this little grin he does. It's not a happy grin or a friendly grin or even a grin that's intended for you. It's a grin that sorta flits across his face and makes these little wrinkles all around his eyes and lips, and then he goes right back into a deadpan, and when it's over you try to figure it out, and you finally decide it means something like "I have just understood something in the cosmos and I'm not gonna tell you about it." That's the Dennis Hopper grin. He did it when he saw me. Then he said, "Do you eat?"

And he motioned me to follow him, and then he wandered out into the hot night and circled around the block and went up to this thing called the Honey Wagon, where all the grips and gaffers and other people that had been workin 374 straight hours were lined up to get some spaghetti or somethin, and he grabbed two plastic trays and handed one to me and broke in at the front of the line and ordered a slab of roast beef and a fork. I figured this was the best time to ask him about the existential meaning of his part in *Saw*.

The grin again. Then a deadpan. "They didn't want me to do it, my agents," he said. "They had a big meeting. They said, 'Why do you want to throw your career away on this?' They didn't like me doin it. I told 'em I wanted to do it."

Dennis was fillin up a Styrofoam cup with vanilla ice cream, to wash down his roast beef. He seemed to be finished with the story.

"So, uh, why did you wanna do it?"

" Cause I love Austin, Texas, and I wanted to spend my fiftieth birthday here."

"I see what you mean."

"I got friends here. Willie, he's a friend. I like to play golf here."

"Is that what you told your agents?"

"Yeah." Grin. "That's what I told 'em."

"How many agents do you have?"

"At the meeting? Seven."

"Do you like this work?"

"I have seven pictures comin out this year and next year."

"What kind of pictures?"

"Well, there's this one where I play an alcoholic father. I'm doing that one next month. And then there's one where I'm a psychotic B-29 pilot. And then there's another one where I'm a wealthy toy manufacturer. And one where I'm an alcoholic. One where I'm crazy. This one here, where there's a lot of possibilities for me to be crazy, but my character disappears after about page thirty and doesn't come back till page a hundred, so this one really I didn't need to be here the whole time. I could have played golf."

"Dennis, do you ever have any roles where you're *not* an addict or a psycho?"

"I just told you. I play a wealthy toy manufacturer."

"Oh, yeah, right. Any reason you're doing all this work?"

"Probably because I've been [*Cont. on 99*]

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AGAINST ALL ODDS

'The Cutting Edge' proves that it's possible to capture the fresh and adventurous spirit of rock & roll on TV By Steve Pond

BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

The 'Cutting Edge' crew (clockwise from upper left): Grasso, Zaremba, Cooper, Faris and Dayton

On paper, it doesn't look good. *The Cutting Edge* has a title that promises more than any rock & roll TV show has ever delivered, yet its hour-long episodes are made for less money than most three-minute videos. Plus, it deals with rock & roll, which has rarely been well served by TV, and it's on MTV, a cable channel routinely derided by the hipper elements the show was designed to reach. All in all, it's no wonder that *The Cutting Edge* adopted a self-mocking motto to relieve some of the pressure. The official slogan of this new-music compendium of interviews, live performances and videos is "Just what the world needs, another rock show."

But over the past three and a half years, *The Cutting Edge* somehow has managed to become more than another rock show. It's rough and it's off the cuff and sometimes it's too trendy and sometimes it's too conservative, but on the last Sunday of every month, it brings rock with a fresh, scruffy and relatively adventurous spirit to TV. In the process, the show, which is sponsored by I.R.S. Records, attracts about half a million viewers each month and wins over most critics. "The best program about pop music that we have," said the *Los Angeles Times*, while a generally approving Elvis Mitchell wrote in *The Village Voice*, "This quasi-glib, partially avant music show is a sort of *PM Magazine* of the semi-cool."

Cutting Edge producer Carl Grasso has a

different set of references: "We like to think of it as a combination of *Your Show of Shows*, *The Ed Sullivan Show* and maybe a little of *Green Acres*." Plus a hefty dose of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. "It sounds like a cliché," says associate producer Jessica Cooper, "but a lot of the time it does seem like 'Hey, let's make a TV show!' "

As Cooper speaks, she, Grasso and directors Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris are planning their August edition. They've already shot several performers at concerts or sound checks or in studios: the English newcomers the Woodentops, the L.A. Western-swing group Radio Ranch Straight Shooters, the British nouveau-folk band the Pogues and – on one day's notice – country singer Steve Earle. Those performances will be the backbone of the show, which will also include videos from Radwaste, a radical L.A. band, and Timbuk 3, a Texas duo newly signed by I.R.S., and a decade-old clip from *Cutting Edge* host Peter Zaremba's band, the Fleshtones. Then, to tie it all together, they'll film *Cutting Edge* regulars like Zaremba singing hoary standards in a Japanese video bar in downtown L.A., accompanied by the joint's cheesy backing tracks and video effects. Finally, they'll intersperse bits from a deliberately bad melodrama, directed by Grasso and inspired by the film *Kung Fu Assassins*.

It might look great or it might look dumb, but it won't look like anything else on TV. And that, Grasso says, was his chief goal when Miles Copeland, the head of I.R.S. and manager of the Police, walked into his office about four years ago and announced, "I got an hour from MTV. We gotta do something with it. Here."

MTV had rejected Copeland's first idea – two hours' worth of lip-synced videos shot in London – so he gave the assignment to Grasso, then the art director at I.R.S. What qualified him to do a TV show? "Well, nothing, actually," laughs Grasso."But you really can't think that way."

He recruited Dayton and Faris, friends from UCLA and fledgling filmmakers who had endeared themselves to I.R.S. by working cheaply: a Wall of Voodoo commercial for $250, an R.E.M. video for $2000. "I don't think we knew what the going rates were," says Dayton. I.R.S. gave Dayton and Faris a budget of $30,000 for each show and a corner in Grasso's office, and they went to work. "We had no idea," says Faris. "We pretty much just went around and interviewed bands, filmed them doing odd things, and did anything we could do that wasn't like what was being shown on MTV. In certain ways, our show was probably formed with the idea of avoiding the looks of certain shows. Avoiding music videos, avoiding news magazines, avoiding talk shows. And by avoiding those things, it sort of left us with what we've got."

"The feeling was 'Let's give some of these newer bands a shot and get some of these old farts off the TV screen,' " says Grasso. "I mean, God bless him, but I think it's time Dick Clark maybe went fishing or something."

Their first attempts at being an adventurous alternative were, he says, "pretty horrendous." But after its May 1983 debut, the show improved: Zaremba was hired as host in the second year, while Dayton and Faris, working with limited budgets and facilities, began to develop a surprisingly sure-handed style, low-tech but visually effective.

And slowly, they changed what started out, says Dayton, as a "very rocky" relationship with MTV. "At the beginning," remembers Grasso, "we'd turn in the list of who was gonna be on the show and get a phone call saying, 'What's this Black Uhuru? Is it some sort of voodoo? Is it evil?' And we'd say, 'Well, no, they're just a reggae band.' " When one segment featured the members of Georgia's Love Tractor strolling through an L.A. art gallery and encountering a poster in which a photo of Dean Martin's face was pasted in the crotch of a nude female torso, Grasso immediately got a phone call demanding that the scene be removed. "But now," concludes Dayton, "I think we've both sort of figured each other out, a little bit."

"We kind of look at it as one of our little art monsters," says Les Garland, senior vice-president of programming at MTV. "It doesn't pull humongous ratings, but we never expected that it would. It appeals to very active MTV viewers, and I think the people who watch it probably do so on a regular basis and have a sustaining interest in what the show represents." It was also the first new-music show on MTV, which has recently added the relatively adventurous *120 Minutes* to its lineup.

Now *The Cutting Edge*'s influence reaches farther: Last summer Grasso made a trip to Austin, Texas, and was so knocked out by the music scene that an entire show was devoted to more than a dozen unsigned Austin bands. Soon afterward, more and more A&R men came to town, and according to Joe Nick Patoski, manager of Austin's True Believers, at least one label sent a representative armed with a list of bands to see, "basically a list of the bands on that I.R.S. show."

"I get calls all the time from people saying, 'I'm gonna be working on this show, and there's gonna be a lot of *Cutting Edge*-type bands' – as if that's a *genre*," says Grasso. What are *Cutting Edge*-type bands? The show has devoted time to punk, postpunk and pop bands, to country singers, rootsy Americans and flashy Brits, to spoken-word performers and relatively big names: everyone from Hüsker Dü to Dwight Yoakam to the Long Ryders to the Jesus and Mary Chain to Tom Waits.

They're especially proud of an interview with Morrissey of the Smiths; they shut him in a hotel bathroom with a Super Betamovie camera and a list of subjects, and he responded with an earnest, morose forty-five-minute monologue on art, fashion and sex. "We already have the Betamovie camera," says Dayton, "so the price of the shoot is the price of the tape. Instead of spending $1500, it cost us $10."

Penny-pinching is crucial. "At a lot of other places," says Grasso, "they couldn't fart in the board room for less than it costs us to do the whole show." Cooper puts it more delicately: "We've shown videos that cost as much as we've spent all *year* on the show."

They have to scrimp because for years, admits Dayton, the show cost I.R.S. "a lot," even after its budget was trimmed from $30,000 per show to its current $25,000. Lately, though, once-hesitant labels have been more willing to advertise, and I.R.S. has worked out limited sponsorships with the likes of Honda. "It's not making money for the company," says Grasso. "We're pretty close to breaking even, and we could go on virtually forever like this." The show is beginning to air in Europe, and plans for a *Cutting Edge* radio network are being finalized.

'The feeling was "Let's get some of these old farts off TV," ' says Grasso. 'I mean, it's time Dick Clark maybe went fishing or something.'

Besides, it was designed not as a moneymaker but as a way to expose acts – especially acts signed to I.R.S., which has contributed such frequent guests as R.E.M., General Public and the Alarm. "We're treading on kind of a fine line," admits Grasso. "I.R.S. acts certainly do expect to be on the show, and we've been guilty a couple of times of thinking, 'Oh shit, we should never have put that on.' There was a thing we did with the *Bachelor Party* soundtrack that was a bit shaky. . . . But I think our bands are strong enough that we're not gonna be embarrassed about it. And at least we're conscious of it, and I suppose hip enough that it's okay that I.R.S. has a TV show."

Still, some audience members have complained. After one recent show, an angry viewer wrote in, charging I.R.S. with favoritism and suggesting a name change to *The Dull Edge*. The letter will probably be used on the air.

"I think we have gotten a little lazy," concedes Grasso. "We can't get too comfortable, because it remains really important for us to give these new bands a shot. Not all of them deserve it – some are absolute crap, but other ones, given half a chance, are gonna do really well."

But lately the staff has been having problems deciding who merits the exposure. "There's a point where it's hard to figure out what's new," says Faris, "and that's been on our minds since the end of last year."

But if they don't make the effort, their show's title, which Copeland suggested, won't mean much. "It's a pretty tall order," sighs Dayton. "We feel like the true cutting edge will probably never make it to TV. We're sort of the cutting edge of what makes it to TV." A grimace. "But, uh, there are some dark moments in our show's history when we had bands on that, for one reason or another, were so far from any cutting edge."

"This may be our justification," Faris says, "but sometimes if somebody isn't necessarily on the cutting edge, we try to get an angle on a story that somehow shows that part of them once was."

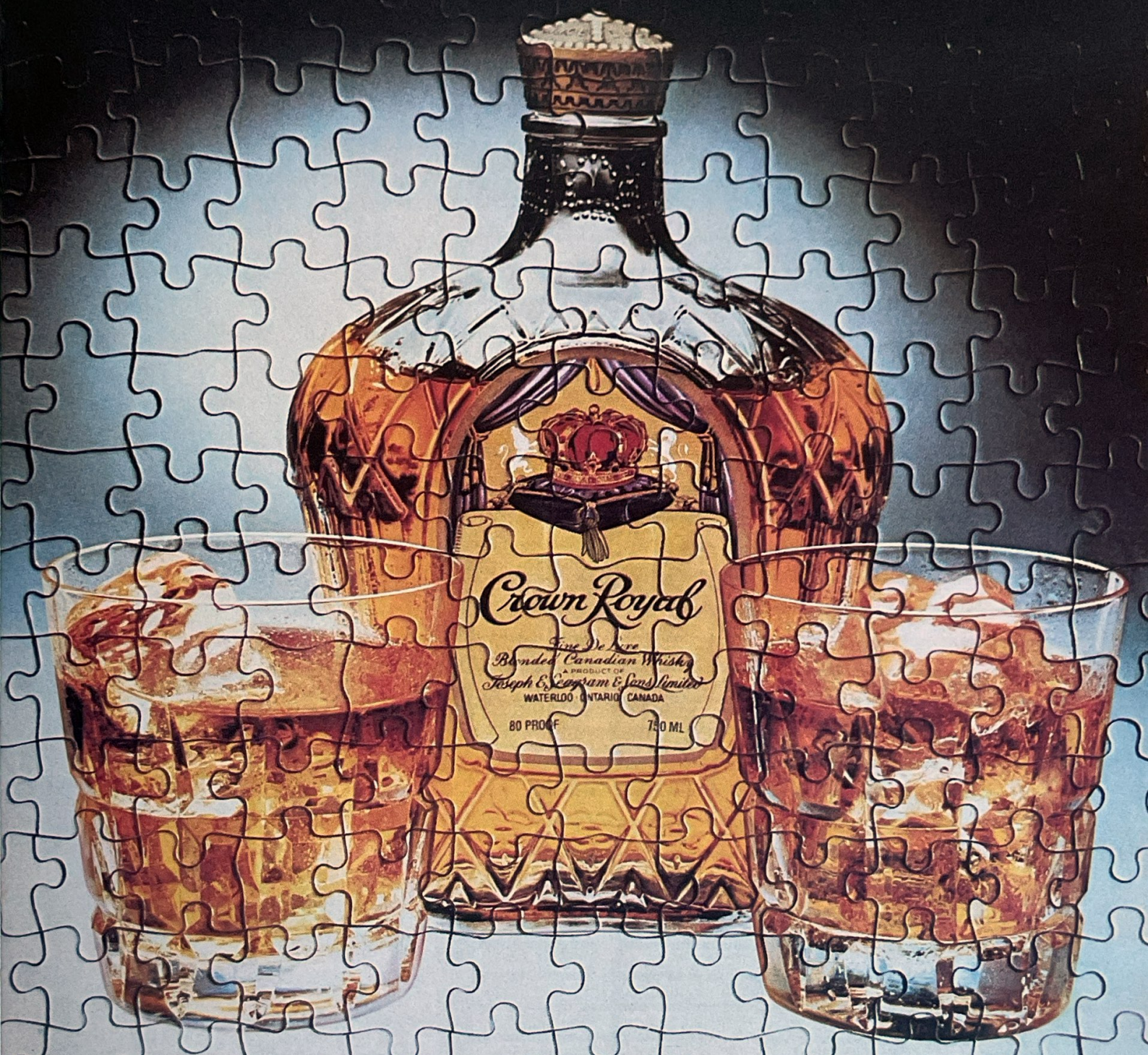
"But we don't think about that too much," adds Dayton. "I don't think we take ourselves that seriously."

Still, the show that thinks big by thinking small now has the clout and visibility to be solicited by bands and companies that wouldn't have noticed it in the past. This leaves the *Cutting Edge* folks in an odd position: their personal favorites may be the Woodentops or Radwaste or Camper Van Beethoven, but they have access to bigger names, too.

"A week and a half ago," recalls Jessica Cooper, "I got a call from the Cure's manager saying they were coming to L.A. and really wanted to do *The Cutting Edge*. Three years ago – or even one year ago – they wouldn't have done it. And on one level you think it'd be great to get these more mainstream new-music acts, because then more people watch the show."

But that line of reasoning, she says, didn't last long. "We were thinking about having them on, but we thought, 'The Cure is gonna sell out the [19,000-seat] Forum.' That's not what this show is all about." ■

When you really get it all together.



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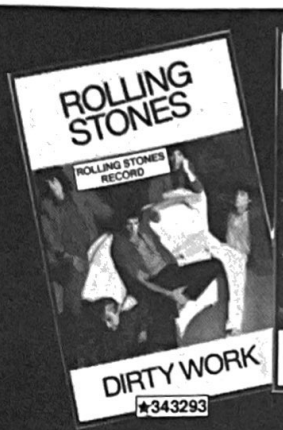

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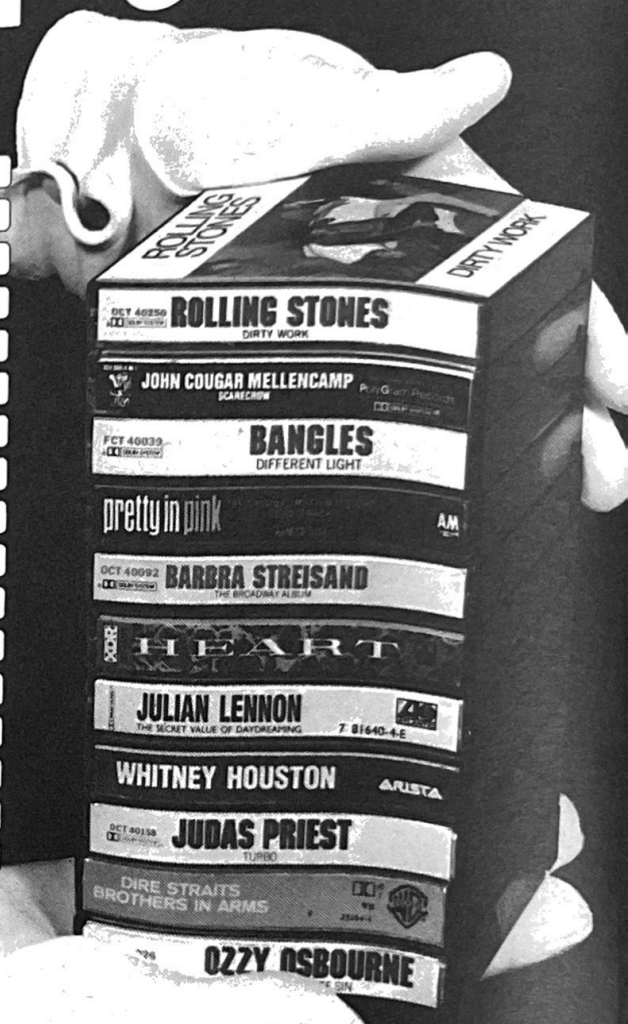

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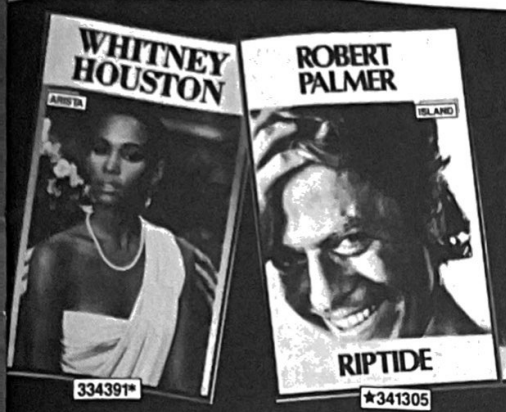

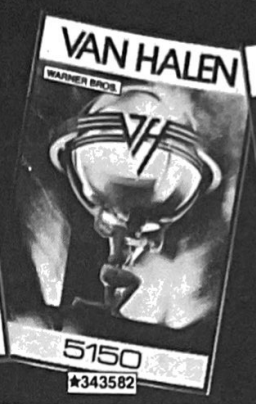

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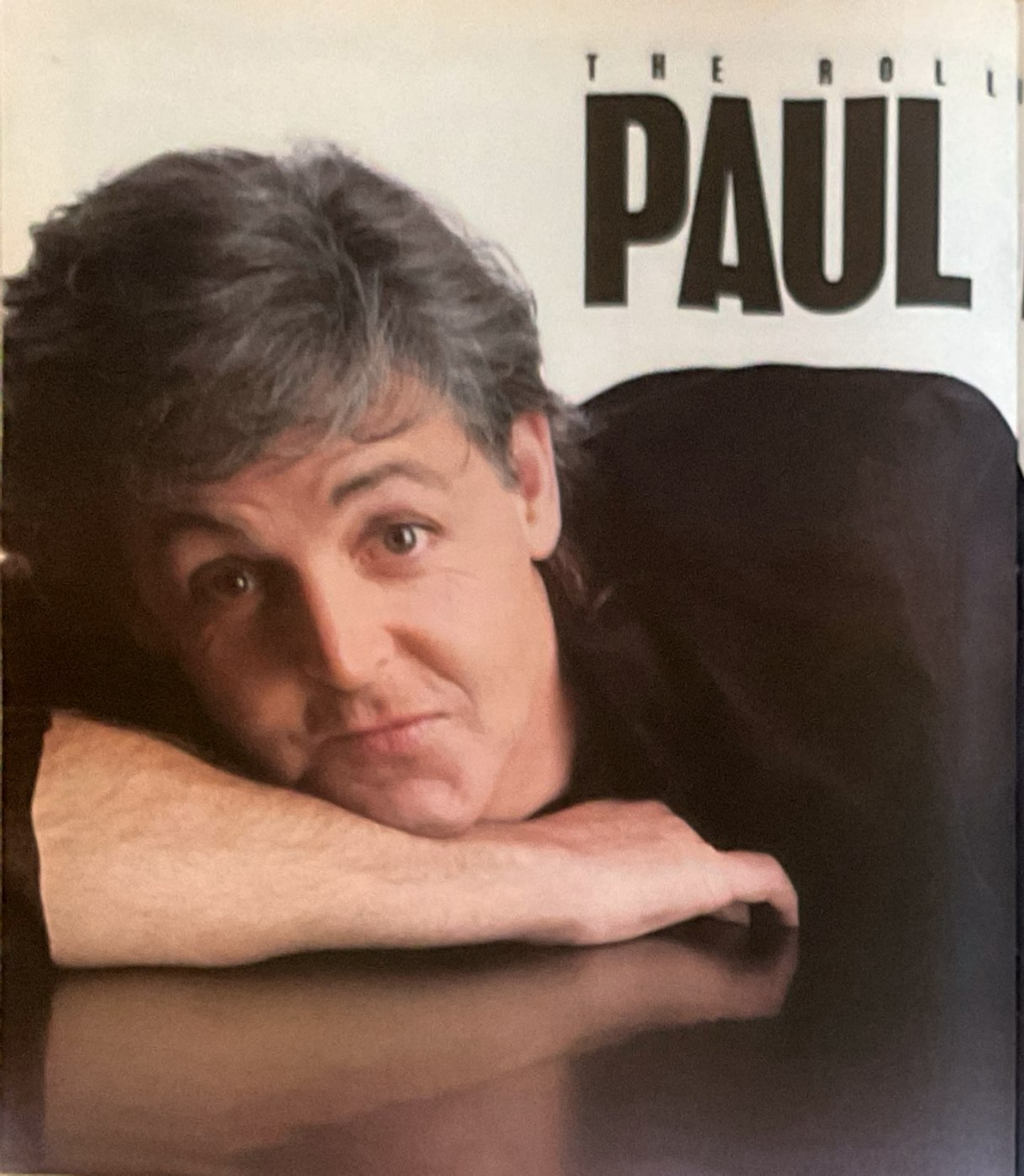
THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW

PAUL McCARTNEY



BY KURT LODER It is Monday in London, two days before the royal wedding, and Soho Square is filled with flowers, sunshine and fresh-faced young tourists. Some loll on the grass, sharing joints. Others peer up expectantly at the etched-glass windows of an art-deco-style town house across the street, where, in an

PAUL McCARTNEY

'The funny thing is, there was a time when *I* was the avant-garde one in the Beatles – around the time of *Sgt. Pepper*, 'cause that album was largely my influence. I thought of pretending that we were another group. I was trying to get everybody to be sort of farther out.'

airy third-floor office, Paul McCartney presides over the bustling affairs of MPL Communications, the company that manages the professional projects of the singer and his wife, Linda.

McCartney is in from his country home in Sussex – where he has a brand-new, state-of-the-art recording studio – to promote his latest LP, *Press to Play*. It is the fifteenth album he has released since he announced the breakup of the Beatles back in 1970, and the years are beginning to tell: his hair is mostly gray these days. But he's as buoyant as ever, bubbling with enthusiasm. After eight years of largely lackadaisical releases on Columbia, he is back with Capitol – the Beatles' old label – and he seems serious about rehabilitating his somewhat tattered artistic reputation.

Press to Play features some good new songs and a tough new pop sound, courtesy of Hugh Padgham, who coproduced it. Linda McCartney's background vocals are the only aural remnant of Paul's erstwhile band Wings; this time out he's backed by guitarists Eric Stewart and Carlos Alomar, drummer Rick Marrotta and such drop-in rock-star pals as Pete Townshend and Phil Collins. Pouring tea from a china pot, McCartney talks up his new tunes (one song, "However Absurd," is a stream-of-consciousness stew of non sequiturs lifted from the works of such poets as W.H. Auden) and his ambitious plans for the future. But he cannot ignore his celebrated past and the persistent tug of its emotional undertow. Will he ever again be seen in as sweet a light as that which illuminated the Beatles twenty years ago? The subject seems open for discussion. Paulie passes the cream.

On your new album, there's an almost punkish song called "Angry." That's not an attitude usually associated with Paul McCartney. What are you angry about?

Well, the same things a lot of us are angry about.

Traffic jams, stuff like that?

Well, there's that – the day-to-day piss-offs. But I was thinking more about, um, British trade unions withdrawing coal when there's old ladies dying, and we kind of just go, "Yeah, well, the union's got a right." And Britain's attitude toward apartheid at the moment, which is just so crazy. I mean, *still*, after all those years of Martin Luther King and everything, they're *still* buggerin' around with black and white. It's so *insane*. Couldn't they just wise up? But there's Maggie saying, "We don't need to do sanctions," while everybody else – all the civil-rights groups – are saying, "But you *do*."

Given such views, it's ironic that a London tabloid, *The Sun*, recently questioned whether you were a racist after hearing bootleg Beatles outtakes from the *Let It Be* sessions that feature you referring to Pakistanis – unflatteringly, it seems – in a rendition of "Get Back."

Sensational journalism – *The Sun* is not a highly reputable newspaper. What this thing is, I think, is that when we were doing *Let It Be*, there were a couple of verses to "Get Back" which were actually not racist at all – they were *anti*racist. There were a lot of stories in the newspapers then about Pakistanis crowding out flats – you know, living sixteen to a room or whatever. So in one of the verses of "Get Back," which we were making up on the set of *Let It Be*, one of the outtakes has something about "too many Pakistanis living in a council flat" – that's the line. Which to me was actually talking out *against* overcrowding for Pakistanis. *The Sun* wishes to see it as a racist remark. But I'll tell you, if there was any group that was not racist, it was the Beatles. I mean, all our favorite people were always black. We were kind of the first people to open international eyes, in a way, to Motown. Whenever we came to the States they'd say, "Who's your favorite artists?" And we'd say, "Well, they're mainly black, and American – Motown, man. It's all there, you've got it all." I don't think the Beatles ever had much of a hang-up with that.

What about sensationalism in rock & roll – the alleged surfeit of sex and violence that many of the music's critics seem to find these days. Do you worry that your children are being influenced by this sort of thing?

No. I think they're into pretty good music, actually – Simple Minds, Dire Straits, Tears for Fears, stuff like that. I've never tried to favor anything, 'cause I figure I wouldn't have liked my dad to sort of *tell* me to like Elvis, you know? It would have put me off it.

Are you familiar with the PMRC in the States – the group of Washington wives who want ratings for pop records?

Oh, the lyrics thing. Uh . . . I kind of see their point, you know? I think there is a point, like with newspapers, where you start to want to censor stuff. I don't *really* think you ought to, but . . . Let's say a really great group emerged – and you tend to think they'd be heavy metal, although that's probably "heavy metallist" to say [*laughs*] – and say they were advocating, I don't know, killing, Satanism. And they came out with a really great album and turned a lot of people on to Satanism. There's got to be a point where you're gonna say, "Look, guys, we're all for artistic freedom, but maybe we just don't want *de debbil* trampling across America at the moment." I mean, what would you do? I don't know. I think censorship's very dangerous. . . .

But things are getting farther and farther out. I saw a show the other night on television which . . . I was not *offended* by – I mean, it doesn't really bug me – but it made me start to wonder whether people were going slightly far out. It was a gay thing, and a couple of guys were really gettin' to it. Now, I have no objection to anyone getting their rocks off in *any* way they want. But maybe public telly isn't the forum for it. And video nasties – *I Drill Your Brain*, *I Spit on Your Grave*. I haven't seen those movies myself – I'm gettin' to be an old fruit, you know? – but how far ought they to let that go? I think, in a way, that it doesn't really hurt to have someone keepin' an eye on all this stuff. It's not a bad thing to have watchdog groups; you just mustn't let them get too much power.

In a more positive vein, you've actively supported other causes you believe in, such as Live Aid.

I'm not a great joiner, but I do support a lot of things. I've supported Amnesty International for a while, and of course Live Aid, obviously, was – *is* – a great thing.

Are you troubled by reports that the money Live Aid raised for Ethiopia ultimately benefits that country's military regime and not the starving people?

Well, before Live Aid, there was going to be another concert of that sort, and Dave Gilmour and myself were going to get involved in it. Then a neighbor of mine, David Astor, who was quite big in Amnesty at the time, told me that his son was in Eritrea at that moment and that there was very worrying news coming out. He said, "If you do charity, it's going to go straight to the military. They say, 'Thank you very much for helping our country. *We're* not buying food for our people, we're spending our money on guns.'" So, at the time of Live Aid, I did a little bit of work on that, checked it out – me, Astor, Pete Townshend, a few other people. And we decided that Bob Geldof had enough good people on the case. We wanted to do *something*, even if there was some risk – I mean, we were seeing people on television just *dying* in front of the camera.

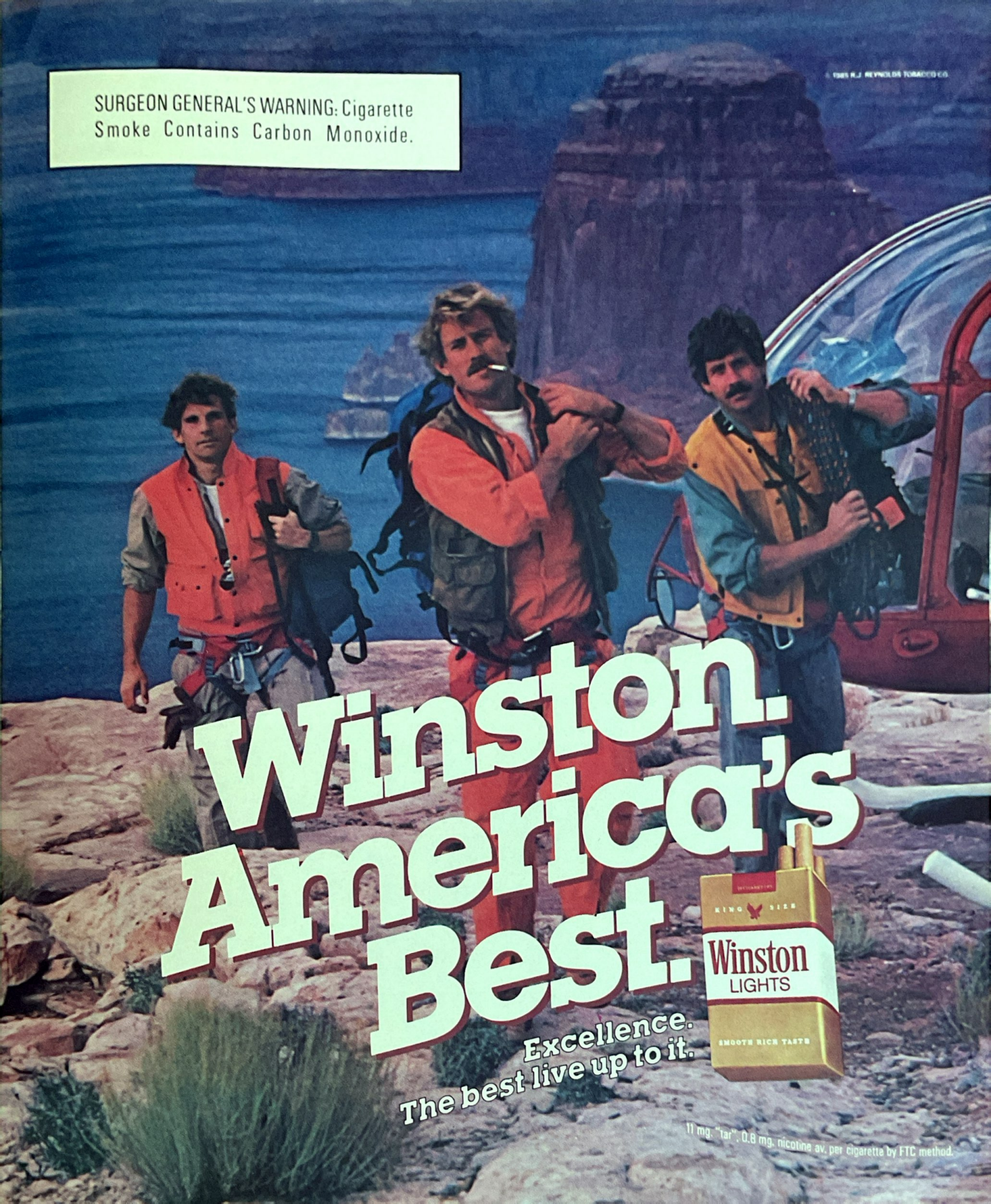
So I was glad to have done Live Aid. Someone's always gonna bitch. There's always gonna be a bad side to everything you do. When I did "Ebony and Ivory" with Stevie Wonder – which was a perfectly harmless attempt at pinpointing the need for racial harmony – some people said, "Oh, it's just pap." Well – *sez you*, you know? I mean, tough. The point is, there *is* some kind of black-and-white problem – certainly in South Africa, probably less now in the States, but there's still tension, it still erupts. You can't deny that. I just wanted to do something good, to do a song that I thought might take a little tension out of the situation. And there were a few great things I got off it. Like, there's a great black sax player in Los Angeles, Ernie Watts. I think he's got a white wife, and he came up to me at a session we did, and he said, "Oh, man, thanks for that song." And that made it all worthwhile for me, you know – just if one person's situation was alleviated to the tiniest degree. I don't care what *all* the critics say then; that's really enough. Ernie Watts plays a hell of a lot better than any critic I ever heard.

But do you think there's any merit to the frequent charge that your post-Beatles music has gotten too soft?

Yeah, I'm sure it's true. You can't get it right all the time. If there's been a fault with my stuff, I think some of it was unfinished. Looking back on some of it now, I think, "You didn't finish the bloody thing." So . . . yeah, I might have been a bit soft, and some of it might have been a bit unfinished. And sometimes a critic will say, "That's really lousy" – and I'll tend to agree with him: "He's right, it's not very good, that one." I know there are quite a few tracks on my albums that I just don't like now. Like "Bip Bop," off *Wild Life* – oh, God, I can't listen to it; it just *goes nowhere*. But occasionally a good one comes along, and occasionally there's a little wave on the little millpond, and that makes it all worthwhile.

Critics may be pleased by the harder pop sound of *Press to Play*. Some of the tracks have an almost experimental tilt to them.

The funny thing is, there was a time when *I* was the avant-garde one in the Beatles – around the time of *Sgt. Pepper*, 'cause that album was largely my influence. I thought of the idea, the concept of pretending we were another group. I was trying to get everyone in the group to be sort of farther out, and do this far-out album. John was living out in Weybridge with his wife and child at the time, and *I* was bein' the bachelor in London – living on my own, going to the theater, checking out the *International Times*, [*Cont. on 100*]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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Rock & roll never forgets—and its fans don't either. Our readers' response to last year's "Where Are They Now?" issue was so overwhelmingly positive that we decided to make it an annual event. This year, some of the former stars we tracked down were already on the comeback trail. Many more would like to be. There are, of course, those who have stumbled into the sinkholes of passing fame: drugs, drink, poverty and bitterness. But others have found satisfaction in such second careers as real estate, advertising, modeling and dentistry. Where are they now? Turn to page 54 to find out.

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

The Righteous Brothers, still on a roll: Bobby Hatfield (front) and Bill Medley in 1963 and today in Newport Beach, California

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS

Hits: "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'," "Ebb Tide," "Unchained Melody," "(You're My) Soul and Inspiration," "Rock and Roll Heaven"

"We had the whole nine yards," says Bobby Hatfield, one-half of the blue-eyed-soul duo the Righteous Brothers. "The hair pulling, gouging, ripping the clothes and running for your life."

"You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' " had entered the Top Forty in late 1964, destined for the Number One spot. But to Hatfield and Bill Medley, both twenty-four at the time, their new-found success didn't register, says Medley, until "we got stuck in our own traffic jam trying to get to our concert in San Diego. All these people going to see *us!*"

Within a year the Righteous Brothers name was attached to four Top Ten hits, all produced by Phil Spector. The duo barnstormed the country as headliners, opened package tours for the Beatles and the Rolling Stones and turned up almost weekly on the TV music show *Shindig*.

At the peak of their success, however, a legal battle between their original label, Moonglow, and Spector's Philles label ended their collaboration with Spector. They eventually signed with MGM Records, "but the last thing in the world I wanted to do was leave Phil Spector," Medley says now. "We had just started."

With Medley producing, the Brothers came up with three more hits, including "(You're My) Soul and Inspiration," which went to Number One in 1966. But the magic of the Spector years was gone. Medley went solo in 1968, while Hatfield hired another singer, Jimmy Walker, and continued touring as the Righteous Brothers — "the B version," he says now.

Even during their split, there was no sibling rivalry: "We didn't break up because we hated each other," Medley says. The two reunited briefly in the mid-Seventies (when they recorded the Top Ten musical casualty list, "Rock and Roll Heaven") but soon parted ways for what was supposed to be the last time. Then, one night in 1982, they were "just kind of sitting around getting drunk," says Hatfield. "Bill happened to mention that if we'd been together all this time, it would have been our twentieth anniversary." This beery reverie prompted them to "go out there again and have a little bit of fun and see what happens," Hatfield says.

What happened is that the Brothers have been a working partnership ever since. Last year they did more than 100 shows, including a tour with Kenny Rogers. Medley, who still lives near L.A., has also managed to pursue a solo career: he's had a smattering of country hits, and he recently had two songs featured in Sylvester Stallone's *Cobra*. Now forty-five, Medley has been married four times and has single-handedly raised a son, Darrin, 21. Hatfield, 46, also resides in the L.A. area, with his second wife and four kids. Two years ago the Brothers' partnership took a new direction: they opened a restaurant and dance club in Fountain Valley, California, called the Hop. It's proved so lucrative that they've added two others and expect to spin off five or six more. The Hop's winning format? A program of recorded oldies from the Fifties and Sixties interspersed with live performances by the likes of Chuck Berry, Chubby Checker and sometimes the Brothers themselves.

Wherever they perform, die-hard fans seek them out to relate what the old love songs meant to them. "Every night people talk to us about different things that happened to them while listening to our songs," Hatfield says. "You know, like children who were conceived during 'Lovin' Feelin' ' or 'Unchained Melody.' "

— Michael Goldberg

SCOTT BONNER / RON KEITH

BLACK OAK ARKANSAS

Hit: "Jim Dandy"

David Lee Roth used to say there was a little Van Halen in everybody. Well, there's plenty of "Jim Dandy" Mangrum in Diamond Dave. Long before Roth hit MTV with his blond mane, white spandex and flippant macho raps, Mangrum was fronting the hillbilly metal sextet Black Oak Arkansas with the identical pose.

"He's done me proud," Mangrum, 38, says in his deep Ozark drawl. "I told him, 'Don't ever feel bad about doin' my stuff. When I started scooting across the stage with my scrub board, it was because I saw Chuck Berry do it with his guitar.' "

BOA put Black Oak, Arkansas (population 272), on the map in 1973 with their Number One remake of the old LaVern Baker hit "Jim Dandy." But Mangrum, the son of a cotton farmer, claims despotic management and the claustrophobia of living together drove the other band members away. In 1979, with BOA defunct, Mangrum moved to Oklahoma, and for a year, he says, "I sat in the house and did cocaine and marijuana and watched HBO." After the band's million-dollar Arkansas mountaintop retreat burned down, he sold the land to pay off debts.

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Jim Dandy today (top) and in 1973 with BOA (clockwise from left): Jimmy Henderson, Tommy Aldridge, Pat Daugherty, Stan Knight, Rick Reynolds and Mangrum

In 1983 he resettled in Black Oak with his third wife, Nancy, and his three children.

Mangrum's old friends needled him at first. "They were really sarcastic," he says. " 'You let it slip right through your fingers, didn't ya?' " The local kids, though, pestered him for tales of the big time. "I was their monitor to the rest of the world. I could sit right down now and be old Pops Dandy if I wanted to."

Instead, Mangrum, with original BOA guitarist Rick Reynolds, has formed a new version of the band and released *The Black Attack Is Back*. Although BOA used to average $60,000 a show, Mangrum is happy to make $2000 a night now. "People ask how it felt when all the money was gone. Shoot, I was raised by a family that had no money. I went from having none to having plenty to having none again. Big deal. I still got the power — the power of personality."

— David Fricke

JACKIE DeSHANNON

Hits: "What the World Needs Now Is Love," "Put a Little Love in Your Heart"

BLIVE LITTLE. HAIR AND MAKEUP BY WENDY CORNCOBSON / CLOTTER

Sixties survivor Jackie DeShannon, afloat at her Hollywood Hills home; soignée DeShannon (inset) in 1963

For Jackie DeShannon, the Sixties were a river of gold. The Kentucky-born singer-songwriter wrote songs that were recorded by such artists as the Byrds ("Don't Doubt Yourself, Babe") and the Searchers ("When You Walk in the Room"). In England she worked in the studio with such fledgling talents as Marianne Faithfull and Jimmy Page. On top of all that, she scored a pair of Top Ten hits – "What the World Needs Now Is Love" and "Put a Little Love in Your Heart" – as a recording star in her own right.

"I start thinking about some of the things I've done," DeShannon says today, pondering the past from her comfortable perch in the Hollywood Hills, "and I go, 'Was that really me?' "

In the Seventies, DeShannon's efforts were not as successful as those golden moments in the Sixties, but she returned to hitmaking form in 1981, co-writing Kim Carnes's chart-topping "Bette Davis Eyes." The number-one spot in DeShannon's life at the moment, however, is occupied by her seven-year-old son, Noah. "In the music business, you know, it's *I*, *my* and *me* for a long time," she notes, "and then, all of a sudden, it's something else and someone else who has a very special meaning."

Although DeShannon and her husband, Randy Edelman (also a composer and musician), have made family life a priority, the devoted stay-at-home mom has not given up her career. In fact, she is extending it into new areas. She's already completed a play and a film script while she continues to pursue songwriting and plot her return to recording and live performance. She's taking it one slow step at a time, however. "People call and say, 'Gee, are you ready to go on the road?' It's really nice, but I'm not chomping at the bit," says DeShannon, who turns forty-two this month.

Growing up on a 500-acre Kentucky farm, DeShannon learned about music from her parents. Her mother had her own radio show, and both parents performed around the Midwest. "It was a kind of Everly Brothers-type family," she says. By the time the Sixties rolled around, she was a blond pop diva with a cool, seductive voice, and her talent as a songwriter was much in demand. She was also a self-assured producer, maneuvering, with some difficulty, through the male-dominated L.A. studio scene.

"When I'd get ready to try some new things," she recalls, "I had to go in with a *man* by my side, or else, you know, 'She might bake a cupcake in there or fall down on the floor or go shopping or something.' " What stings worse, though, is that she was often denied credit, and therefore royalties, for her work as a producer. "I can laugh about it now," she says. "I couldn't a few years ago."

DeShannon still marvels at the music made in her heyday, the Sixties, including some of her own. "It was absolutely spontaneous – fresh out of the box," says the inveterate pop-music fan and certified vinyl addict. Even after all these years, she claims, "My favorite charge is to hear something new on the radio, pull over, write the title down and immediately run out and get it."

– Parke Puterbaugh

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

JIMMIE RODGERS

Hits: "Honeycomb," "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine," "Oh-Oh, I'm Falling in Love Again"

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Jimmie Rodgers, 1957: He notched twelve Top Forty hits before tragedy derailed his career.

Folkie crooner Jimmie Rodgers enjoyed a run of twelve Top Forty singles between 1957 and 1960, including "Honeycomb," "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" and "Oh-Oh, I'm Falling in Love Again." After a six-year dry spell in the early Sixties, the curly-haired, smooth-voiced singer was well on his way to his first major comeback, making the charts in 1966 ("It's Over") and 1967 ("Child of Clay"), when a mysterious "accident" derailed his career and nearly cost him his life.

"I got beaten up by an off-duty Los Angeles policeman," Rodgers recalls. "I went to a Christmas party in December of 1967. On the way home a car pulled up behind me, blinked its lights. I pulled over and stopped. This guy got out, stood outside the car. I rolled down the window, and he hit me through the open window with a bar or something. I don't know what transpired because I was unconscious. I might have said something to him, 'Who are you?' or whatever, and that's all it took. Whether I cut him off on the road or what, we don't really know."

Rodgers's conductor went looking for the singer and found him left for dead in his car on the side of the road. Rodgers spent the next year in the hospital, underwent brain surgery three times and "couldn't walk or really communicate very well for a long time," he says.

Rodgers launched a comeback in 1969, appearing regularly on *The Joey Bishop Show* and at Caesars Palace, but it was interrupted. "I started having convulsions," he says. "After that, I couldn't get back. Nobody wanted me." When his suit against the city of Los Angeles was settled out of court, Rodgers withdrew completely from the music business. "I even painted houses for a while," he says.

Eventually, however, Rodgers took a few tentative steps back into the public eye. He did occasional concerts and some ads for the Carpeteria carpet-store chain, and "Honeycomb" and "Oh-Oh, I'm Falling in Love Again" were used as jingles ("Oh-Oh, Spaghetti-Os!"). Although Rodgers resisted the Fifties nostalgia circuit at first ("I didn't want to tie a whole life on the things I did in 1957"), its momentum ultimately swept him up: "People are coming out in droves!" In fact, Rodgers, at fifty-two, now commands a high enough fee to support himself, his wife and their two boys, even though he makes only one or two concert appearances a month. He's also written the music for a planned film about his life, and he hopes to get more involved with the world of Christian broadcasting, largely due to the spiritual awakening he experienced after his injury.

Rodgers made an impressive demo tape of new songs with Nashville producer Art Sparer last year. "If I can find a label that would really stick with me and let me do what I do and see if there's still a market out there, it would be great. They're not kickin' down the door, and I don't blame 'em," he says, laughing. "But if I get a hit, *then* they'll be kickin' down the door!" —*Anthony DeCurtis*

BOBBY SHERMAN

Hits: "Little Woman," "La La La (If I Had You)," "Easy Come, Easy Go," "Julie, Do Ya Love Me." Appeared on TV shows 'Shindig' and 'Here Come the Brides.'

BLAKE LITTLE

Bobby's world: Sherman relaxes in his Encino, California, back yard with scaled-down replica of Disneyland's Main Street.

Before Shaun Cassidy, even before David Cassidy, there was TV teen-throb Bobby Sherman. At the height of his career, Sherman had a hit series, a succession of smash singles and the adoration of millions of teenyboppers who bought *Sixteen* and *Tiger Beat* in record numbers when his face adorned their covers.

That face has survived the subsequent years with its boyish good looks intact — for a good reason. "I've led a pretty clean life, so I've aged fairly well," says the forty-three-year-old Sherman, who still turns up on prime-time TV but prefers to work behind the scenes in television and recording. "I don't even *feel* a whole lot older."

Twenty-year-old Robert Cabot Sherman Jr. was studying child psychology at Pierce College in L.A. when a girlfriend took him to a cast party for *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. He made quite a splash

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

singing a few songs with the band, whose members he knew from high school in Santa Monica, California. Among the party guests who caught Sherman's impromptu gig were Natalie Wood, Jane Fonda and Sal Mineo. Three days later, an agent, tipped off by one of the party guests, sent Bobby to an audition for a new TV series, and he landed a featured spot on *Shindig*, the prime-time rock & roll revue that lasted from 1964 to 1966.

On his own, Sherman began cutting records for Decca and Cameo-Parkway, but his singing career didn't take off until 1968, when he starred in *Here Come the Brides* as the adorable stutterer Jeremy Bolt. Within months, Bobbymania was going full force. Weekdays were spent taping the show; on weekends he would head for the recording studio or hit the road. The gold records started coming with "Hey, Little Woman," "Julie, Do Ya Love Me" and "Easy Come, Easy Go."

Although somewhat diminished, Sherman's popularity survived the 1970 cancellation of *Here Come the Brides* and the subsequent failure of *Getting Together*, a 1971 *Partridge Family* spinoff that went up against *All in the Family*. He continued his TV career, guesting on *The Mod Squad*, *The Love Boat* and, more recently, *Murder, She Wrote*. He also appeared in feature films, like 1983's rock comedy *Get Crazy*, in which he and fellow former teen idol Fabian were featured as the henchmen of an evil promoter. Recently he has been producing for television, directing commercials and cutting records in his home studio.

Thanks to sound financial advice, Sherman managed to keep much of the money he made during his windfall years.

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

The cast of 'Here Come the Brides' (clockwise from left): Sherman, Bridget Hanley, Soul, Robert Brown and Joan Blondell

Nonetheless, he was subject to an occasional outburst of whimsy, like the $15,000 one-fifth-scale replica of Disneyland's Main Street that he built – with his own hands – in the back yard of his Encino home in the 1970s.

Sherman still lives in Encino, where his sons – Tyler, 13, and Christopher, 12 – visit on weekends. (Their mother, Patti Carnell, who was divorced from Sherman in the late Seventies, later married David Soul, who played Sherman's brother on *Here Come the Brides*. The couple, now separated, made headlines in 1983 when *Starsky and Hutch* star Soul confessed to *People* magazine that he beat and abused Patti.) According to Sherman, his sons keep him up-to-date on new stars like Depeche Mode. "They're like little barometers," he says. But what does the aging heartthrob think of a new generation of kids turning on to reruns of his old shows? "It's scary," he says. "God forbid it should start all over again. I don't think I could take it." — ***David Wild***

MUSIC MACHINE

Hit: "Talk Talk"

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Keith Olsen, Ron Edgar, Sean Bonniwell, Mark Landon and Doug Rhodes (from left) in 1966

Sean Bonniwell admits that when he formed the L.A. protopunk band the Music Machine in early 1966, "all I had in mind was a Top Ten record and a good-selling album. I had no plans after that." By 1967, the sinister-looking quartet – each member wore all-black gear, including a single black leather glove – was in Hitsville with the garage classic "Talk Talk." Bonniwell remembers playing Melodyland in Los Angeles ("We headlined over the Carpenters") and being attacked in the parking lot by female fans.

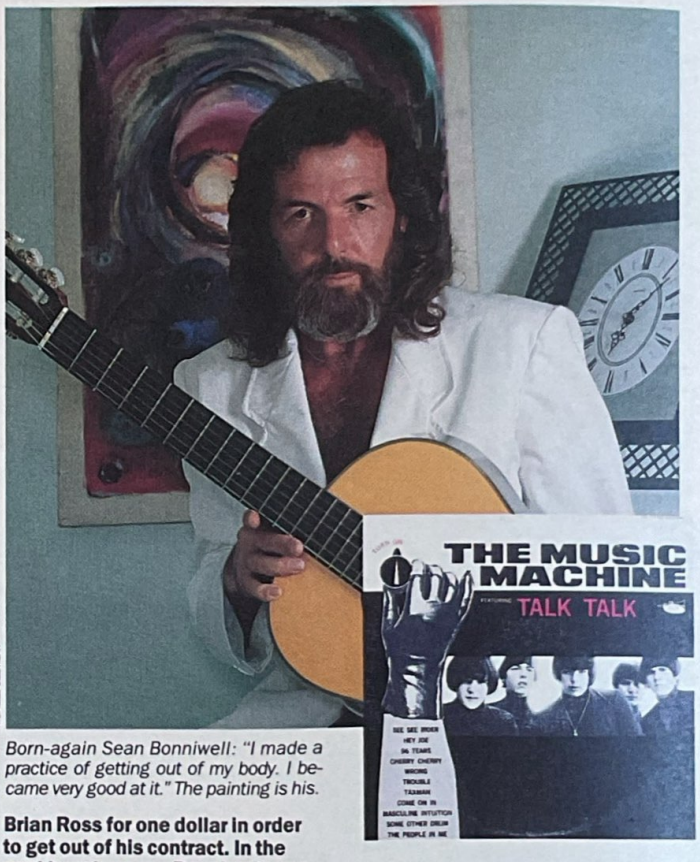
Bonniwell's lack of planning and tangled finances cost him dearly. His income from all of his late-Sixties sides, including "Talk Talk," totaled only $7000, he says. He later sold his rights to the Music Machine name and the band's recordings to producer Brian Ross for one dollar in order to get out of his contract. In the past twenty years, Bonniwell says, he has received only one royalty check – for ninety dollars.

In the Seventies, he dropped out of music and sampled every hippie religion on the market. "I made a practice of getting out of my body," he says. "I became very good at it." He also built up a rather eclectic résumé. He has hosted an astrology radio show in Charleston, South Carolina, trained Arabian horses on a California ranch and played a bit part in the 1982 monster flick *The Swamp Thing*. "I was one of fourteen commandos who captured Adrienne Barbeau," he says. "I even got to speak a line."

Bonniwell, 45, who has two sons from an early-Sixties marriage, became a Christian in 1978. He currently lives in Lindsay, California, with his new wife, Jyll. When he isn't writing a new chapter for his autobiography, *Candle in the Wind*, he works with Jyll's parents in a small engraving business called Christian Visions.

Alice Cooper's 1980 remake of "Talk Talk" and the reissue of several Music Machine records have also rekindled Bonniwell's interest in music. He leads a gospel-rock group called Star Witness and works some of his old tunes into his Christian repertoire – but not without an occasional alteration here and there.

"I changed one line in 'Come On In,' " he says. "Instead of singing, 'Come on in/And close the door,' I changed it to 'Come on in/To the Lord.' But I would have no problem with 'Talk Talk.' It speaks of a timeless problem of teenage misunderstanding." — *D.F.*



MICHELE CLEMENT

Born-again Sean Bonniwell: "I made a practice of getting out of my body. I became very good at it." The painting is his.

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THE DOVELLS

Hits: "Bristol Stomp," "You Can't Sit Down"

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Philly doo-woppers, 1961: Brooks, Summers, Satin and Barry

Once upon a time, America was the land of a thousand dances, and a new step swept the nation every week – usually accompanied by its own custom-made hit single. As the school year started in September 1961, *the* dance was the Bristol stomp, done to the song of the same name by five teen doo-woppers – the Dovells.

The Dovells started out in 1959 as the Brooktones, named for Overbrook High, the band's gritty Philadelphia alma mater. "At Overbrook," says first tenor Jerry Gross, "you either fought, played basketball or sang. We sang." Indeed, the Brooktones sang well enough to sign with Cameo-Parkway Records, which had just launched Chubby Checker and his twist. Cameo set the band up with "Bristol Stomp," penned by a couple of house songwriters who'd watched kids in Bristol, Pennsylvania, shake the floorboards at a firehouse hop. And Cameo's owner, Bernie Lowe, gave the band its new name.

"He'd just come back from the Deauville Hotel in Miami Beach," Gross recalls. "He said, 'This was the best vacation I ever had. You're the Dovells!' We wanted to be called the Four Seasons, but he said it would never work."

The band members changed their own names, too – perhaps, in part, to seem less ethnic: Gross, for example, became Jerry Summers. They were clean-cut enough to tour with Dick Clark but soulful enough to play Harlem's Apollo. They had, all told, five Top Forty hits. Then came the British Invasion, and the Dovells were instant oldies.

Danny Brooks (Jim Meely), the bass singer, who was eventually sacked from the band for alcoholism, died in the early Seventies. Lead vocalist Len Barry (Borisoff) went solo in 1963 and scored three Top Forty hits, including "1-2-3," in 1965. Today he tends bar in Philadelphia and writes songs for the Omni label. By 1968, second tenor Mike Dennis (Freda) had become, as Gross puts it, "a major hippie." He dropped out to get back to the land, and he's still there, running a landscaping business in Jacksonville, Florida. Arnie Satin (Silver), baritone, stayed a Dovell until 1972; today he sells cars in South Jersey.

There was a sixth Dovell, who quit before the stomp and rejoined in 1968: Mark Stevens. He and Gross, both forty-three, carry on the band's music and moniker. Using backup musicians (Little Steven Van Zandt did a stint in the mid-Seventies), they play Vegas and Tahoe, conventions and bar mitzvahs; they also run an ad agency in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, that does doo-wop TV spots. They're even recording an LP of contemporary material, as the Gross-Stevens Band. "My daughter is into the Cure, and my son listens to Led Zeppelin and rap music," says Gross. "I listen to all of it, and I love it."

– Kenneth M. Miller

THE KNACK

Hits: "My Sharona," "Good Girls Don't"

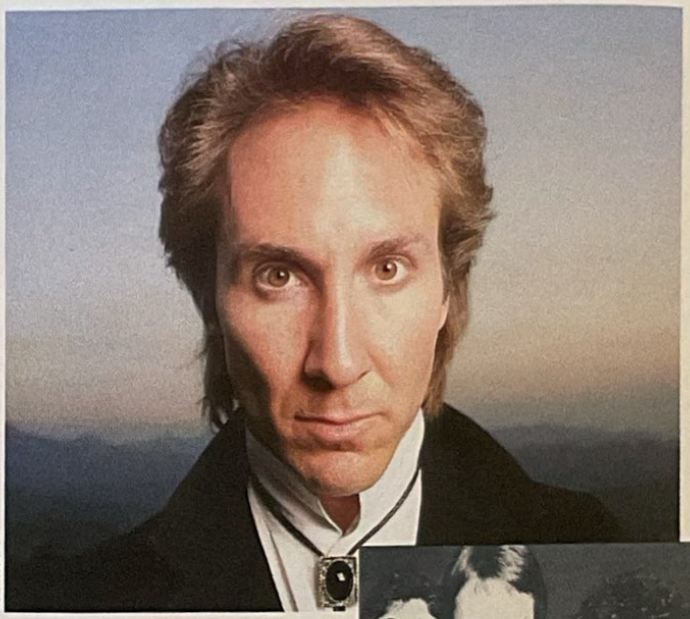
For about eight months in 1979, the Knack was a pop sensation. Its debut album, *Get the Knack*, sold 5 million copies, while "My Sharona" blared on car radios throughout the summer. The band's brash sound and Fab Four affectations seemed to incite Knackmania overnight.

Then, suddenly, it was all over. The records stopped selling, and the girls stopped screaming. The Knack's strict no-interview and no-TV policy backfired; critics dismissed the band's Beatlesque packaging as shallow hype and attacked singer-guitarist Doug Fieger for the sexist arrogance of his lyrics. By November 1980 the Knack had fallen apart. Although the band reunited to cut *Round Trip*, the Knack gave its final performance at an Acapulco nightclub in December 1981.

To this day, Fieger, who just turned thirty-four, defends the Knack as "a legitimate rock & roll band from the streets of Hollywood. We came up through the club scene and had legitimate songs, real musicianship." The fatal flaw, he says, was the poisonous, ultimately self-destructive cynicism evident in promotional gambits like the group's blatant Beatles-on-*Ed Sullivan* pose in the photograph on *Get the Knack*'s back cover. "I have to take responsibility for that," he adds contritely.

Fieger traces the beginning of the end to as far back as the Knack's first big home-town show in 1979, following the release of *Get the Knack*. "It was bedlam, girls jumping onstage. It was the first time we realized we were a successful group. But afterwards, I didn't really want to enjoy the moment. I wanted to take drugs. We realized we were happening, but my self-destructive nature was also right there."

"Doug created a massive cancer that was slowly eating the band up," says drummer Bruce Gary. During one tour of Italy, Gary, bassist Prescott Niles and lead guitarist Berton Averre threatened to punch Fieger out because "he was being a real schmuck," says Gary. "We pinned him against the wall and told him to shape up or we'd beat him up."



AARON RAPOPORT

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Leader of the Knack: Singer-guitarist Doug Fieger today (above). In headier days with band mates (from left): Bruce Gary, Fieger, Prescott Niles and Berton Averre.

For Gary, Niles and Averre, the ignoble fall of the Knack was a shock from which they slowly but stoically recovered. They briefly

played together as the Game before turning to more lucrative studio work and road gigs. Gary, a seasoned session pro, toured with Jack Bruce and Bob Dylan and, with Averre, backed up Bette Midler on her *No Frills* LP. Niles, who gives music lessons to supplement his income, played with punkette Josie Cotton and recently did some work with George Harrison for the soundtrack of *Shanghai Surprise*. Last year, the three musicians reunited to form a band called the Front, with actor Steven Bauer (*Thief of Hearts*) on vocals.

For Fleger, the Knack's fall from grace was nothing compared to his own. "I hit bottom right after the Knack broke up and then did a China syndrome. I went right through the bottom."

Marriage and divorce followed in quick succession, but his appetite for self-destruction remained constant. "I was a kind of sewer for drugs and alcohol. Some nights, if I wanted to be Hank Williams, I was into bourbon. If I wanted to be Jim Morrison, it would be vodka and cocaine." Half of the $3 million he made from the Knack went to taxes, then he lost a bundle on a house in the Hollywood Hills that flooded before he got it insured.

Fleger still lives in L.A., in a rented house paid for by songwriting royalties. He describes himself as "a recovering drug addict and alcoholic." He's also stopped smoking and has taken up weight training (he says he can bench-press 240 pounds) and going to Lakers games.

Last year, Fleger made amends with the other band members, and the Knack got together for a friendly jam session several months ago, ripping through a few of the old hits. A reunion, though, seems unlikely. The Front has stirred up interest from record companies, and Fleger is writing songs for a solo project and collaborating with Nikki Sixx of Mötley Crüe. He also hopes to do more work with his Detroit pals Was (Not Was). "I'm trying to look at what I want out of a career," Fleger concludes. "A slow build is definitely preferable to what happened the last time." — *D.F.*

BIG BROTHER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY

HIT: "Piece of My Heart"

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

"The biggest mistake in our career," says David Getz, the former drummer for Big Brother and the Holding Company, "was we didn't get another singer and go on after Janis left. We could have done that. We had a big name. We could have made records — and money."

The one-time house band at San Francisco's Avalon Ballroom, Big Brother and the Holding Company was an early Bay Area sensation, but its raw, primitive sound drew harsh criticism from the national press. In 1968 — the year "Piece of My Heart" went to Number Twelve — lead singer Janis Joplin was persuaded to leave the group by her management and label.

By the time Janis died of a heroin overdose in 1970, Big Brother was fast becoming a mere footnote to her legend. The band, long known for its fearless consumption of drugs and alcohol, was on the downhill slide; guitarists Sam Andrews and James Gurley were shooting speed and heroin. "It started out like 'Hey, we're all into partying,' " recalls Andrews. " 'We can get away with this, 'cause we're the golden children and nothing's going to happen.' All of a sudden nobody could beat it. That's what ended it." Big Brother recorded two more LPs without Janis — *Be a Brother* in 1970 and *How Hard It Is* in 1971 — but both flopped, and the band split up in 1972.

After the breakup, David Getz and Peter Albin, the bassist, joined Country Joe McDonald, touring and recording as Country Joe and the All-Stars. Today the forty-two-year-old Albin is the marketing manager for a manufacturer of architectural modeling supplies and doll-house furnishings: miniature trees, cars, trucks, people. "It pays the bills," he says — and it allows him time to play in a band called the Dinosaurs alongside former members of Quicksilver Messenger Service and the Jefferson Airplane. The forty-six-year-old Getz now struggles to make a name for himself as a painter and printmaker.

Sam Andrews, 44, played in bar bands for a while, then turned to teaching guitar at the Blue Bear School of Music in San Francisco. He now works for an electronics company, traveling the country demonstrating the wonders of an effects box for acoustic guitars.

James Gurley, 46, kicked around the Bay Area before moving to Palm Desert, California, where he stopped drugging and drinking. In Palm Desert, he formed "protopunk bands"; one group, called Red Robbin and the Worms, featured his girlfriend as the lead singer. The band broke up when Gurley let his girlfriend "charge up all this shit on my credit card. Then she split."

"I love it — living in Palm Desert," Gurley says. "Except it's boring. People here are potato heads. Not much to do except enjoy the sunshine." — *M.G.*

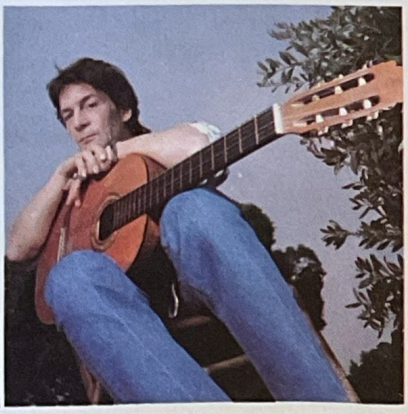
MICHAEL O'NEILL

Missing a piece of their heart, former members of Big Brother and the Holding Company: Gurley, Andrews, Getz and Albin (from left)

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?
THE BYRDS

Hits: "Mr. Tambourine Man," "All I Really Want to Do," "My Back Pages," "Eight Miles High," "Mr. Spaceman," "So You Want to Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star," "Turn! Turn! Turn!"

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES


BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

BONNIE SCHIFFMAN

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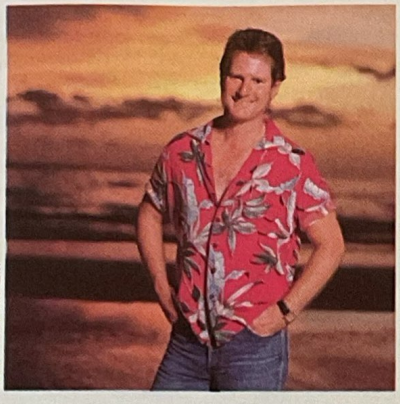
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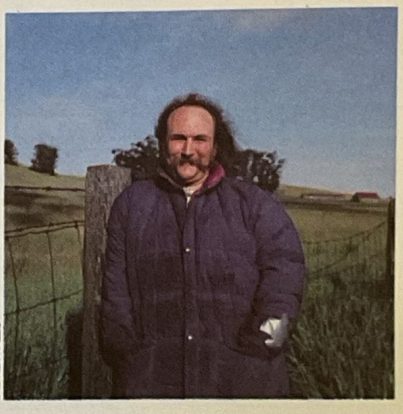
STEPHEN WALLIS

The Byrds (above) on 'The Ed Sullivan Show' in 1965. Today (clockwise from far left): Gene Clark, who's taken a Byrds tribute show on the road; Chris Hillman, who has a country combo called Desert Rose; David Crosby, who's been serving time for assorted drug violations; Roger McGuinn, who tours solo; Mike Clarke, who's painting in the Southwest.

More than twenty years after their first single, "Mr. Tambourine Man," soared to the top of the charts in 1965, the Byrds continue to exert a formidable influence on American music. The band's five original members – guitarists Roger McGuinn and David Crosby, singer Gene Clark, bassist Chris Hillman and drummer Michael Clarke – went on to form such seminal groups as Crosby, Stills and Nash and the Flying Burrito Brothers. Even more important, the Byrds' sound – the rich vocal harmonies and the resonant chime of McGuinn's twelve-string Rickenbacker – defined folk-rock. That sound still rings in the music of R.E.M. and Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers (who recently covered the Byrds' "So You Want to Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star"), as well as dozens of lesser-known bands.

"If you want a quick analysis of the Byrds, I'll give you one," says Hillman. "Five guys with different musical backgrounds and tastes. I came from a bluegrass background. Roger was a folk singer who had accompanied the Limeliters. David Crosby came from ensemble folk singing. Gene Clark was an ex-Christy Minstrel. We didn't come out of a garage in the Valley playing rock & roll."

Actually, the Byrds came together through their love for the Beatles. "They knocked me for a loop," says McGuinn, who at the time was working for Bobby Darin's publisher in the Brill Building in New York ("My job was to listen to the radio and write songs like the ones I heard"). For Clark, the Beatles had a more immediate impact. After coming across "I Want to Hold Your Hand" and "She Loves You" on a Norfolk, Virginia, jukebox, he played them "a hundred times" – and quit the New Christy Minstrels the next day.

Sometime later in L.A., Clark knew he'd found a potential soul mate when he spied McGuinn sitting in the Troubadour club, strumming his twelve-string and singing the Beatles' "You Can't Do That." They soon became a duo. Then, on a hootenanny night at the Troubadour, they caught the performance of another young singer named David Crosby. "Who is this arrogant *punk*?" Clark asked McGuinn. "Then I heard the guy sing, and I was totally floored." Crosby eventually teamed up with the duo, and Hillman and Clarke came on board shortly afterward.

Once the Byrds' cover of Bob Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" hit Number One, they were touted as the American Beatles, but the "too much, too soon" syndrome quickly took its toll. Clark, who suffered a nervous breakdown and, ironically enough, developed a fear of flying, left the band in 1966. That year the remaining Byrds recorded the *Fifth Dimension* LP, which included the psychedelic classic "Eight Miles High," but Crosby and Clarke departed the next year. Then, after *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*, Hillman split, leaving McGuinn to oversee an ever-changing nest of Byrds until 1973, when the original members recorded a disappointing reunion LP, *The Byrds*.

The original Byrds are still in flight – separately. Chris Hillman, 43, has scored a record contract for his country combo, Desert Rose. Gene Clark, 44, is working on a record with Carla Olson of the Textones. He's also incurred the ire of some of the other Byrds by taking a successful Byrds tribute show on the road. Michael Clarke, 43, who has toured with Clark's tribute band, is currently "taking a breather," painting pictures and houses in the Southeast. David Crosby, 45, has been serving a five-year jail term for drug possession.

Now a quietly religious born-again Christian, Roger McGuinn, 44, tours as a solo artist. He dismisses the rumor that the Byrds will get together when Crosby is released from prison.

"I wouldn't do it," McGuinn states flatly. "When we did it thirteen years ago, it didn't work. I really don't want to be in the Byrds anymore." **–A.D.**

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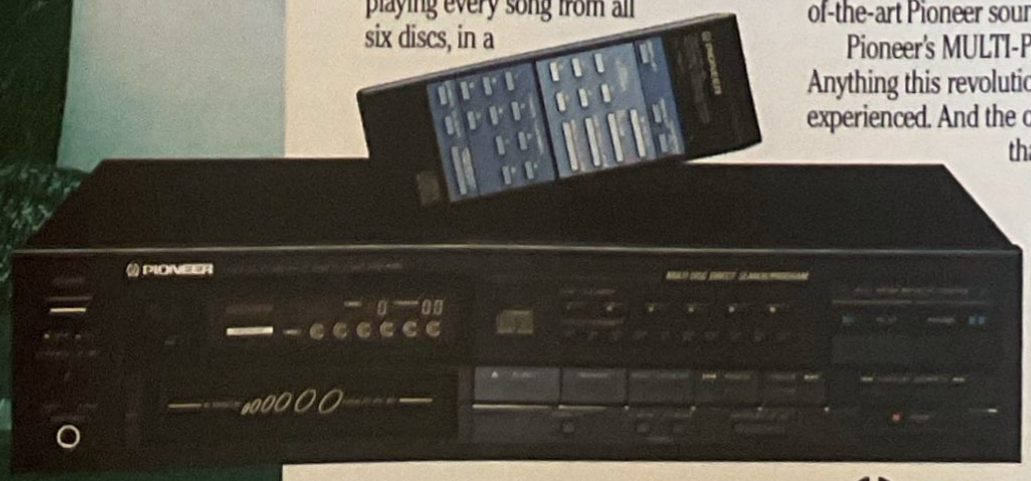

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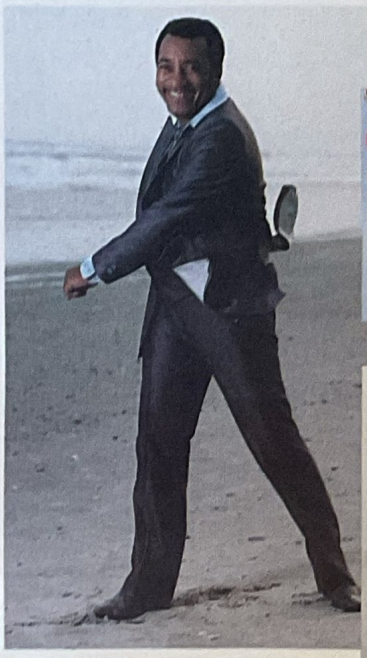
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

MAURICE WILLIAMS AND THE ZODIACS

Hit: "Stay"



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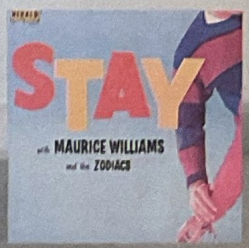


MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Maurice at the beach: The Zodiacs' leader today (left) and circa 1960

At one minute and thirty-seven seconds, Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs' "Stay" holds the record for the shortest Number One single in pop history. But it's not mere brevity that's kept the tune a rock & roll mainstay. Artists as diverse as the Four Seasons, the Hollies and Jackson Browne have taken the challenge of that soaring falsetto break.

There is, however, another theory about the song's continuing popularity. During the recording session, Al Silver, president of the New York-based Herald Records, told the group to sing the song *flat*. "He said we were singing it too good," recalls the forty-eight-year-old Williams, who lives in Charlotte, North Carolina, with his wife, Emily, and his son, James. "Man, we had cut this thing I don't know how many times, tryin' to get it right for him. When he said, 'Sing it flat,' that just pissed everyone off. I said, 'We could care less how it comes out.' "

Silver feared that "Stay" would sound too perfect; he wanted the man in the street to whistle and sing along with it. And his plan worked. Not only did millions sing "Stay" in 1960, when it hung on to the Top Forty for three months, but the slew of cover versions has assured that "Stay" just won't go away. On the strength of that single, Maurice Williams has never left, either, though most of his original Zodiacs have dropped by the wayside. Williams plays about 200 shows a year at private parties, hotel lounges and beach clubs all over the Southeast. His seven present-day Zodiacs include one original member, sax player and bandleader Calvin McKinney. Of the other "Stay"-era Zodiacs, three live in Charlotte, says Williams – among them Henry "Shane" Gaston, who sang the memorable falsetto break.

Today, as in the Sixties, Williams's calling card is "beach music," a subgenre of R&B that flourishes along the coast of the Carolinas and all the way down to Florida. The best beach songs, says Maurice, "tell a story, most times about romance or something like that. And the beat, it's easy to dance to. You don't have to find it; it's there for you."

When the tide turned and beach music fell out of fashion in the mid-to-late Sixties, Williams and the Zodiacs changed with the times. "We got Beatle wigs and had us a Beatle act!" he says, laughing. "And when the hard rock came in, we started singin' hard rock, to keep workin'." By the mid-Seventies, Williams had outlasted the fads and witnessed a renaissance of beach music. He's now preparing a greatest-hits album for Ripete Records, a South Carolina-based oldies label. He also has his own label, R&M, recording himself and others. And, he finds, the sweet soul music he sang in the Fifties and Sixties has "staying power."

"Whether they call it beach music or oldies but goodies, they know Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs did 'Stay,' and they wanna hear that," he says proudly. "It's like having a hit record all over again."

— P.P.

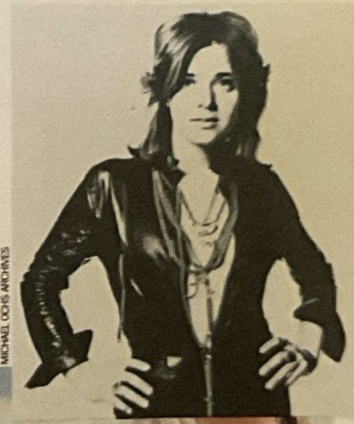
SUZI QUATRO

Hit: "Stumblin' In" (with Chris Norman). Played Leather Tuscadero on 'Happy Days.'

"In Australia, we were the biggest thing since the Beatles," says Suzi Quatro, the pioneer tough-girl rocker, speaking from her dressing room at London's Aldwych Theatre, where she's now starring in a new production of *Annie Get Your Gun*. "In Japan, they named a sake after me."

In the Seventies, Quatro was a superstar in virtually every country except her native United States. The Detroit-born singer sold 45 million records with such hard-rockin' smashes as "Can the Can" and "Your Mama Won't Like Me." But her gender-blending glitter rock (she's perhaps the only woman ever to record "I Wanna Be Your Man") never had that kind of impact back in the U.S.A., where she's best known for one uncharacteristically laid-back hit, "Stumblin' In" – her Top Five duet with Chris Norman in 1979 – and for her season on TV's *Happy Days* as Leather Tuscadero, the most righteous female rocker in the history of network sitcoms.

Quatro comes from a musical family. Her father had a semipro jazz trio; her brother Michael was a Detroit rock promoter and bandleader; and her sister Patti was a member of Fanny, a Seventies all-girl band. In 1965, Quatro formed Suzi Soul and the Pleasure Seekers with two of her sisters. A few years later, she met Mickie Most, the British producer who had hits with the Animals, Donovan, Herman's Hermits and



MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

JORGENSEN / FOX

From black leather to buckskin: Suzi Quatro, in 1974, as protopunk tough girl (above) and today as Annie Oakley (below) in London's West End production of 'Annie Get Your Gun'

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

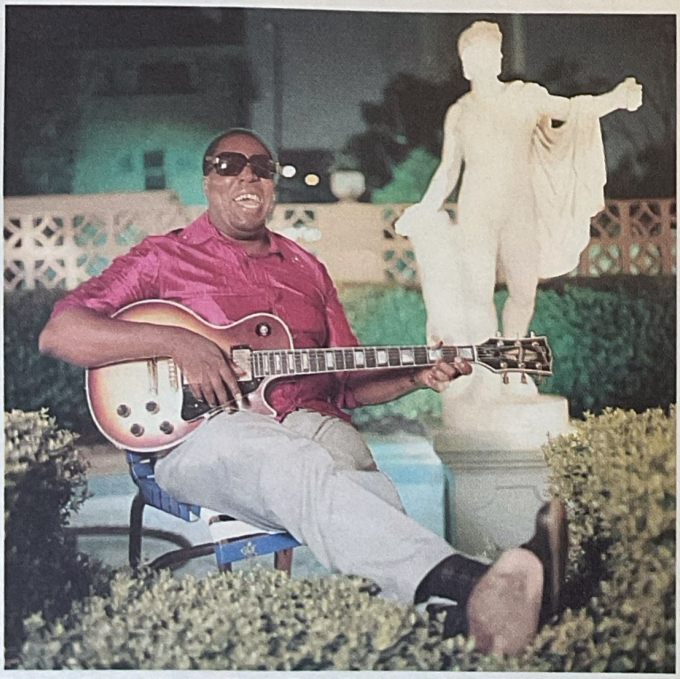
Jeff Beck. Most introduced her to Mike Chapman and Nicky Chinn, the songwriting-producing duo who oversaw her string of hits.

Quatro was not completely without fans in the States. Elvis Presley once said that Quatro's version of "Heartbreak Hotel" was the best since his own. And she was a role model for another well-known female rocker. "For two or three years Joan Jett turned up at every hotel I stayed at," says Quatro. "She was a *very* big fan."

Today, Suzi Quatro, 36, continues to be quite successful in Europe, particularly in England, where she lives in the countryside with her husband and longtime band mate, Len Tuckey (a former member of the post-"Tobacco Road" Nashville Teens), and their two children, Laura, 4, and Richard, 2. She balances her singing career with regular acting jobs. Of her days as a trailblazing rocker, she says, "I just feel pleased to have been able to open up a big, big door for women. If it wasn't me, it would have been someone else. But it *was* me, and I keep that honor." —D. W.

CLARENCE CARTER

Hits: "Slip Away," "Too Weak to Fight," "Patches"



SCOTT BONNER / RON KEITH

Soul man Carter, at home in Atlanta: Three hits, two marriages, eight kids

A decade and a half after his brief stay at the top of the pop charts, Clarence Carter is still trying to get back. "I think I got another Top Ten record in me," he says, his voice booming over the phone lines from Atlanta. "With the right amount of exposure I know I could have it."

The archetypal soul singer has weathered two failed marriages, fathered eight children both in and out of wedlock and maintained a professional life on the road year after year—before and after his chart success—dishing out sets of unadulterated Southern soul and blues. Through it all, though, the singer, who's been blind since birth, has retained his perspective. "Success didn't make me go crazy and act foolish," he says.

Carter, now fifty, began recording in the early Sixties as part of a bluesy soul partnership known as Clarence and Calvin. They were signed to Rick Hall's Alabama-based Fame Records in 1965, but a year later Calvin Scott was severely injured in an automobile accident and stopped singing. Carter went solo, and with producer Rick Hall at the board, he scored nine R&B hits before "Slip Away" crossed over to Number Six on the *Billboard* pop charts and became the first of his million-selling pop singles on Atlantic. It was followed in quick succession by "Too Weak to Fight" and the classic story song "Patches."

His chart success brought in big money for the first time. In 1969, he grossed around $300,000, he says. For a time he owned a popular soul-food restaurant in Montgomery, Alabama, and his own recording studio, both of which he later sold. At the peak of his success, in 1970, Carter married soul singer Candi Staton. The stormy marriage lasted a mere two years, and as it disintegrated, things turned sour for Carter professionally. He eventually rebounded on the R&B charts with the Hall-produced album *Sixty Minutes with Clarence Carter* (released in 1973), but he never regained his broad-based pop audience.

"You don't find big record companies now that are even trying to sell my kind of music," Carter explains. So he records for a small Atlanta-based soul label, Ichiban Records, which recently released a new Carter LP, *Dr. C.C.* "I produced it, and I played all the instruments on it," says Carter proudly. "It was a challenge for me, and everybody who's heard it thinks it's more of the Atlantic days of Clarence Carter, that kind of Clarence Carter." —M.G.

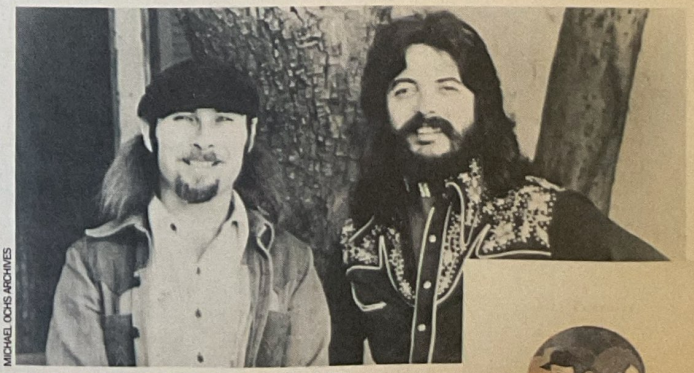
SEALS AND CROFTS

Hits: "Summer Breeze," "Hummingbird," "Diamond Girl," "We May Never Pass This Way (Again)," "I'll Play for You"

After six years of gold albums and Top Forty hits, soft rockers Jim Seals and Dash Crofts walked away from it all. "We didn't have anything to say," says Seals of their retirement. "We felt it would be better just to stop rather than force it. If you have pride in what you do, you either compromise or quit. We quit."

So ended a musical partnership that had spanned more than twenty years. Seals and Crofts started in the late Fifties, when as teenagers they went out on the road with the Champs, of "Tequila" fame. While the two earned a living playing Latin-tinged instrumental rock, Champs founder Dave Burgess remembers that "they used to do their stuff with mandolin and guitar in the back of the van, like what they'd do ten years later. They just needed maturing." After they left the Champs, they formed a Vegas-style act called the Dawnbreakers, but it wasn't until they discovered the Middle Eastern religion Bahaism that things clicked into place.

"That's really why we formed the group," says Seals, who was never photographed without his visored cap. "We would read the Bahai writings and take some of the ideas and put them into a song . . . never dreaming that we would record it." With a little push from Marcia Day—a former actors' agent, and fellow Bahai, who became their manager—the duo did eventually record those songs and soon became a very popular live act. But it was their



MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Jim Seals (left) and Dash Crofts, circa 1974

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

fourth album, *Summer Breeze*, that blew them into the mainstream in 1972. Throughout the mid-Seventies, Seals and Crofts managed to combine their gentle philosophy with hit singles. "We May Never Pass This Way (Again)" wasn't just one of their biggest hits. According to Seals, "That was the summary of how we felt about life. It was very hard to follow up."

During their years of self-imposed exile from the music business, Crofts moved first to Mexico, then Australia: "Our producer got a home in Australia and was telling me about how great the fishing was there, so I went." Seals bought a small coffee farm in Costa Rica, where he also built a recording studio. They kept in touch, and after reuniting for a concert during Australia's Week of Peace last April, they decided the time was right to do another album.

"We may put a little synthesizer flavor in it so it sounds current," says Crofts, whose biggest objection to today's Top Forty is trite lyrics. "We never did preach," Seals says, "but we believe that music should be educational, provide food for thought." It sounds as if Seals and Crofts haven't changed much at all. ***—Mark Coleman***

STEAM

Hit: "Na Na Hey Hey (Kiss Him Goodbye)"

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

The faceless band that toured as Steam was formed to duplicate the sound of "Na Na Hey Hey," Paul Leka's hit that wasn't supposed to be.

"It was shit, and it's still shit, to tell you the truth. Even when it was on the radio, I was ashamed of it." This unmerciful appraisal of Steam's one and only chart topper, "Na Na Hey Hey," is the opinion of none other than Paul Leka, who wrote, produced and played on the song.

According to Leka, the song was meant to be bad, a B-side clunker that no DJ would touch with a ten-foot tone arm. But "Na Na Hey Hey" not only got airplay, it tore up the charts in the late fall and early winter of 1969, rising to Number One a week before Christmas.

Leka was actually trying to launch the career of a childhood friend, singer Gary De Carlo. He had recorded four songs with De Carlo, sterling A-side productions all, but he was hesitant about putting good songs on both sides of a single because he wanted to avoid the risk of split airplay. His solution was to "make a bullshit B side."

Rummaging through a box of tapes, Leka and another longtime friend, Dale Frashuer, found a song they had left unfinished in 1964. The nameless reject became the basis for De Carlo's flip side. For a drum track, Leka pinched eight bars from one of De Carlo's legit songs and repeated it over and over; De Carlo himself whacked a stick on a piano bench. Leka overdubbed three pianos, speeding up the recording of one so it "sounded like mosquitoes" and covering the strings of another with masking tape. In lieu of lyrics, they sang "na na" and "hey hey" on the chorus—nonsense syllables they expected to fill in later but didn't.

At the record company the next day, an A&R man in an adjacent office overheard the song and liked it enough to insist that it be issued as a single in its own right. Leka came up with a name for the nongroup: Steam. Shortly after release, an order for 125,000 copies came in from Chicago ("Na Na Hey Hey" is still the unofficial theme song of the White Sox). The rest, as they say, is history—except that the story didn't end there. All of Gary De Carlo's "real" singles bombed, and the chagrined singer wanted nothing more to do with Steam, though the label was clamoring for an LP. "We now had to duplicate what we did out of fun to try to keep the Steam sound," recalls Leka. "And that wasn't easy, 'cause we didn't know what we were doing anyway."

"Na Na Hey Hey" was Leka's second Number One hit—he produced "Green Tambourine" for the Lemon Pipers in 1968—and though Steam quickly went up in smoke, he graduated to a long, successful career as an A&R man; his finds have included Harry Chapin and REO Speedwagon.

Nowadays, Leka owns Connecticut Recording Studio, a state-of-the-art twenty-four-track facility in Bridgeport, where artists ranging from Stevie Wonder to Weather Report have laid down tracks. But Leka's newest passion is gardening, and he finds himself producing not only records but zucchini, squash and tomatoes. "I had plants that weren't doing well, but I stuck it out with them, and now they're all growing," he says proudly. "It's like a record or a song or anything." ***—P.P.***

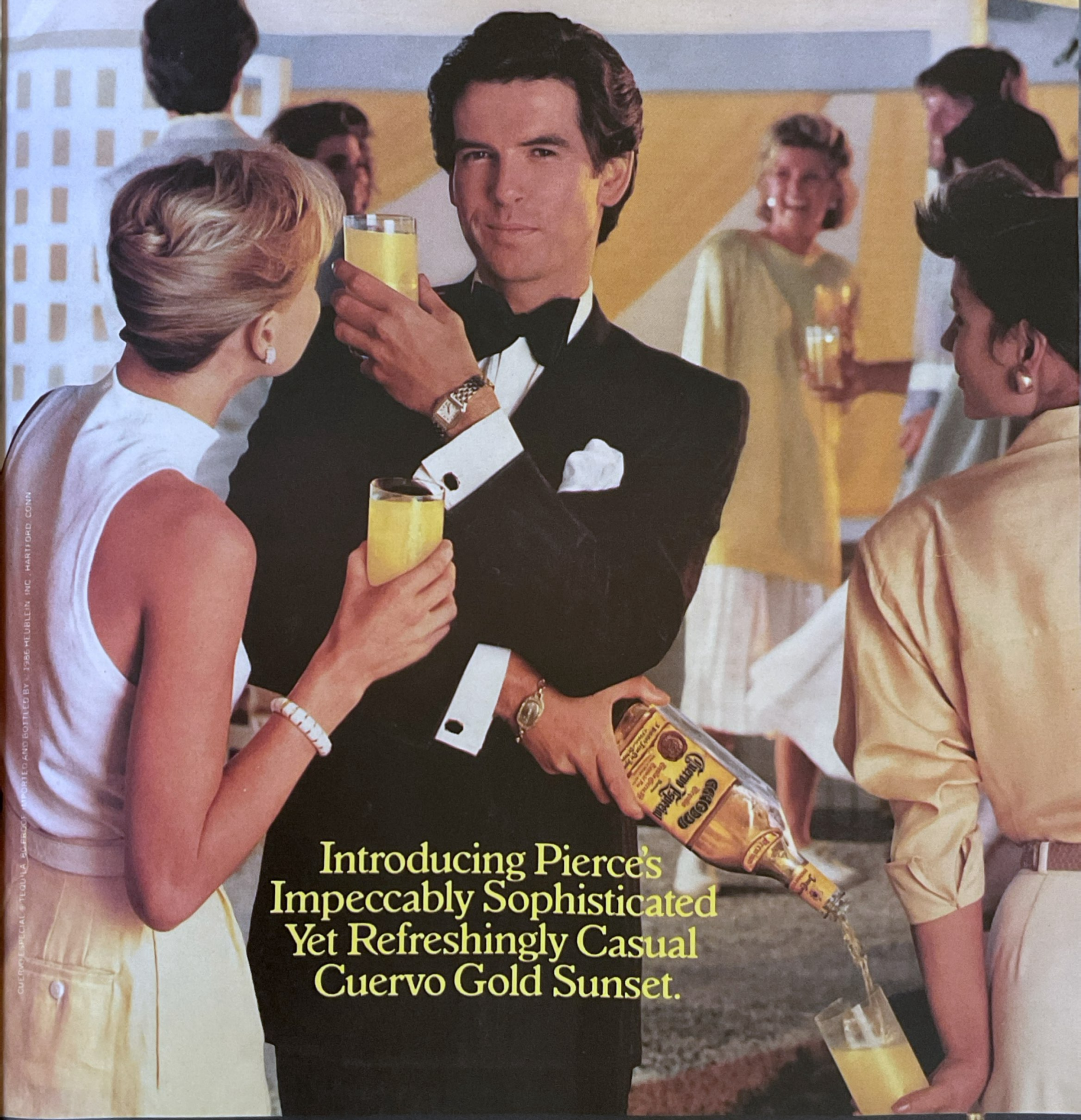
BILLY MUMY

Played Will Robinson on 'Lost in Space' from 1965 to 1968. Songwriter and guitarist for America.

"You might say it was a lucky break," explains Bill Mumy about how he became a child star. "I broke my leg when I was four, and I was in a cast for six months. I had nothing to do but stare at the TV. By the time the cast came off, I was going, 'Hey, that's what I want to do. I want to be on TV.' "

The West Los Angeles native, who eventually won fame as *Lost in Space*'s resourceful junior astronaut Will Robinson, did not enter show business as a

Lost and found: Mumy today, collecting the past; as half-pint astronaut (inset) in 'Lost in Space,' with Dr. Smith (Jonathan Harris)



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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

complete outsider: his grandfather had been Boris Karloff's agent. Before the age of seven, Mumy had appeared regularly on *The Twilight Zone* and *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*.

Mumy remembers *The Twilight Zone*'s Rod Serling fondly, but not so Alfred Hitchcock. Mumy recalls one run-in during the shooting of a classic episode, "Bang, You're Dead." Seven-year-old Mumy was getting restless between takes, when, he says, "Hitchcock comes over in this black suit, and he's sweating like a pig, and he weighs like a thousand pounds, and he leans over to me so nobody else can hear, and he goes, 'Little boy, if you don't stop moving about, I'm going to get a nail, and I'm going to nail your feet to your mark, and blood will come pouring out like milk. So don't *move!*' I was fucking petrified."

Compared with such traumas, Mumy's life as Will Robinson in *Lost in Space* was idyllic. "It was like being the hero in a comic book — you got your superhero suit, you got your robot, you got your ray gun, you got to be an adventurer."

After starring in the poorly received film *Bless the Beasts and the Children* in 1972, Mumy went into early retirement. Having just graduated from high school, he decided to concentrate on recording and touring with Redwood, one of a number of rock bands he sang and played with during the Seventies and Eighties.

Mumy became something of a musical hired gun. He played in childhood pal Shaun Cassidy's touring band at the height of the TV teenybopper's success. And after a friend introduced Mumy to members of the group America, he was soon playing and writing for those ever mellow popsters. He continues to work with America, having written or co-written eight songs on their last three albums. Along with partner Robert Haimer, Mumy also formed Barnes and Barnes, a satiric musical-comedy duo that Mumy describes as "a release of excess energy." The group, whose sixth album comes out this month, is best known for its novelty number "Fish Heads," a Doctor Demento favorite (the video for "Fish Heads" has appeared on *Saturday Night Live* and in various international film festivals).

Now thirty-two, Mumy lives with his girlfriend in Laurel Canyon. He's also found time, with partner Miguel Ferrer (son of actor Jose Ferrer), to create *Comet Man*, a new Marvel comic book. He still takes an occasional acting job, though, and can be seen in a cameo role in *Twilight Zone — The Movie* and in a remake of "Bang, You're Dead" for an NBC movie, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*.

Except for "an embarrassingly awful" 1983 cast reunion on *Family Feud* (versus *Gilligan's Island*), the Robinsons and fellow travelers on the *Jupiter II* have remained lost in the Alpha Centauri star system. Mumy wrote a script for a reunion, but the show's producer, disaster-movie mogul Irwin Allen, turned it down.

To Mumy, the show cries out for a sequel. "Here's a castaway story that's never been resolved. Everyone was enthusiastic. Then Irwin shut me down like a hurricane." Still, Mumy doesn't want anybody else ever playing Will: "I'd just like to get together with those folks — for a dinner, for an acting job, for anything but a *Family Feud*."

— D.W.

GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS

Hits: "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ferry Cross the Mersey," "How Do You Do It?"

Long before Frankie came into his life, Gerry Marsden was very well off. He received healthy royalty checks for his old hits with Gerry and the Pacemakers, and he was on the road nine months out of every twelve, doing lucrative cabaret gigs and nostalgia rock shows in Europe, North America and Australia. Then in 1983 an outrageous sex-and-glam quintet from Marsden's own home town, Liverpool, put a campy rearrangement of one of his songs, "Ferry Cross the Mersey," on the B side of its debut single. The group was Frankie Goes to Hollywood, the single was "Relax" (to date, the biggest-selling single in British pop history), and Marsden's bank balance hasn't been the same since.

"I won't let anyone say a bad word about Frankie," Marsden says, cackling in his distinctive Liverpudlian accent. He first learned about the cover of "Ferry Cross the Mersey" from his nineteen-year-old daughter, Yvette, who heard it in a disco. Marsden isn't sure how much he's made from Frankie's "Ferry" over the past two years, but he currently pulls in $250,000 a year in publishing royalties alone.

Marsden also has real-estate investments in England and Spain and owns a Liverpool radio station. "Brian Epstein was always straight with us," he says, by way of explaining his wealth (the late Beatles manager handled the Pacemakers during their mid-Sixties heyday). "We always got our money. I always wanted to invest my money, too, so I was very frugal with it from the beginning."

Marsden was a deliveryman for British Rail when he formed Gerry and the Pacemakers in 1959 with his older brother, Freddie, on drums. (Freddie now works for British Telecom; pianist Les Maguire is in the navy; and bassist Les Chadwick lives in Australia.) Their first three singles went to Number One in the U.K., and the band starred in its own feature film, *Ferry Cross the Mersey*, in 1965. After the hits petered out, Marsden disbanded the Pacemakers in 1969 and headed for London's West End, where he played a handyman in a long-running romantic comedy, *Charlie Girl*. He also regularly appeared in comedy sketches on television variety shows. "It was always easy for me to make people laugh at a good joke," he says. In 1973, he left acting and hit the road again with a new set of Pacemakers.

In addition to Yvette, Marsden, 43, has another daughter, Victoria Ann, 6, by his wife of twenty-one years, Pauline. He spends what little free time he has at one of his three houses — in Marbella, Spain, on the Isle of Anglesey and in Chester, England, only twenty miles from Liverpool. He even made a brief return to Number One in England last year, organizing a superstar recording of the old Pacemakers hit "You'll Never Walk Alone" to benefit victims of the Bradford soccer-stadium fire.

"The main thing," Marsden says, "is to enjoy what you're doing. All the pressure crap you hear, people bring it on themselves. I'll worry the day people stop asking for my autograph."

— D.F.

DAVIES AND STARR

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Frankie say, Gerry get rich: Gerry Marsden today. The Pacemakers, 1964 (Inset, from left): Maguire, Chadwick, Freddie Marsden and Gerry.

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

THE CRYSTALS

Hits: "There's No Other (Like My Baby)," "Uptown," "Da Doo Ron Ron"

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

SCOTT BONNER / RON KEITH

Phil Spector's reluctant teen angels, the Crystals, in 1964 (above, from left): Pat Wright, Dee Dee Kennibrew, Delores "LaLa" Brooks and Barbara Alston. Dee Dee today (inset).

When Dee Dee Kennibrew missed a few days of high school in 1961, it wasn't because of the flu. The fifteen-year-old's "excuse" was she was singing uptown at the Apollo Theatre with her group, the Crystals. The Brooklyn girls' just-released first single, "There's No Other (Like My Baby)," would prove to be the making of Phil Spector's Philles label, and under the direction of the legendary producer, the Crystals would have a run of six teen-femme classics, including "Da Doo Ron Ron" and "Then He Kissed Me."

When Spector discovered the five Crystals – Kennibrew, Barbara Alston, Patricia Wright, Mary Thomas and lead singer LaLa Brooks – not one was yet out of high school and LaLa was only thirteen. Their first recording session fell on prom night, and two of the elder Crystals, all of seventeen, showed up to record in their prom gowns.

Though young, they were well chaperoned and "very cautious," says Kennibrew, especially in dealing with Spector. After their first hit, they nearly refused to record with him again as a result of a dispute over money. They reluctantly cut another single, "Uptown," but, still dissatisfied, balked when it came time to work on a third. Spector, now headquartered on the West Coast, cut "He's a Rebel" with Darlene Love and the Blossoms but issued it under the Crystals' name. It went to Number One. Another Blossoms-qua-Crystals 45, "He's Sure the Boy I Love," followed. The real Crystals recorded the 1963 hits "Da Doo Ron Ron" and "Then He Kissed Me."

Today, Kennibrew minces no words about her erstwhile studio Svengali. "Oh, he's obnoxious," she says. "In the beginning, before he became infamous for his weirdness, he was a normal enough person. But after he began to be successful, I think he tried to be more of a star than his groups – you know, 'Without me, there would be nothing.' He believed his own publicity and became progressively more difficult to deal with."

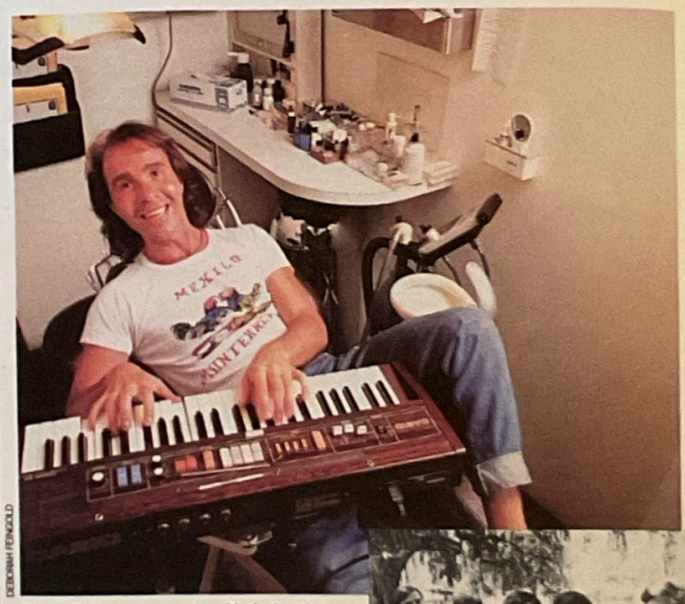
Spector had complete control over what the Crystals recorded, and Kennibrew feels that some big hits slipped through his fingers. Carole King, for instance, showed the Crystals early versions of "It's My Party" and "Chains," which soon became hits for Lesley Gore and the Cookies, respectively. "I'd say, 'We should've done those songs,'" says Kennibrew. "But he looked at us like we were kids, like we didn't know what the heck we were doing."

Kennibrew even saw some cracks in Spector's vaunted Wall of Sound. "A lot of times I would hear the songs before they were finished," she says. "I think doing so many overdubs, he lost a lot of what was really good that was put down. Sometimes it worked wonderfully, sometimes it was just too much." The Crystals finally left Spector in '64. Over the years, they were wooed away, one by one, by marriage and motherhood, leaving Kennibrew the only original member by 1973. She signed with Spector again in '74 but never recorded with him. In fact, she hasn't spoken to him since 1963, she says.

Today Kennibrew, who is divorced, lives in Atlanta with her teenage daughter; now forty, she still tours with a new Crystals lineup. Her present-day group includes Darlene Davis and Wrecia Ford. Joined by the original lead singer, LaLa Brooks, they've re-recorded all the groups' classic hits for compact disc. "They'll be similar to the way they were done," promises Kennibrew, "but with a much finer quality." – *P.P.*

EVERY MOTHER'S SON

Hit: "Come On Down to My Boat"



DEBORAH FEINGOLD

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Bruce Milner, now a New York dentist, was an Every Mother's Son in 1967 (inset, from left): Milner, Augustine, the Larden brothers and Larsen.

Not everyone who went to San Francisco in 1967 was a flower child. The members of Every Mother's Son, the New York quintet whose "Come On Down to My Boat" had gone Top Ten that spring, sported neckties and neatly cropped hair when they played an outdoor festival in Berkeley during the Summer of Love alongside the unkempt likes of Janis Joplin and the Jefferson Airplane. Bruce Milner, the group's organist, remembers it as pure culture clash. "I went out onstage in a *white suit!* I had to be the only guy in Berkeley wearing a suit and tie to this thing!"

Today Milner looks considerably hipper – though he still wears white to work. "Dentistry is creatively boring," he says, surveying his cozy suite on the East Side of Manhattan. The atmosphere of Dr. Milner's office is loose; FM rock, not Muzak, floats in the background, and names like Brian Eno pop up on the patient schedule.

Milner, now forty-three, admits that he never had a consuming desire to be a pop star. As a twenty-

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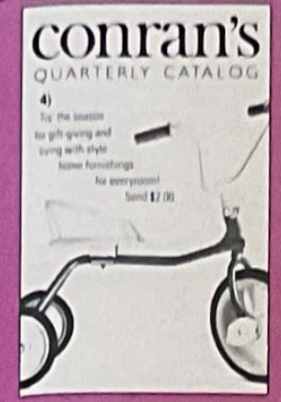

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

two-year-old dental student, Milner worked in his spare time at a Brooklyn cabana club, where he ran into a pair of guitar-playing brothers named Lary and Dennis Larden, who'd "go around and serenade these Jewish ladies drinking iced coffee." Having recruited drummer Chris Augustine and bassist Schuyler Larson, the group wangled an audition with MGM Records, and Wes Farrell, who had produced hits by the McCoys and Jay and the Americans, took them under his wing. Within a year and a half of forming, Every Mother's Son had its first – and only – hit.

Rapid success, though, wrought dissension. "Lary and Denny were more interested, it seems, in putting out their own material. I always felt if we had just listened to Wes, we could have followed things up better than we did. Each record after that sold less and less. We wound up playing a senior prom in Connecticut in 1969. That was the last time we played together."

The breakup hardly left Milner high and dry – he'd stayed in NYU's dental school, and Every Mother's Son had even limited its touring to three-city weekend jaunts so he wouldn't have to cut class. As for the financial rewards of a hit single, Milner demurs. "It helped me get through dental school, put it that way."

Though he's lost touch with his old band mates (aside from spotting Chris Augustine as a *Dating Game* contestant ten years ago), Bruce Milner still thinks about Every Mother's Son. "I never speak to them, but I would love to get together just for one night and play. Just for one show; I dream about it sometimes." **– *M.C.***

THE OUTSIDERS

Hit: "Time Won't Let Me"

GWENDOLYN CATES

"One day I realized something: I'm a salesman," says Sonny Geraci, former lead singer of the Outsiders. Now he sells aluminum siding in Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

In 1966, the Outsiders were in. The Cleveland pop rockers notched four Top Forty hits – including "Time Won't Let Me," which went to Number Five – recorded three albums for Capitol and toured relentlessly. In 1967, they did a live album, but by the end of that year the Outsiders were headed for a breakup.

"Back then you made 'em a lot quicker," says Sonny Geraci, the Outsiders' lead singer. He attributes the band's rapid rise to a successful hype campaign. "The Outsiders Are Coming," trumpeted a blizzard of phony telegrams sent before the group had released its first single. The campaign worked – even in the group's home town. "Cleveland was convinced we were a new band from the West Coast," Geraci says.

Although they were sitting on top of the charts, the Outsiders grew disenchanted with their small paychecks and what they perceived as shortsighted management, so they fired the man who had orchestrated their rise. Their fall soon followed. Although they continued to make good money playing live, they failed to make the charts again. In 1968, Geraci left the band.

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

The Outsiders of Cleveland, Ohio, in 1966: Tom King, Sonny Geraci, Bill Bruno, Mert Madsen and Ricky Baterd

Guitarist Tom King tried to keep the Outsiders going – and he's still trying. "It's like the Outsiders 1985," King boasted last year of the band's latest incarnation, a lineup that didn't include him or any of the original members. "It's still got our sound." This year he's planning a twentieth-anniversary reunion of four of the original members.

Geraci went on to bigger success with Climax, the band he formed after the Outsiders. Climax's single "Precious and Few" climbed to Number Three in 1972, and Geraci spent the rest of the decade vainly trying for a successful follow-up. "I'm sure everybody's got a story about why they didn't become Kenny Rogers," he says.

By 1982 Geraci, tired of singing in bars, settled in Cleveland, where he became a born-again Christian. Married and with a baby on the way, he pondered the future. "One day I realized something: I'm a salesman."

Vinyl and aluminum siding and replacement windows have replaced pop music in Geraci's life. "I'm district manager," he says. "I oversee other salesmen. I make good money. And I'm still entertaining when I go to people's houses. 'Ever heard "Precious and Few"? Well, my name is Sonny Geraci.' I don't do that. I don't need to. But if I thought I needed that, believe me, I'd do it." – *M.C.*

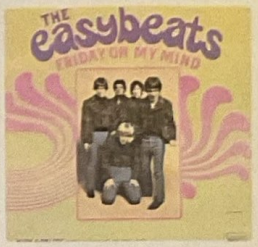
THE EASYBEATS

Hit: "Friday on My Mind"

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

The Easybeats, 1967 (clockwise from top right): Snowy Fleet, George Young, Stevie Wright, Dick Diamonde and Harry Vanda

Fifteen years before Men at Work went platinum worldwide with "Down Under," the Easybeats scored the first international victory for Oz rock with "Friday on My Mind," the classic 1967 weekend-party anthem. The Easybeats combined the songwriting depth of the Beatles with the raw surge of the Rolling Stones and ruled the charts down under for four years. But contractual complications and a lack of long-term success in England and the U.S. finally led to their breakup in 1969.



Guitarists and composers Harry Vanda and George Young went on to become Australia's top studio duo, producing AC/DC and recording as Flash and the Pan. (Drummer Snowy Fleet took over his family's construction business in Perth, and bassist Dick Diamonde retired to New South Wales.) But Stevie Wright, the band's diminutive, Jaggeresque singer, took the long, low road into what he euphemistically calls Death Valley.

"The effect was devastating," says Wright, now thirty-eight, "going from the stardom of the Easybeats to sweeping floors. But I had to survive." In 1971, Wright was introduced to heroin at a party. "I had the most violent physical experience for two days. And I still went back. It took me twelve and a half years to stop."

In that time, Wright wrecked his marriage (he has a son, Nicholas, 13), turned down an offer to join Mott the Hoople and worked as a production manager for Albert Records, the Easybeats' old label. In 1974 he enjoyed a brief return

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

THOMAS B. STEVENS

HOME: Lakewood, Colorado.

AGE: 39

PROFESSION: Harpsichord and clavichord builder.

HOBBY: Skiing. "I didn't move out here from New Hampshire for a change of climate."

LAST BOOK READ: *Drums Along The Mohawk*, Walter Edmonds.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Completed his third instrument of 1985. "For somebody in my business, that's high-speed production."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "I love music, but I've always been better at building things. For me, this is really the best of both worlds."

QUOTE: "Louder may get you heard first, but it doesn't guarantee you'll play something worth hearing."

PROFILE: Individualistic, but very respectful of tradition. "Low-tech is a lot more sophisticated than people think."

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WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

to Number One in Australia with "Evie," a brilliantly crafted eleven-minute pop-rock suite written and produced by Vanda and Young. But, Wright admits, "My career was going up at the same rate as my addiction. One blew out the other in the end."

After two failed attempts at rehabilitation, Wright finally got the monkey off his back last Christmas, just in time to play a successful holiday gig at the Sydney hotel where he lives. An Easybeats reunion tour is in the works for the fall; in the meantime Wright has hit the Oz pub circuit, doing old Easybeats tunes as well as new originals.

"A lot of groups are doing our material in their stage acts," he notes proudly, "so why not do it with the original sound and the original singer?" The fans love it, too. "Mate, I have to do a country & western song for the fourth encore just so the crowd will piss off home." —*D.F.*

THE DIXIE CUPS

Hit: "Chapel of Love"

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

TIM BOOLE

Rosa (left) and Barbara Hawkins, at home in the French Quarter today; with Joan Marie Johnson (inset, far right), in 1964

The Dixie Cups' lilting "Chapel of Love" sounds as sweet and innocent today as it did in 1964, when it went to Number One. But sisters Rosa and Barbara Hawkins — who formed the group with their cousin Joan Marie Johnson — admit today that they may have been a little too innocent.

"When we were on tour for two or three months," recalls Rosa, "we'd get paid biweekly. We wouldn't keep the money with us; we'd wire it back to New York, where we lived. We assumed it was being banked, but when we returned, there was no money. The rent was due, the lights were off, all that kind of stuff." And according to Rosa, the Dixie Cups never saw a cent of royalties from their records and TV appearances. The trio had a series of chart singles after "Chapel of Love," but mired in business problems, they stopped recording in the late Sixties. Today Barbara and Rosa are philosophical; both say they've "turned it over to God."

Returning to their home town of New Orleans in 1974, the sisters hit upon the perfect alternative career: modeling. "Runway shows, movies, commercials, in-store promotions — everything except the cover of *Vogue*," Rosa says. Their new profession allows the sisters enough time to tour with new member Jo Ann Kennedy. (Johnson bowed out years ago; she lives in New Orleans and works for the phone company.) And naturally, the most requested song is "Chapel of Love," and to Barbara it's no wonder. "People get married every day, and they will be getting married from now until the end of time. So 'Chapel of Love' will always be a hit." —*M.C.*

BROWNSVILLE STATION

Hit: "Smokin' in the Boy's Room"

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

Michael Lutz, Cub Koda, Henry Weck, in 1972 (from left)

Brownsville Station should have been considered cool — a roots-rock band with good taste in covers. But "Smokin' in the Boy's Room," their 1974 chart topper, "labeled us as bubblegum," laments bassist Michael Lutz. Long-lasting bubblegum, anyway. Last year, Mötley Crüe's respectful cover version took "Smokin' " to the Top Twenty once more.

Guitarists Lutz and Cub Koda founded Brownsville Station in 1969; drummer Henry Weck came aboard in 1971. When bassist Tony Driggins split in 1973, Lutz switched to bass and the group shrunk to a trio. Although Brownsville never gained a base in album sales, it battled on till 1979, rocking 250 nights a year on the arena circuit. Today, none of the trio has strayed far from rock. Weck co-owns a recording studio outside Ann Arbor, Michigan. Lutz teaches at an Ann Arbor music store and writes "adult contemporary" songs.

Cub Koda (the only one of the three thirty-seven-year-olds who has married) writes a column for the collectors' magazine *Goldmine*. He's released a series of rootsy small-label albums and recently returned to the road with a young band. He's still rasping on about "rockin' the kids" and "splanking the plank," but waxes philosophical about his place in the history of rock. "You can pick up just about any of those anthology books and find my name — that's real nice. It's what I've been working for since I was fourteen years old." —*M.C.*

Special photo research by Valerie Vogel and Christel Brost. Record covers courtesy of the Michael Ochs Archives

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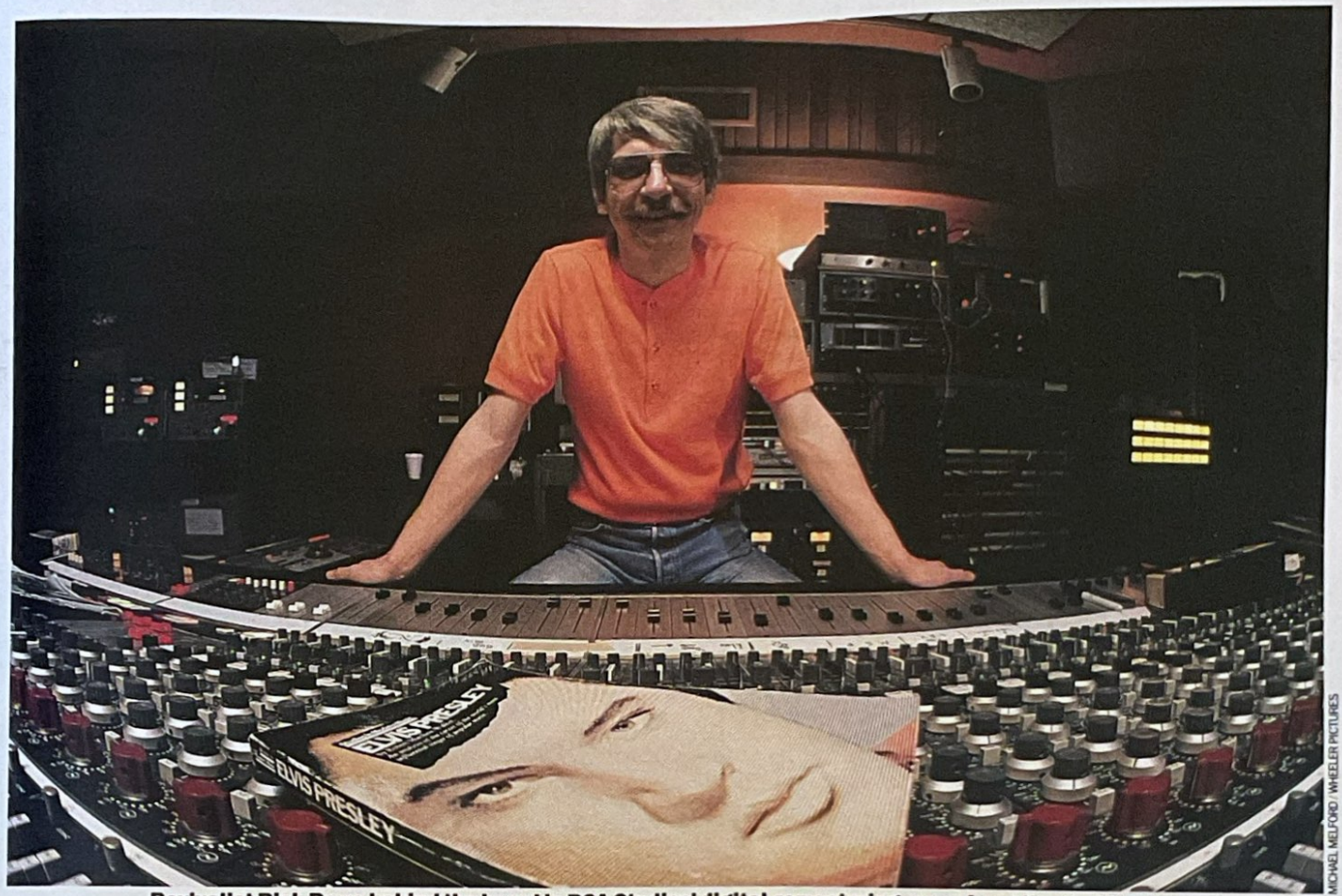
How classic rock tracks are kept forever young on CD



MICHAEL MELFORD/ WHEELER PICTURES

Revivalist Rick Rowe behind the board in RCA Studios' digital-remastering room: Long live the King!

BY GERALD SELIGMAN

RICK ROWE GENTLY LIFTS A master tape from its storage box. Scribbled on the cover are identifying notes: ARTIST: ELVIS PRESLEY. DATE: MAY 2, 1957 and a list of tracks. Rowe is after a ballad called "Young and Beautiful," which will be included on a new Elvis compilation CD to be titled *A Valentine Gift for You*.

As a remastering engineer at RCA Studios in New York, Rowe saves and restores classic recordings for transfer to compact disc. It's usually delicate and painstaking work, but this tape could turn out to be a disaster. The first few inches reveal blisters on the magnetic oxide coating that holds the music. Some of the oxide is already gone, some is about to fall away, and Rowe knows that each trip across the playback heads will further damage the tape. There won't be much room to experiment.

Final CD inspection in Japan

Copying the original track onto videotape – the medium used for CD recordings – and then playing it back, Rowe can now hear the problem as well. The first line – "You're so young and . . ." – sounds like Elvis is crooning in a fish tank.

Rowe begins the restoration process by "extracting pieces from later on in the song," he says. "It doesn't even matter what the lyrics were, because you can use phonemes, little parts of words." These extracted sounds are used to fill in the missing sounds, or "dropouts." In just those first four syllables, Rowe makes about thirty edits. When he plays back the tape, Elvis is revived and the song is saved.

The advent of digital technology has allowed a few talented engineers to repair and revitalize old recordings – much like the work of art restorers – for transfer to compact disc. The brilliant, unforgiving clarity of the CD demands this kind of restoration, and the old tapes themselves often beg for it. Precious high notes have faded over time, leaders and splices have dried up and cracked, and

shards of brittle oxide have flaked off, leaving angry hisses where there once was music.

"The point is to get the ultimate remastering of the album," says Dennis Drake, director of studio and technical operations at PolyGram's Edison, New Jersey, facility. "What we try to capture is the original essence, the musicality of that release." With state-of-the-art studio tools, engineers can even *improve* a recording, infusing it with what Drake calls "a more contemporary, up-to-date sound."

The best of these recent CD reissues (see our recommended list on page 89) will turn your head around.

MICHAEL MELFORD / (HARD) EYE PICTURES

Dennis Drake in PolyGram's New Jersey tape vaults

GERALD SELIGMAN wrote about "porn rock" legislation in *RS* 476.

How can recordings this old (on Sam Cooke's compilation *The Man and His Music*, some cuts date back to the early Fifties) sound so fresh? First, a little history.

In the days before sophisticated multitrack studios, pop music was recorded live, sometimes in a single take. Engineers often limited the dynamics of a song intentionally because the equipment of the day couldn't reproduce quick shifts in volume. Intense highs were flattened out and rock-bottom lows disappeared. As a further compromise in fidelity, a final production tape, which is used to press records, might itself be the result of multiple copies. Anyone who's ever dubbed tapes at home knows about the diminishing quality of copies: with each step away from the original, more treble and transparency is sacrificed to hiss and haze.

The digital process, however, allows no such degradation. At the rate of 44,100 times per second, a digital recorder samples a musical signal, analyzes each harmonic and dynamic characteristic within it and instantly renders the data in a binary code that can be understood by a computer. A musical phrase as short as "She loves you yeh, yeh, yeh" would be sampled 110,250 times. The entire two-minute-nineteen-second song would require roughly 6,129,900 separate samples. The resulting code for each sample is recorded on a digital master tape, and any subsequent copies reproduce those numbers exactly. As a result, a fiftieth digital copy sounds identical to a first. This largely explains why digital compact discs reveal the extremes of the sonic spectrum with such clarity and presence. On compact disc, everything from the screech of a Jimi Hendrix guitar solo to the pummeling thud of a bass drum to a contemplative piano passage sounds as vibrant as the first time it was captured.

The added clarity achieved through CD technology brings added demands, though. Along with that wondrous dimensionality come all the flaws that were once masked by the hiss of a tape or the rumble of a phonograph needle racing along a record's grooves: poor edits, background noises from the recording process and audible age spots.

Recording tape, it's been discovered, lasts only twenty years. "And now it's twenty-six years later," Rick Rowe notes, drumming his fingers on the Elvis tape. That means there's work to be done.

The banks of equipment in Rowe's studio are packed with enough meters and dials to rival those of a space shuttle. Using digital editors and equalizers, Rowe can clean up and modernize the sound of an old master tape, and even change it. Digital delay adds spatial ambiance, dynamics expanders bring back the full sonic spectrum of the original recording session and noise filters alleviate mechanical tape hiss.

"Remastering," says Rowe, "should point out certain frequencies that didn't jump out enough the first time around." Before beginning work on a given track, Rowe auditions every tape copy he can get his hands on and then strings together duplicate phrases from different versions. From these he selects the best phrases and constructs a workable CD master. On a new Elvis project titled *Return of the Rocker*, for example, Rowe took moments from eight separate studio mixes for the new master.

After listening again, Rowe might decide to better highlight the moment where the band snaps into an unexpected reprise. "They emphasized it, but I wasn't there to help them," he says with a gleam in his eye. "With a new 'eq' setting, I'll go back and re-create just that one *bop* and lay it in." If the final chord wasn't allowed to ring out long enough (a common problem), Rowe can copy it many times, edit the copies together, equalize them and fade the song out himself.

All these efforts can not only help bring fatigued tapes up to standard but actually improve upon the original recordings. "On some, like the James Brown CD, we definitely have exceeded the dynamic range of the original release," Dennis Drake boasts. *The CD of JB* has the kind of punch you'd expect only in a 1986 recording. To achieve that, Drake went back to the unedited tapes from Brown's recording sessions and remixed them himself, skipping several of the usual production phases, which would have compromised overall sound. So what you hear on this CD sounds better than the original recordings.

'The idea is to take digital to the nth degree.'

It's in tape enhancement that major differences between engineers emerge. Japanese engineers tend to be more conservative, believing that the new master should duplicate the original. Sonic glitches are remedied, of course, but the dynamics remain untouched. American engineers work with more freedom and subjectivity. As Rowe puts it, "The idea is to take digital to the nth degree of where it can go. You do it by trying to remove any of the barriers that analog presented back then, letting the tracks speak a little more. That's when some amazing things begin to happen."

Today he's tinkering with another Elvis track, the rollicking "Good Luck Charm," which was recorded in 1961. The first version we hear is from the original master tape. "See the way Presley's vocals are way off in the distance?" Rowe asks. Even further away are the muffled vocals of the Jordanaires. The track sounds adequate, "but it's not the kind of song that'll grab you," he says.

For the second version he punches in the equalization settings he's chosen after earlier experimentation. He switches on a noise reducer, a touch of digital delay and a signal expander to regain what the first engineers had compressed. He runs the tape. The transformation can best be described in spatial terms: Suddenly a flat, lackluster recording seems enlarged, three-dimensional, as if the musicians had entered a larger room with warmer acoustics. Elvis steps forward to the microphone while the Jordanaires spread out behind him. Scotty Moore's guitar chords sound crisp. The drummer rouses himself from slumber. Everything that was merely suggested before is now stated straightforwardly. Rowe looks up and tries to conceal a mission-accomplished smile.

With a twist of the dials, Rowe has produced his own recording of "Good Luck Charm." A purist might balk at the reengineering that was done, but the new version sounds terrific. Where's the line between engineering and creative production? Rowe compares his efforts to restoring an artist's faded painting. Without strict discipline, he says, "it's not his painting anymore."

Along with discipline, ingenuity has its place in the art of remastering. With some creative solutions, tracks that never would have made it onto disc only a few years ago can now be made suitable for release. Drake came across a dynamite outtake of "Satisfaction" in Jerry Lee Lewis's London sessions of the early Seventies. The only problem was that [*Cont. on 88*]

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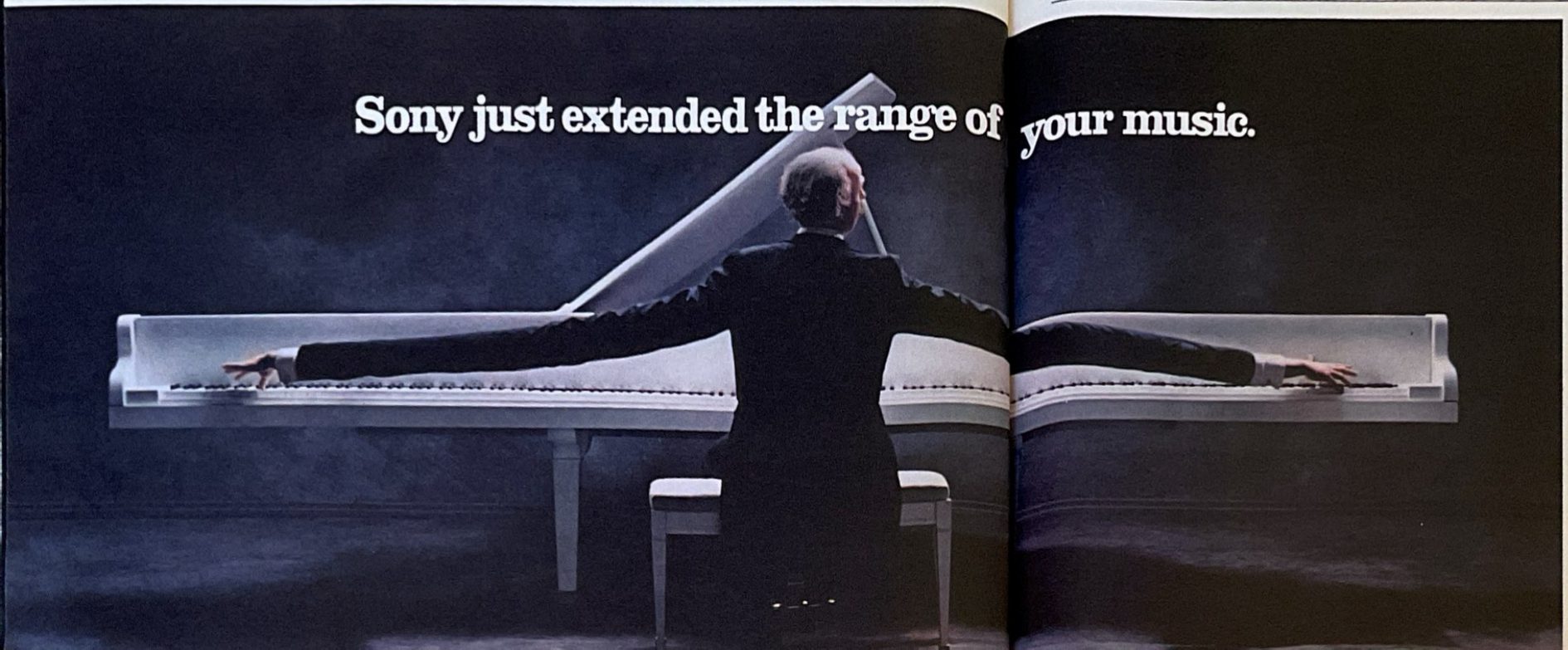

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LOUDSPEAKERS LEARN THEIR ABCD'S

New designs for the age of digital sound

By Hans Fantel

THEY'RE STILL INVENTING loudspeakers? At first glance, this may seem like reinventing the wheel, but since the advent of the compact disc, there's plenty of room for improvement. Digital sound, with its expanded dynamic range and tonal clarity, has challenged speaker designers once again to come up with innovative approaches to sound reproduction.

And they have. After three days of concentrated listening to the latest models from several manufacturers, I can report that there are discernible improvements, in both high- and low-end speakers. (Oddly enough, no common design trend has emerged; in fact, companies seem to be charging off in different directions in their effort to meet the new challenges of digital sound.)

Because CDs are usually played at higher volume than LPs or cassettes, speaker cabinets must be designed to resist vibration, which falsifies tone color. In its Matrix system, the British manufacture B&W has come up with a clever solution: the box is filled with acoustic foam, which is supported by a honeycomb structure of interlocking struts. This prevents cabinet vibration even under the strongest sonic thrusts. The result is exceptionally clean, natural sound, with added sharpness in percussion and guitar.

As might be expected, cabinets so solidly built are not cheap, and the three models of the B&W Matrix series (models 1, 2 and 3) are priced at $499, $699 and $999 per speaker. All are very similar in basic tonal character, differing mainly in size, with the bigger models able to handle more power and deeper bass. But that remarkable clarity of sound is quite evident even in the smallest of the three.

Another tough task facing speaker designers these days is to pass along all that rich bass encoded on CDs. In the past, conventional record grooves just couldn't hold very low sounds. Extremely deep bass causes the stylus to wiggle, throwing the needle right out of the groove. So recording engineers compensated by deliberately weakening very low bass or cutting it out altogether. The grooveless compact disc now makes it possible to capture those bottom lows, because there is no mechanical motion involved. So now the problem is how to get all that deep bass out to the listener.

Another British company, KEF, has come up with a new approach for its speakers – an electronic bass booster called KUBE, which stands for *KEF Unnversal Bass Equalizer*. It comes as a separate small box that is not connected to the speaker itself but to the tape-recorder terminals of the amplifier or receiver. (It doesn't hamper the operation of the tape deck.) With KUBE it is possible to get as much bass from a small speaker as you normally get only from a big one.

The trick is done by what the company calls response tailoring. This means that the KUBE circuit bolsters the speaker's response, so the bass remains accurate. Even though it's strong, it never sounds boomy or tubby.

This unique technique has been applied with spectacular results to the KEF model 102, a bantam speaker. The 102 (which measures 13 by 8¼ by 10½ inches) pumps out more bass than some speakers three times its size, and high notes are also clean and sweet. Listeners wanting to pack the most sound into the smallest possible space might find it worth the hefty price: $395 each. For a little speaker, the KEF 102 is definitely power hungry, and it takes an amplifier with a minimum of 50 watts per channel to feed it. But then it can handle a whopping 200 watts.

The current concern with deep bass has spawned several subwoofers – speakers specially designed for the rock bottom of the audible range. One of the more affordable of these is the Model BPI-A60, by Parasound, an imaginative company based in San Francisco. This bass-only speaker contains its own sixty-watt amplifier and reaches all the way down to twenty hertz – just about the lowest musical frequency. Because low bass is nondirectional, a single subwoofer can handle both stereo channels. The Parasound's price is $450, and it can work with any pair of normal speakers to handle the upper range.

The most radically offbeat subwoofer comes from Celestion, a company known for its guitar loudspeakers as well as for its home hi-fi models. Celestion solved the problem of cabinet vibration in the low range by doing away with the cabinet altogether. Its subwoofer looks a bit like a spherical hassock; it consists of two free-standing, back-to-back vibrating hemispheres that throw sound both forward and [*Cont. on 89*]

Acoustic Research's Powered Partners (above) turn a portable CD into a room-filling sound system.

Parasound's BPI-A60 subwoofer can handle a CD's deepest bass.

NOW EAR THIS

A new generation of headphones is a match for the brilliant sound of the compact disc

THERE ARE PLENTY OF REASONS FOR OWNING A GOOD pair of headphones: privacy, irritable neighbors, family members who balk at your choice of music. But the flimsy models usually supplied with Walkman-type gear just can't handle the potent sound put out by good home equipment. Compact discs, especially, present a new challenge, since their sonic wallop extends far beyond the dynamic range of cheap headphones. Today's top-rank headphones have been redesigned to meet the challenge of the best new recordings.

Designers have moved away from the open-air type of headphones. The latest high-grade models usually surround the ear with a soft plastic material that clings closely to the head to create a partial air seal around the ear. That way, the sound waves that spell out those heavy bass thrusts are faithfully transmitted to the eardrum. So the deep bass that forms the basis of much rock music – now reproduced in its full force on CDs – can be properly heard in private. Studio engineers have always preferred such phones – formerly available only as expensive professional models – but they're now being offered in cheaper versions for home use.

When it comes to delivering head-shaking bass, a real champ is the new Koss SST/7 ($69.95), which has a frequency response that dips down to 15 hertz – roughly the pitch of rolling thunder. At the other end of the frequency spectrum, these phones reach the upper stratosphere at 30,000 hertz, which may be of interest to bats and dogs but lies way beyond the range of human hearing. Even so, the extended response on top helps these headphones etch out every sonic detail with outstanding clarity. Koss uses powerful magnets to keep the motion of the diaphragms in the headphones under strict control, yet this fine headset weighs only five ounces.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES PURVIS

You might also lend a critical ear to the AKG model K 135 ($65), the Beyer DT220 ($80), the Audio-Technica ATH-V7 ($84.95) and the Sony MDR-CD5 ($99.95). Their performance comes surprisingly close to what you'd hear from the far more expensive professional models.

If you're less of a perfectionist, you can get by more cheaply and still get very good sound from such models as the Pickering OA-203, the Recoton ST-96, the Panasonic EAH-S30 and the Yamaha YHD-3, all officially priced at thirty dollars but often sold for less. The main difference between these and the more expensive models lies in the depth, clarity and power of the bass and the fact that they are top-of-the-ear types rather than surround designs. Most come with adaptable plugs, to fit portable or home-style sound gear. Or you can buy such adapters at a nominal cost.

Like loudspeakers, each headphone has its individual tonal characteristics. Some sound brighter than others; some have more roundness or warmth – or however you care to describe such subtle differences. In selecting a model for yourself, compare different designs just as if you were buying a pair of speakers. Watch for clarity and for the presence of bass even in soft passages. Above all, make sure they fit comfortably.

–Hans Fantel

VIDEO NEWS & NOTES

By Tony Seideman

MTV Closet Classics to be released on home video

Vestron Video is releasing *MTV's Closet Classics*, which will feature music by the Who, Cream, the Beach Boys, Steppenwolf, Black Sabbath, the Byrds, the Jimi Hendrix Experience, Yes and T. Rex. . . . In June, Tina Turner, Paul McCartney, Rod Stewart, Sting, Bryan Adams and other rock stars gathered for the Prince's Trust Rock Celebration in support of a group of charities overseen by Prince Charles. The video will be aired on HBO in October. . . . Stevie Wonder is guest host on "Motown on Showtime: The Temptations & Four Tops," the first of a series of programs for the pay-cable network. Special guest stars on the première episode are Aretha Franklin and Dick Clark. . . . The Monkees' comeback continues. RCA/Columbia will release two episodes from their Sixties TV show in September. . . . Glenn Frey will be taping a special this fall; it will air on Showtime early next year.

All-stars for Prince Charles's charities

Coming Soon

MOVIES: *Out of Africa*, MCA Home Video; *Runaway Train*, MGM/UA Home Video; *Critters* and *Crossroads*, RCA/Columbia Pictures Home Video; *The Official Story*, Pacific Arts Video; *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, Touchstone Home Video; *F/X*, HBO/Cannon Video; *The Clan of the Cave Bear*, CBS/Fox Video.

MUSIC: *Meat Loaf Live* and *Elton John: The Breaking Hearts Tour*, Vestron Video; *A Tribute to Bob Marley – Black Uhuru with Steel Pulse* and *James Brown – Live in London*, Sony Video Software; *Joan Armatrading – Track Record* and *Dennis DeYoung – Three Piece Suite*, A&M Home Video; *Belinda* (Belinda Carlisle) and *Carl Perkins: Blue Suede Shoes*, MCA Home Video.

REVIEWS

Joe Jackson: The Big World Sessions
A&M Home Video, 30 minutes, $19.95

JOE JACKSON'S 'BIG WORLD Sessions' simmers and occasionally erupts with a frantic, nervous energy that stands in sharp contrast to bland, workmanlike production and camera values. But this tension serves the artist, and viewer, well. What we are left with is the sheer power of Jackson's art and vision.

Footage for this show was shot in January, when Jackson recorded the music for his *Big World* album, so none of his earlier hits are on the cassette. What is on the program is stark, potent music and lyrics that are both entertaining and incisive. There is an edge to Jackson's writing that cuts away everyday pretension, pomposity and deceit, especially on tunes such as "Right and Wrong," "Soul Kiss" and "The Jet Set."

This is not a man who loves video. Jackson appears ill at ease in front of the camera. He was one of the first artists to come out strongly against video clips, and this conviction is reflected here. No gimmicks or tricks are used. This is a stark, direct concert film that is saved from the usual tedium by the strength of its star. There is no ego in this program, just Jackson displaying his humanity, piece by anxious piece. And somehow, that makes *The Big World Sessions* about music, not video, which is exactly as it should be.

Jimi Hendrix: Johnny B. Goode
Sony Video Software, 26 minutes, $16.95

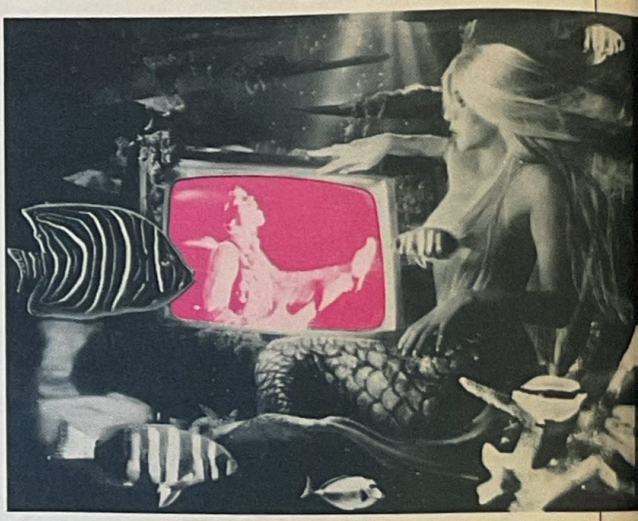
JIMI HENDRIX IS ONE LEGend even video can't kill. Culled from unseen footage of Hendrix's performances, this cassette contains a number of his best-known tunes – "Are You Experienced," "All Along the Watchtower," "Johnny B. Goode," "Voodoo Chile (Slight Return)" and a hard-wired "Star-Spangled Banner."

For an audience raised on preprogrammed beats and synthetic pulses, Hendrix may be a little hard to take. That doesn't mean this shouldn't be seen. For the education alone, "Johnny B. Goode" is worth the watching.

Ricky Nelson in Concert
MCA Home Video, 21 minutes, $19.95

WATCHING THIS TAPE IS like visiting the home of a close friend who died unexpectedly. Music is only a small part of its attraction. Whatever may be happening at the moment, it's the memories that are important. *Ricky Nelson in Concert* is instant history, a fragment of nostalgia that provides a glimpse of someone who was around so long it seemed as if he would be here forever.

Nelson's performance reinforces this. Almost devoid of lows and highs, it shows a professional at work, a man who can churn out a steady flow of relaxing entertainment. The band is tight, Nelson's singing and movements carefully controlled and exacting. There are seven songs on the cassette, many of them standards. The ones that aren't sound like the ones that are. Nelson is hottest on "You Know What I Mean" and "Believe What You Say."



TV TURN-ONS

August 29th *6:00 p.m. Showtime*
JULIAN LENNON: STAND BY ME

August 30th *1:30 a.m. USA Network*
NIGHT FLIGHT: VIDEO PROFILE – THE ART OF NOISE Followed by "The Grateful Dead Live at Radio City"

September 5th *9:00 p.m. MTV*
THE 1986 MTV VIDEO MUSIC AWARDS Preshow festivities begin at 7:00 p.m.

September 6th *11:00 p.m. MTV*
DIRE STRAITS IN ISRAEL Hosted by Paula Yates

September 15th *9:30 p.m. Showtime*
BE-FORE! The making of "Stuck with You" from Huey Lewis's new album; also September 19th, 23rd, 27th

WHAT'S HOT

MUSIC VIDEO

1. THE #1 VIDEO HITS Whitney Houston
2. DICK CLARK'S BEST OF BANDSTAND Various Artists
3. THE ULTIMATE OZZY Ozzy Osbourne
4. I CAN'T WAIT Stevie Nicks
5. LOOK TO THE RAINBOW Patti LaBelle
6. IMAGINE John Lennon
7. MOTOWN 25: YESTERDAY, TODAY, FOREVER Various Artists
8. ROCK ME FALCO Falco
9. THE VIRGIN TOUR – MADONNA LIVE Madonna
10. RIPTIDE Robert Palmer

GENERAL

1. JANE FONDA'S NEW WORKOUT
2. BACK TO THE FUTURE
3. THE SOUND OF MUSIC
4. WHITE NIGHTS
5. CASABLANCA
6. THE JEWEL OF THE NILE
7. ALICE IN WONDERLAND
8. JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT
9. PLAYBOY VIDEO CENTERFOLD 2
10. THE #1 VIDEO HITS Whitney Houston

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[*Cont. from 83*] the Killer gave up on the song midway through, and it petered out to a disgruntled halt. Drake felt this gem was worth saving, but he had to come up with a way to finish the song. He decided to copy earlier phrases, string them end to end and affix this new vamp to the song right at the moment Lewis trails off. What was an outtake before sounds like a finished song, right on through the polished fadeout. "I don't want to make it sound like we're pulling straws out of a hat here," Drake says, "but that took some chancy editing." When the disc, titled *Celebration*, is finally released, we'll see if it wasn't worth the effort.

Making a Compact Disc

BEFORE A CD REISSUE LIKE 'CELEBRATION' hits the stores, Dennis Drake's remastered tape will travel to one of only about a dozen manufacturing plants in the world. There, the musical information on the tape will be analyzed by computers, converted to laser pulses, inscribed on glass and finally pressed into the little silvery disc that brings the music back home. Nippon Columbia's compact-disc plant lies within sight of Kawasaki's railroad lines, wedged among the small, angular houses and tight streets that characterize much of urban Japan. Inside these somber gray walls 1.7 million CDs a month are stamped out on immaculate machinery. The plant makes discs for Nippon Columbia's own Denon label, as well as for RCA, A&M and Arista, among others. A second plant in Maisaka makes another million CDs per month, and a third in Atlanta, Georgia, will match that when it comes on line in March of '87. Yet even with this volume – and with other companies hastily building plants – industry analysts predict the current CD shortage will linger on until at least the end of next year.

Entering the Nippon plant, I was offered a pair of slippers and instructed to leave my mud-spattered shoes in a locker. In a hallway that reverberated with the hum of machines, I donned a plastic jumpsuit and a visored shower cap. Then I was ushered into the air shower, a cramped glass stall bristling with silver nozzles that blew the dust off me and sucked it into a floor duct. "Less than 1000 half-a-micron-wide particles of dust are allowed per cubic foot in any room," explained my guide and translator, Tsutomu "Tom" Ueno.

Production begins in the glass-master cutting room. With its computer console, video monitors, racks of equipment and unshielded laser beam, it's hard to imagine this area has anything to do with music. Inside, a technician carefully inspects a circle of optical glass that has been supersonically cleaned and given a thin adhesive chrome layer, to which a photographic film is applied.

The digital tape is slipped into a computerized playback unit, and the computer translates the tape's binary data into the exact pit measurements to make a compact disc. (These pits measure about 0.5 microns wide, 0.12 microns deep and between 0.9 and 3.2 microns long. A CD contains about 15,000 per inch.) As the glass plate rotates, a laser beam inscribes the photographic film with billions of the little indentations.

The disc is then submerged in an electrically charged pool that coats the pits with a shiny layer of nickel. The result is a functioning CD – made of glass. This must pass rigorous inspection on a playback machine for such errors as faulty measurements or particles of dust.

As in LP production, a metal master is then made. Nickel plating is once again evaporated over the glass master's pits and this time removed. This cast is the reverse of the original disc, with tiny raised peaks corresponding to pits. An indestructible metal "mother" is subsequently made from the cast. The mother is the progenitor of all future stampers, which in turn mint the CDs. As many stampers as are needed can be struck from the mother.

After computer inspection, the acceptable stampers – about ninety-five percent of all those manufactured – are loaded into injection-molding machines. The Nippon Columbia plant has eighteen of these. Melted polycarbonate plastic is shot into the molds, then a robotic arm removes the clear plastic discs and gingerly pops them onto a metal spindle. The stacks rise as fresh CDs pile up. Next, a thin aluminum film is evaporated onto the disc so that the laser beam in a CD player can read the information.

Almost done: Injection-molding the CD

As I watched the evaporation process, Nippon's dust limit of 1000 particles per cubic foot came back to me. A single particle of dust caught in the aluminum film would be boulder size in the micron landscape of CDs. On a home player, the

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James Brown: *The CD of JB*; Polydor 825 714-2
Sam Cooke: *The Man and His Music*; RCA PCD1-7127
Bob Dylan: *Biograph*; CBS C3K 38830 (3 CDs)
The Everly Brothers: *Cadence Classics*; Rhino Records RNCD 5258 (twenty greatest hits)
Marvin Gaye: *Compact Command Performances, Volume I*; Tamla TAMD-6069
Buddy Holly: *"Legend" – From the Original Master Tapes*; MCA MCAD-5540
Jerry Lee Lewis: *18 Original Sun Greatest Hits*; Rhino RNCD-5255
Bob Marley: *Legend*; Island 90169-2
Pink Floyd: *Dark Side of the Moon*; Capitol CAP CDP 46001
Elvis Presley: *Elvis' Golden Records*; RCA PCD1-5196
Bruce Springsteen: *The Wild, the Innocent & the E Street Shuffle*; CBS CK 32432
The Who: *Who Are You*; MCA MCAD-37003
***Atlantic Soul Classics*;** Warner Special Products 9-27601-2 (Aretha Franklin, Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding, Sam and Dave, the Coasters and Percy Sledge)
***The Composer Series: Holland, Dozier, Holland*;** Motown MOTD 6138 (The Supremes, Marvin Gaye, the Four Tops, Martha Reeves and the Vandellas and the Isley Brothers)
***The Original American Folk Blues Festival*;** Polydor 825 502-2 (Memphis Slim, T-Bone Walker, Willie Dixon, John Lee Hooker, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee)
***Rock and Roll: The Early Days*;** RCA PCD1-5463 (The Chords, Wynonie Harris, Big Mama Thornton, Muddy Waters, Big Joe Turner, Bill Haley, Elvis, Carl Perkins, Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis)

dust would cause an error that no correction mechanism could make sense of.

Once again the discs are stacked on metal rods. Then that rarest of elements in the process, a human being, wheels them over a few yards to the protective-film coating machine. At this stage only a thin metal layer insulates the pits from possible damage, so a gooey protective resin is spun over the aluminum layer at a speed of 2000 rpm. Ultraviolet light dries it in an instant.

Now the CD is virtually finished, its information forever protected by the clear plastic covering. As the discs pass by on conveyor belts, labels are silk-screened onto the discs and dried with ultraviolet light. *Whoosh* . . . Jefferson Airplane's *Surrealistic Pillow*. Only here did I remember that all this arcane technology is in the name of music. *Whoosh* . . . Sam Cooke's *Feel It* (one of Rick Rowe's projects). *Whoosh* . . . J.S. Bach's Brandenburg Concertos.

One of every 300 discs is inspected, and the average number of errors calculated. Industry rules allow 210 of these glitches per second of play; a home player's correction mechanism can easily handle five times that many. Nippon Columbia, however, doesn't permit more than twenty. Masao Saitoh, general manager of CD manufacturing, ripped a tabulation sheet off an inspection player to reveal an average of only nine errors per second. Even with this stringent standard, the plant's overall rejection rate is a steady ten percent, common among CD plants.

The discs are then sent to another plant, where they are set into plastic jewel cases, and the liner-note booklets are inserted.

Back in the hallway, we shed our jump suits and retreated to a lounge for green tea. I asked how many CDs had been made in the two hours since my arrival. Tom Ueno flipped open his calculator. "About 5000," he reported, and all I could think was, "I want them. Every one of them." ■

LOUDSPEAKERS

[*Cont. from 84*] toward the rear. The absence of a cabinet also eliminates all problems of false resonance, and the result is just about the truest bass I have ever heard. The trouble is that this bass unit works only in conjunction with Celestion's own ultraexpensive upper-range speakers, and the whole rig – called the System 6000 – sells for a bank-bustin' $3300.

Luckily not all digital-ready speakers are likely to lead to bankruptcy. Even in the economy bracket, some suprisingly fine-sounding models should now be reaching the stores. A case in point is the newly updated Boston Acoustics A40 Series II. At $80 each it may well be the cheapest speaker that really sounds musical. Don't expect thunderous bass or rafter-shaking power out of this little speaker, but at moderate volume it sounds clean and nicely balanced.

Listeners with limited budgets get a good deal from the Powered Partners, by Acoustic Research. These are a pair of very compact but astoundingly potent speakers, each containing its own amplifier. The idea is to use them as a portable system, easily taken from room to room, from home to school, or wherever you're traveling. (A battery pack and an attachment for connecting the speakers to an automobile cigarette-lighter socket are optional.) All you have to do is plug in a Walkman or a portable CD player and you have a low-cost minisystem whose ample sound belies the low price. Allowing for local discount, you can probably pick up a pair of Powered Partners for around $340. ■

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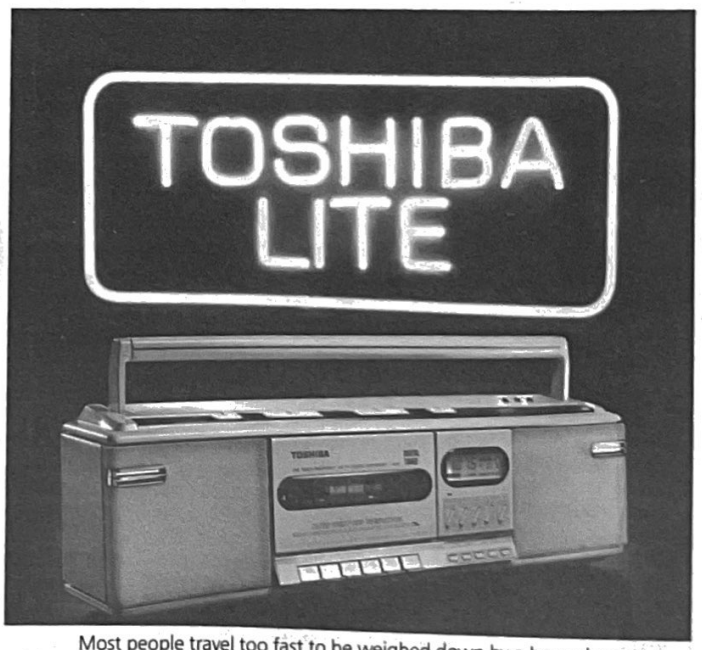

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DOS EQUIS XX

JOEL BRIDGES THE GAP

BY ANTHONY DeCURTIS

THE BRIDGE
Billy Joel ■ Columbia

On *The Bridge*, his first LP of new material in three years, Billy Joel gracefully rounds off the latest – and richest – phase of his tempestuous career. The album essentially forms a trilogy with 1982's outward-looking *The Nylon Curtain* and 1983's backward-looking *An Innocent Man*, offering a modest yet moving portrait of a mature man battling the urban strains of the Eighties in search of both a separate peace and a sense of connection.

It's tempting to read the new-found comfort Joel displays on *The Bridge* in personal terms – this is, after all, his first album since his marriage to Christie Brinkley and the birth of their child. His defensive cockiness has softened into a much more appealing confidence, and he's abandoned the ambitious concepts he's relied on to unify past LPs.

The danger of a biographical reading of *The Bridge*, however, is that Joel has historically been the least self-revealing of songwriters – a fact that's caused him no end of problems with critics. Whereas most literate rock & roll trades on the romantic illusion of an artist sharing his deepest inner feelings with an audience of sympathetic souls, Joel has always defiantly – and sometimes arrogantly – kept his distance. His theatrical flair, fondness for classic song structure and penchant for styling his vocals to suit the characters he sings about all have roots in a tradition that stretches beyond rock & roll to the formal artifice of Tin Pan Alley and Broadway. Where the masks leave off and the man begins is probably no easier for Joel himself to determine than it is for his listeners.

As he did on his 1977 LP *The Stranger*, Joel makes this dramatic tension part of *The Bridge*. "You swore to yourself a long time ago/ There were some things that people never needed to know," Joel sings on the edgy "Code of Silence," the last song he wrote for *The Bridge*. As Cyndi Lauper – who earned the first co-writing credit in Joel's career for helping him through the composer's block that gripped him when he started to write the tune – wails in and out of the vocal harmony, Joel wonders, "Isn't that a kind of madness/To be living by a code of silence/When you've really got a lot to say?" The message of emotional liberation in "Code of Silence" echoes the theme of the grinding guitar rocker "A Matter of Trust," where Joel posits the virtue of trust as preventive medicine for the sort of love that "is just a lie of the soul/A constant battle for the ultimate state of control."

A steady movement from polished rockers to full-blooded ballads sets the musical rhythm of *The Bridge*, while the lyric concerns of the LP fluctuate between the lust for control and the simultaneous desire to give it up and gain the sustaining warmth of love. In the elegant ballad "Temptation," the singer weighs the demands of "business" and the opinions of friends ("They're afraid that I'm losing my touch. . . . There's a danger in wanting too much") against the romance of family life. The frantic

Billy Joel
Illustration by
Robert Risko

self-enclosure depicted in the LP's opener, "Running on Ice," where the racing pulse of Joel's piano perfectly captures "city life anxiety," is jolted into perspective by the swelling chorus of "This Is the Time," with its reminder that amid the hubbub of urban days, life is passing:

> This is the time to remember
> Cause it will not last forever
> These are the days
> To hold on to
> Cause we won't
> Although we'll want to."

Both the male character intimidated by the upscale "Modern Woman" in the peppy single from the *Ruthless People* soundtrack and the touchingly affected hero of "Big Man on Mulberry Street" skirt the borders of self-awareness, realizing the trap their "old fashioned" attitudes have become but not fully prepared to give up the isolated safety they provide. And in the introverted "melancholy blues" of "Baby Grand," Joel and Ray Charles, who turns in an impressively genuine performance, share a vocal and piano duet that dramatizes two veteran saloon entertainers reflecting on the music that is their solace in life.

The Bridge's culmination occurs in the rollicking "Getting Closer," where Steve Winwood jams on organ as Joel concludes, "I have not lost faith/In the things I believe/And if I don't have this all worked out/Still I'm getting closer, getting closer." The tentativeness of this resolution, lifted into optimism by the song's upbeat, Traffic-like swing, suggests an adult vision of life as a continuing quest for self-knowledge – a much less contentious and more satisfying view of the world than Joel has articulated in the past.

It's appropriate that Joel has chosen to call this album *The Bridge* – a title that evokes both the emotional ties the LP stresses and the term for the musical passages that give songs their shape. The album's formal simplicity allows its meanings to emerge in a natural, unpretentious way. The result is a smart, sophisticated collection of songs that seemingly brings us closer to Billy Joel than we've ever been before – and leaves us with a pleasant sense of expectation about the bridges we'll be crossing with him in the future. ■

GOODBYE

Your letter was a storm of words
swirling shades of grey,
each a silver pellet
hitting my skin,
red welts and goosebumps.
And I had no shelter
but to read on.

– Lauren Christman

A NOT SO SWEET 'REVENGE'

BY MARK COLEMAN

REVENGE
Eurythmics ■ RCA

'REVENGE' IS A BITTER DISAPPOINTment. For the first time in five albums, Eurythmics sound conventional. Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart aren't quite avant-garde visionaries, but they have been a weird and welcome presence on the pop charts, producing quirky, ambitious hits by mounting the latest technology on war-horse-sturdy song structures. At the time of "Sweet Dreams," Lennox seemed overly detached, a potential victim of her chilling image and pop-psych leanings. But on last year's R&B-influenced *Be Yourself Tonight*, she bared her soul without relinquishing that exquisite vocal control. Her icy façade went up in a postdisco inferno: burn, baby, burn! Attempting to repeat that kind of breakthrough could exhaust any band. Eurythmics, though, are barely able to bring their new LP to a boil; after its first song, *Revenge* simmers on low heat.

"Missionary Man" is a stinging kickoff: bluesy guitars blurt, a throaty harmonica groans, and Lennox takes a sidelong look at religious guilt. Allowing how she "was born an original sinner," she cautions, "Don't mess with a missionary man"; she sounds a trifle subdued but still set to devour the first zealot that crosses her path. While Stewart reels off some of his earthiest licks ever on the song's bridge, Lennox's voice loops like a robot's. That tension, a face-off between history and science fiction, is what's missing from the rest of this album. This time Eurythmics are relying on formulas rather than twisting them slightly out of shape.

Of course, in the year since Eurythmics' last album, Dave Stewart's outside work has established him as the high-profile producer of the moment. It's hard to pinpoint the coordinates of a Stewart "sound"; he certainly doesn't try to reshape others according to the Eurythmics' sonic blueprint. So maybe he's just tired – *Revenge* is full of freshly minted clichés, expedient genre exercises and tailored-for-radio touches. Stewart seems to be working around Annie Lennox as he would any other client. There are moments when Feargal Sharkey might as well be singing, for goodness' sake.

The bustling, bottom-heavy arrangements work best around the Sixties takeoffs. On "Thorn in My Side," Annie's campy spoken intro and her off-kilter "run run run run" 's add irony to the girl-group gush. Former Blondie drummer Clem Burke's bash attack drives that song and the Beatlesque "When Tomorrow Comes," though the latter is marred by obnoxious Clarence Clemons-derived sax fills.

For all of Stewart's supposed savvy, there are a number of similar gaffes here. The calm, trancelike air of "Miracle of Love" is disturbed by flashy effects and solos; the "Missionary Man" harp reappears gratuitously on "Let's Go!"; and while Lennox blows an ethereal breath over the trippy strings on "A Little of You," old "One Beat" Burke pounds away like it's "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."

Eurythmics didn't tour last year partly because of Annie Lennox's throat problems, and if her days as a vocal daredevil are gone, she's returned with a good portion of her incredible range intact. She can still turn a giggly request like "Let's Go!" into a rockin' command, and occasionally she'll pull one of her unexplainable tricks and render a chorus indelible (cf. "Take Your Pain Away": Advil, call your agency), but most of her Space Age scat, and Stewart's wonky chops, are now relegated to bridges and fades. Annie Does Her Thing while the band vamps; Annie Sits Back and Dave Makes Funny Sounds with His Guitar while the band vamps.

Eurythmics haven't lost their innovative tendencies; they've tied them in neat little packages and made them safe by labeling them. For a group that once managed to subvert new pop formats and still be popular, what kind of revenge is that? ■

KNOCKED OUT LOADED
Bob Dylan ■ Columbia

IT'S A BAD SIGN THAT EVEN THE MOST straightforward description of Bob Dylan's thirty-first album, *Knocked Out Loaded*, sounds like a parody. I mean, on this LP, Dylan co-writes a song with Carole Bayer Sager ("Under Your Spell"); collaborates with playwright Sam Shepard on an eleven-minute cinematic epic of Americana ("Brownsville Girl"); reworks a country-gospel standard as a lilting reggae ballad ("Precious Memories"); covers tunes by Kris Kristofferson ("They Killed Him") and bluesman Little Junior Parker ("You Wanna Ramble"); teams up with Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers for one number ("Got My Mind Made Up"); and tosses in a couple of what sound to be demos of tunes he wrote all by himself ("Driftin' Too Far from Shore" and "Maybe Someday"). And the guests! Dave Stewart, Ron Wood, Al Kooper and T-Bone Burnett all turn up, accompanied by a gospel chorus and a children's choir.

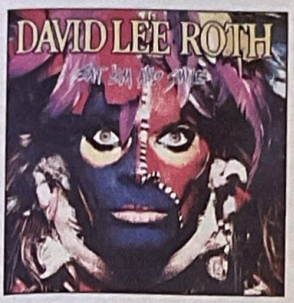
That this conceptual mess – the album includes no production credit, and for good reason – actually turns out to be likable is a miracle, perhaps the strongest argument Dylan's yet made for the advantages of being born again. Because he evidently didn't take *Knocked Out Loaded* at all seriously (the title itself, taken from the Carole Bayer Sager tune, is enough indication of that), Dylan sounds fresh and relaxed, singing with a gusto that recalls his best Sixties work.

On "You Wanna Ramble," "Driftin' Too Far from Shore" and "Maybe Someday," Dylan's pickup bands rock with loose-limbed blues-jam fervor – they sound as if they're having great fun. The steel drums on "Precious Memories" provide one of the album's many small pleasures, as does the haunting, endlessly repeated melody that runs through "They Killed Him." And while the ambitious "Brownsville Girl" wanders all over and never really gets where it wants to go, it's sort of an interesting trip.

Still, *Knocked Out Loaded* is ultimately a depressing affair, because its slipshod, patchwork nature suggests that Dylan released this LP, not because he

had anything in particular to say, but to cash in on his 1986 tour. Even worse, it suggests Dylan's utter lack of artistic direction. Less bad than pointless, *Knocked Out Loaded* will prove most satisfying to those content to expect the very least from it.

—Anthony DeCurtis



EAT 'EM AND SMILE
David Lee Roth ■ Warner Bros.

CONTRARY TO APPEARANCES, DAVID LEE Roth is no dummy. While many expected him to go totally Hollywood and outcamp *Crazy from the Heat* on his first full solo LP, Dave smartly decided to try to reconstruct the axe-wielding crunch of vintage Van Halen. By aiming for kick-rock credibility, Roth was obviously helping his cartoon image regain some edge, but there *was* an obstacle to be overcome. Namely, how to recreate Van Halen's full metal throttle without the inimitable Eddie.

Amazingly, Roth has come up with an impressive likeness of his former partner in ex-Zappa fret man Steve Vai. The guitarist takes his cues from Eddie's loop-the-loop style, but, importantly, he adds some wild dips of his own. He's not simply aping Eddie, he's also embellishing. Likewise, Vai's musical rapport with Roth mirrors Van Halen's, and that relationship, as usual, defines much of the material.

In the strictest metal tradition, many tracks are just frenzied riffs with Roth rapping on top. And surprisingly enough, there's nothing here as slick as the two singles on Van Halen's post-Roth LP. Luckily, Vai's guitar work provides a rough enough roller-coaster ride to counter the lack of more melodic hooks. "Elephant Gun" and "Bump and Grind" present a convincing case for metal retardation, and even Vai's more "sophisticated" jazzy blues jaunts in "Ladies' Nite in Buffalo?" and "I'm Easy" score.

Of course, Dave's goofball persona should not be underestimated. Just because only two tracks on the LP are textbook camp ("I'm Easy" and "That's Life"), that doesn't mean Roth has any intention of playing the rest straight. In fact, Roth seems to have taken up the challenge from replacement shouter Sammy

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Hagar to enter into a full-scale battle of the bozos.

In cuts like the metallically catchy "Yankee Rose," he mauls more scenery than ever, and every punch line hits just right. Throughout the album, in fact, the giggles just keep comin', but it's important to note that Roth's life-of-the-party routine works *only* because his comedic timing is so dead-on. Underneath there's no real character. Call him a ham without wry. True, his sexism isn't hateful like Hagar's, and his surface sense of camp is admirable given his macho milieu. But his persona lacks the vulnerability to give him any kind of depth.

Of course, what kind of depth can you expect from a guy who dresses like an African Carmen Miranda on his album cover? Clearly Dave and his new band just want to have trashy fun. On this album, they're having more than their share, and those who listen to *Eat 'Em and Smile* are invited to have some, too.

—Jim Farber

SILVER LINING

It's a hard rain's gonna fall
And that's a free car wash for all.

– S. Anne Sand

THE QUEEN IS DEAD

The Smiths* ■ *Sire

"HAS THE WORLD CHANGED/OR HAVE I changed?" Morrissey asks on "The Queen Is Dead," the opening cut on the Smiths' third U.S. album, and for once it's not a rhetorical question. Not that he's forsaken his hobbies or anything: this LP has songs about being buried alive, picnicking in cemeteries, Mom, Oscar Wilde and the comforts of total isolation. There's no mistaking Morrissey's Edith Piaf-on-the-dole vocals or Johnny Marr's wall o' guitars, but the Smiths sound different somehow – self-assured instead of self-obsessed.

It's hard to imagine Morrissey poking fun at himself, but here's the same self-righteous lettucehead of *Meat Is Murder* singing a song called "Bigmouth Strikes Again." As pedaled guitars stretch and yawn (*wah-WAH*) through tumbling drums, Morrissey comes clean, acknowledging how an articulate wit can slip into glibness. He seems to have opened his eyes a bit, or at least the windows of his bed-sit.

"The Queen Is Dead" parodies media fascination with the royal family over bombastic guitar bursts and an aggressive bass line, while "Frankly, Mr. Shankly" is a lark, an ambitious gofer's resignation set to a light, Kinks-like shuffle. "Vicar in a Tutu" has a countrified steel guitar wildly inappropriate to Morrissey's very English diction, but that twang does render the song's central image indelible: a preacher raging behind the pulpit in full drag. What would Johnny Cash make of that?

As expected, Morrissey dons his misery-goat costume for "I Know It's Over" and "Never Had No One Ever" (except for Mom, natch). But when he's at his most pretentious, pitting Wilde against Keats and Yeats in a battle of the bards on "Cemetry Gates," Morrissey sounds clearer and more melodic than ever before, wafting unlikely lines to high heaven. Like it or not, this guy's going to be around for a while.

—Mark Coleman

EMERALD CITY

Teena Marie* ■ *Epic

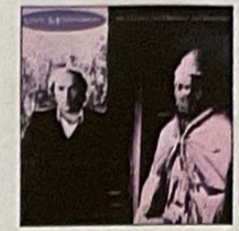
THE IDEA OF TEENA MARIE HAS ALWAYS been appealing: a white woman humanist with funk in her blood, who writes, arranges and produces all her own material. That makes her a rarity even in the Eighties. And when she emerged in 1979 as a protégée of Rick James, the music matched the idea; on hits like "Square Biz" and "It Must Be Magic," Marie stomped, shouted and smiled all at the same time. Long before "Beat It," she promised to heal all the wounds between rock and funk.

But since she started recording for Epic in 1983, Marie's done little more than adopt a pose, that of the ultrahip, ultraslick visionary just dying to enlighten you. Occasionally, she's concentrated her pretensions long enough to turn out a good single – like last year's "Lovergirl," her biggest pop hit to date – but for the most part her Epic albums, *Robbery*, *Starchild* and now *Emerald City*, have been no show and all tell.

Marie's certainly got grand enough ambitions. In *Emerald City*, she's a Space Age Dorothy whirling her way down the fast lane, though her companions – last month's drum-machine programs and fuzz-guitar licks – are even more unreliable than the Scarecrow and the Cowardly Lion. At least when someone like Prince pays tribute to Jimi Hendrix, he adds a lot of charisma, a strong edge. On a track like "You So Heavy," Marie just seems to be congratulating herself for listening to *Electric Ladyland* all these years. Any time she does get some kind of groove working she drags it down with her flower-child-cum-rap lyrics, as she rides "eighty-five miles per hour" through "crystal blue persuasion in your dreams," only to beg, "Love Me Down Easy."

Marie's vocals still combine girl-group shrill with soul melisma, but after seven years her voice hasn't matured much. "Sunny Skies" might have been a poignant homecoming-conclusion, but Marie's voice spills all over the song and ruins the torchy, piano-based arrangement. Actually, Marie's self-exaggerations aren't completely inappropriate for *Emerald City*; while it lacks the timeless charm of *The Wizard of Oz*, it certainly captures all the glitz and vanity of *The Wiz*.

—Rob Hoerburger



NO GURU, NO METHOD, NO TEACHER

Van Morrison* ■ *Mercury

NO GURU, NO METHOD, NO TEACHER, no tunes – like most of his recorded work this decade, the latest epistle from pop's high priest of Celtic mysticism sounds on first approach like another meditative stroll through an outdoor folk-jazz chapel of *Astral Weeks* design. Serene hymns like "Oh the Warm Feeling" and "Foreign Window" are marvels of dynamic understatement. Morrison's lyrical equations between spiritual devotion and earthly love are gently buoyed by drummer Baba Trunde's feathery brushwork and the distant hosannas of a female backup quartet. It's a fragile, familiar schematic, laid out over haunting, circular melodies airbrushed with acoustic guitars and often abruptly broken up by Morrison's idiosyncratic vocal phrasing.

But the lakeside calm of this record is fraught with an unexpected tension. In the otherwise bucolic "A Town Called Paradise," Morrison rips into the Springsteen-Seger generation of Van disciples ("Copycats ripped off my songs/Copycats ripped off my words/Copycats ripped off my melody") with a venomous grumble that sounds like Mark Knopfler with a toothache. "Ivory Tower," an upbeat whack of Stax & roll, is in turn a heated defense of his own uncommon art, not to mention the first real blast of prime "Domino"-style sing-along Morrison in some time. "Don't you know the price that I have to pay," he sings in the final verse, chewing on his words with righteous indignation. "Do you think that there's nothing to it/You should try it sometime."

In the end, though, *No Guru, No Method, No Teacher* (a line from the sweet "Madame George"-like reverie "In the Garden") is Morrison's impassioned declaration that his music is not to be confused with religious doctrine, a call to any particular altar. "Got to Go Back" reveals the spiritual core of Morrison's work when he recalls schoolboy days communing with Ray Charles records after class – "Oh that love that was within me/You know it carried me through" – and ultimately it is that kind of elemental soul that resonates throughout this album. "Breathe it in all the way down," Morrison instructs at one point in "Got to Go Back," "and breathe it out with a radiance." Then just bask in the glow.

—David Fricke

AUGUST

The summer unraveled like
a cheap cassette
bruised ribbon of torch songs
and tenor sax hoots trailing
like confetti through my fingers

I watched it from the driver's
seat at seventy
sucked shining and tangled
into time's slipstream

– Nick Jans

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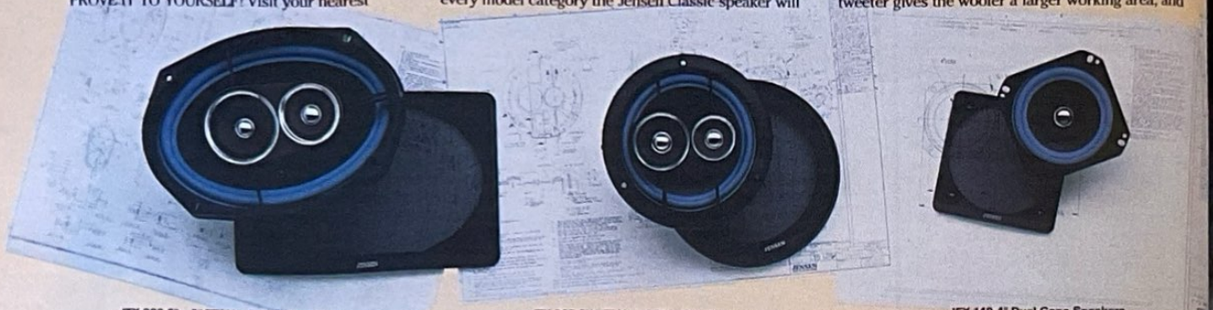

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LOVE & HOPE & SEX & DREAMS

BoDeans ■ Slash/Warner Bros.

SO FEW ROOTS-ORIENTED BANDS MANage to be accessible that there's a danger of going overboard when one comes into sight. But the BoDeans, out of Wisconsin, are one of the few – so let's go overboard a bit.

Guitarists Sammy Llanas and Kurt Newmann write tight, snappy pop songs that acknowledge tradition and then expand on it – this is no mere revivalism or wistful nostalgia. The LP opens with "She's a Runaway," the tale of a woman who "got beat up one too many times" and took the law into her own hands, and then proceeds through ten more ruminations on love and life that manipulate classic Fifties and Sixties rock and country forms as if they were good-luck charms. T-Bone Burnett is an ideal choice to produce the BoDeans (and Llanas's voice is strikingly similar to Burnett's nasal snarl): the stripped-down sound is a slightly more cluttered extension of the clear, direct sound Burnett helped Declan MacManus, a.k.a. Elvis Costello, achieve on *King of America*, and Burnett's unobtrusive approach to Llanas and Newmann's songs lets the compositions breathe.

The BoDeans' impressive debut may nonetheless be a shout into the void. Despite the reams written about getting back to basics, most radio music is constructed around a synthesizer and a drum machine, but this album's strongest tracks – the gorgeous, Tex-Mex-flavored "Still the Night" and its single, the hard, chunking "Fadeaway" – are so stark and unfussy that they'd seem out of place between synth moaners in vapid radio formats. Though there are minor problems with *Love & Hope & Sex & Dreams* – many of the best songs are crammed onto the first side, for instance – the joys of this tough music makes such criticisms seem petty.

– Jimmy Guterman

BACK IN BLACK

Whodini ■ Jive/Arista

"WE MAKE BEATS WITH RHYTHM AND rhythm with beats," Jalil Hutchins raps in "Funky Beat," the first single from Whodini's third album. That perfectly describes this group's style. Every song pairs a different beat with a different rhythm. Unfortunately, the raps by Jalil and Ecstacy, who are virtually indistinguishable from one another, aren't so funky fresh. This record features boast rap ("Born and raised in the streets of Brooklyn/There're three of us and we're all good-looking"); cliché rap ("He who hesitates is lost/And the price that you pay is called the cost"); and, worst of all, sexist rap ("I'll never touch another man's prop-er-tee)."

Unlike Run-D.M.C., Melle Mel and Kurtis Blow, Whodini doesn't have a message. It was those rhythms and beats, not def raps, that made "Five Minutes of Funk" and "Freaks Come Out at Night," from the LP *Escape*, into dance-floor hits last year (I defy anyone to sing a few bars from "Five Minutes"). Whodini should have similar success with *Back in Black*'s better tracks: "Fugitive," with its Run-D.M.C. heavy-metal crunch; "One Love"; and "The Good Part," a comic appeal for sex. If the Gap Band were to rap, the last cut would probably be the result.

Repeats, crashes, echoes, scratches (check out "Echo Scratch") and assorted hip-hop gimmicks elevate this bottom-heavy record above the average rap disc. But *Back in Black* is day-old rap; it sounds just a little bit stale.

– Steve Bloom

DREAMS SCRATCHED ON PAPER

Little notes scratched on paper
echo music's colours.

And you politely accept them
as evidence of our success.

The luminous blond future
brims before us,
shining like midnight water.

– Donna Sherrill

THE SKY

Blood red sun.
Conquistadors of light
holding hands as they walk
through sky corridors.
Water drawn from a wandering
star. Solitude growing its
own hair.

– Steven Ford Brown

PETER CASE

Peter Case ■ Geffen

AS THE LEADER OF L.A.'S PLIMSOULS, PEter Case seemed like just another West Coast hook recycler whose band got signed to a major label during the post-Knack power-pop blitz. But even back then there was reason to believe that Case was capable of more; the most notable evidence of this was "A Million Miles Away," a melodic, romantic rocker of heartbreaking urgency. But *Peter Case* delivers far more than even the Plimsouls' finest moment ever promised. This album is not just an unusually strong solo debut, it's a pull-out-the-stops masterpiece, an Americanized *Imperial Bedroom*.

Backed by an eccentric cast of California players, including Roger McGuinn, Van Dyke Parks, John Hiatt, Mike Campbell and Jim Keltner, Case has crafted a stunning song cycle about (as he puts it in his stream-of-consciousness liner notes) "sin and salvation." Like the best work of the Band and Creedence Clearwater Revival, Case's artfully constructed back-roads narratives have a mysterious, timeless quality. There's also a pervasive wistfulness to Case's songs that's reminiscent of the Byrds. This isn't meant to suggest that Case is any sort of revivalist. If this album proves anything, it's that he has made the big jump and hit upon a powerful sound of his own.

The strength of a song like "Small Town Spree" is the poetic restraint with which Case recounts an acquaintance's apparently murderous indiscretions. Producer T-Bone Burnett (the born-again hipster who, for a mere mortal, is becoming pretty damn omnipresent behind the boards) frames the song with a delicate orchestral arrangement, just one example of his sympathetic work here. Even more enigmatic is "Walk in the Woods," a haunting, folkie number in which Case trails a number of characters who head off for a stroll only to be claimed by some unnamed fate.

From the ominous lyrical tone, you'd think *Peter Case* would be pretty bleak going, but the record's harmonica-laden swamp sound and Case's impassioned vocals provide an uplifting musical balance to the pervasively downbeat subject matter. And ultimately what's more depressing is that there aren't more records as good as this melancholy gem.

– David Wild

RAPTURE

Anita Baker ■ Elektra

BY THE STANDARDS OF TODAY'S SUPERdivas, this is a modest album. There are no traces of the wailing matron Patti La Belle or the teen vamp Janet Jackson, nothing of Whitney Houston's yuppie melodrama. Baker just sings, and in these days of vocal extravaganzas, *Rapture* is an unexaggerated delight.

It's also a difficult one to tackle. Baker's voice is a husky gurgle, somewhere between Sarah Vaughan and Joan Armatrading, and though she primarily sings well-crafted love songs, she doesn't build them up into big productions or speed them up to Top Forty tempos. Listening to Baker demands patience and attentiveness; she doesn't take any shortcuts and won't allow her listeners any either.

What helps Baker succeed is that her musicians don't just play behind her, they *know* her – giving her legato plenty of room, echoing her incandescent phrases, maintaining a groove that's relaxed but never dull. The symbiosis between Baker and her band brings delicate strength to "Sweet Love" and "You Bring Me Joy," warmth to "Same Old Love" and vague yearning to "Mystery."

Baker's most revealing interpretation is of her own composition "Watch Your Step." If it were Aretha handling the "you done me wrong" lyrics, she'd either beat her lover into heavenly submission or leave him burning in hell, while Patti would deafen him. Baker is nearly deadpan; you know she's suffered every imaginable hurt, so that when her searing release does come at the end of the song, you believe it.

At times, the groove on *Rapture* gets a little too homogeneous, and Baker occasionally drifts into some superfluous scatting and pseudo-jazz harmony. But these are just minor flaws in the work of an artist who's here for the long haul – an acquired but enduring taste.

– Rob Hoerburger

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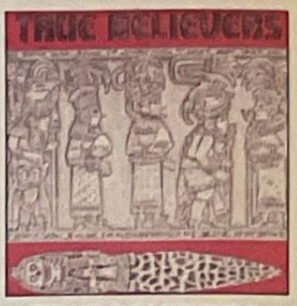

TRUE BELIEVERS
True Believers* ■ *EMI America

CHARLIE SEXTON GETS THE HEADLINES, and Jimmie Vaughan of the Fabulous Thunderbirds gets the critical raves, but the most exciting guitar work in Austin right now is coming from Javier Escovedo, Alejandro Escovedo and Jon Dee Graham, the triple-threat axe attack of the True Believers.

Before forming the True Believers, Alejandro Escovedo was in Rank and File, one of the two toughest country-influenced bands riding the current wave of American music (the other, of course, is Jason and the Scorchers) and one of the few cowpunk units that doesn't sound like a bunch of jokesters.

Escovedo's new music is a clear extension of Rank and File's original Everlys-meet-the-Clash synthesis. Like Rank and File, the True Believers may be expunks, but they're still nihilists: one listen to the Stones-derived midtempo ballad "So Blue About You" pegs these guys as unrepentant romantic cynics.

Their three-guitar lineup (augmented by the steady rhythm section of bass player Denny DeGorio and drummer Kevin Foley as well as the occasional keyboard) affords the True Believers a flexibility that escapes most other roots-oriented bands and prevents the sameness that infects most such records. Jon and Javier trade unself-conscious lead lines like they're inside jokes and rarely wallow in the brand of indiscriminate showing off favored by Stevie Ray Vaughan (another Austin resident).

Unfortunately, the band is more interested in clever guitar lines than in constructing arrangements around them. Worse, they don't seem at all interested in saying anything in their lyrics that a half-dozen new American bands haven't already said better. But for now, the eighteen strings of Escovedo, Escovedo and Graham are mature, understated and wild enough to make this trip west worthwhile. ***– Jimmy Guterman***

CHOPSTICKS

Picked me up
with her legs.

– James Hong

Texas Chainsaw Massacre

I asked if we could cut her face in half, but they said no.

[*Cont. from 36*] off drugs for two years."

"You think the drugs hurt your career?"

"I don't know. I was on drugs, so I didn't notice. I was in Taos, New Mexico, and I think the guys out in Hollywood were probably not giving me jobs because they were doing drugs but they thought I was doing more drugs than they were."

"How do you feel now?"

"Great. Better than I ever felt in my life."

"Thanks, Dennis. Gotta go get chain-sawed."

Next thing, they sent me over to Makeup and Wardrobe to get fixed up for the big scene where I play myself gettin shish-kebabbed by the Saw Family. Costarring with me in the scene was Twinkle Bayoud, the only person I ever met who was a segment on Robin Leach's *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. Robin described her as a "real-estate tigress who sells hot property to the moneyed elite" and also throws the greatest parties in Texas. Twinkle is a tall, sad-eyed blonde, thin as a string of beef jerky, who called up the production office, begged to be in the flick and kept saying, "Remember, I'm only twenty minutes away by Lear."

"Yuppie meat?" I said to Kit Carson.

"Yuppie meat," Kit said.

"I'm a personal friend of Dennis," Twinkle told me.

"Do I get to kill you or what?"

The other bimbo in the scene with me is named Victoria Powells, an El Lay actress who's beautiful and knows how to act. I told Kit this wasn't gonna work.

"Can we kill her off early? She might be a distraction."

"Just more yuppie meat," he said.

By the time we got to the scene, it was 3:00 a.m. on the Fourth of July and Kit had been away two, three hours sprayin roach killer on his hair.

"Joe Bob," he told me, "what we got here is the Saw Family ridin around Dallas on Texas-OU Weekend in a catering truck searchin for yuppie meat. They decide to wait outside a movie theater – the movie theater you're about to come out of with these two bimbos. Why don't you just write your own words? And then we'll do the Saw Fu."

I asked Kit why he was talkin like me, and he said he didn't know, and then he gave me this big "I been stayin up all night" grin. By this time the place looked like a George Romero set – walkin zom-everwhere.

In other words, they wanted me to do scene the Coppola way. So I out some dialogue and charged twenty extra bucks for the writing, and then Tobe came out of his trailer and we were all ready to emote.

By this time Twinkle was wearing 19,000 pounds of makeup and showing signs of overacting. ("I jet to New York once a week for lessons," she said.)

We rehearsed the scene one time. I'm proud to say it's a scene written so that it can never be shown on HBO, used as a clip on *The Tonight Show* or shown to film students as an example of anything except a disgusting little exploitation scene. The professor will probably say somethin like "This scene here looks like they shot it at three in the morning."

Ever once in a while we stopped so that Tobe could bustle around settin up lights and tellin people to rack their f-stops and focus their pullers and flog their dolphins, and while we were stopped, Twinkle would order more makeup and tell me to say her name.

"It's written in the script," she said. "Why don't you say what's in the script?"

Sure enough, I wrote down *Twink* in my first line. I told her I'd say it, so all her friends would know which one she was.

Thank God we finally got to her payoff line, which is "You two wanna go to Austin? It's just twenty minutes away by jet." That's the signal for Leatherface to spring out of the back of the catering truck with a chain saw in his hand and Robin Leach this woman to death. I asked if we could cut her face in half, but they said no, there wasn't enough time to rig her head for the complete Old Faithful treatment. She had to die off camera.

We finished the scene at 8:30, as the sun was risin over deserted downtown Austin and some of the Teamsters were leavin to haul people out to Farm Aid II, which also died off camera.

I went rootin around in a trailer tryin to find Kit, but he was rentin his shirt out as a nuclear-waste disposal site.

It was hard to believe it was all over. Twinkle and me, well, I guess we were friends for life. "I hope you won't put my name in your column, Joe Bob," she said. "It's just so *controversial*."

"Okay, Twink, long as you don't invite me to any parties."

Tom was packing up his stage-blood pumper, destined for more gore.

Tobe, Leatherface, Dennis – they were all passed out on pavements, sawing logs and limbs.

As I walked away, I thought of them all, each and ever one of them, as *my family*. And when I heard the distant whine of a chain saw, revving up for the final three scenes, I knew they would all be gone soon. Very soon. ■

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Paul McCartney

'It's certainly not been as idyllic as it looks on the surface. It's a *real marriage*, believe me.'

[*Cont. from 48*] Allen Ginsberg. It was a pretty rich period. I used to make 8-mm home movies and show them one frame at a time – *flick, flick, flick* – which made them last about an hour, when they only should have been ten minutes, you know? I remember showing them to Antonioni – I think he was in town filming *Blow-Up* – and Keith Richards. We had some nice evenings – quite *stoned* evenings, I must admit – just watching these movies. I still have them. And I was into Stockhausen, and I used to make a lot of home tape loops and just send them to friends for, like, a buzz. I remember sayin' to John once, "I'm gonna do an album of this and call it *Paul McCartney Goes Too Far*." And he said, "Yeah, you've gotta do it, man!" So *I* was the one who introduced John, originally, to a lot of that stuff. In fact, not many people know this, but Yoko came to my house before she met John. There was a charity thing – it was rather avant-garde, something to do with John Cage or something – and she wanted lyrics, manuscripts. I hate to tell you, but I really didn't want to give her any of my lyrics – you know, selfish, or whatever, but I just didn't want to do it. So I said, "But there's a friend of mine who might want to help – my mate, John."

So you were the catalyst for John and Yoko's relationship?

Well, I don't know that. But I kind of put her on to John, and then they really hit it off – it was like a *wild fire*, you know? John was certainly in love. Um . . . a little *insecurely* in love, 'cause he warned me off Yoko – sort of said, "Look, no, no." 'Cause he knew I was a bit of a lady's man – I liked the girls, no doubt about that. And I said, "Yeah, okay." I mean, I wasn't *about to*, anyway, but he didn't know that.

You became involved with Linda Eastman instead. Has it been difficult to sustain such a controversial union over the last sixteen years?

Well, we've been up, we've been down, we've been in love, we've been out of love – we've been every which way, you know? It's certainly not been as idyllic as it looks on the surface. It's a *real marriage*, believe me – as real as any other marriage. The bottom line is that we love each other, and what's more, we *like* each other. It sounds corny, but what else can I say?

Thinking about you and Linda, and John and Yoko, inevitably recalls the end of the Beatles. After all this time, the cause of the group's breakup still seems murky. What really happened?

The actual story in my mind is that it was all getting a bit sticky during the White Album. And *Let It Be* was very sticky – George left the group then, and so did Ringo, but we managed to patch that back up. The dates are all purple haze to me, but at some point – after *Let It Be* was finished, and about the time I was wanting to put the *McCartney* album out – we had a meeting at the Apple office, and it was like "Look, something's wrong, and we've got to sort it out." I had my suggestion: I said, "What I think we ought to do is get back as a band – get back as the little unit we always were. I think we ought to hit small clubs and do a little tour." I just wanted to *learn* to be a band together again, 'cause we'd become a business group. We'd become *businessmen*. So that was my big suggestion. And John looked me in the eye and he said, "I think you're daft. In fact, I wasn't gonna tell you . . . but I'm leavin' the group." To my recollection, those were his exact words. And our jaws dropped. And then he went on to explain that it was rather a good feelin' to get it off his chest – a bit like when he told his wife about a divorce, that he'd had a sort of feeling of relief. Which was very nice for him, but we didn't get much of a good feeling.

At first we agreed not to announce it. But after three or four months, I got more and more guilty about people saying, "How's the group going?" when we sort of knew it was probably split up. So I did a kind of dumb move in the end, and when I look back on it, it was really . . . it looks very hard and cold. But I was releasing the *McCartney* album, and I didn't really want to do much press for it; so I told a guy from the office to do me a list of questions and I'll write the answers and we'll print it up as a pamphlet and just stick it in with the press copies of the album. The questions were quite pointed, and it ended up being like me announcing that the Beatles had broken up. John got quite mad about that, apparently – this is one of the things he said really hurt him and cut him to the quick. Personally, I don't think it was such a bad thing to announce to the world after *four months* that we'd broken up. It had to come out sometime. I think maybe the manner of doing it I regret now – I wish it had been a little kinder, or with the others' approval. But I felt it was time.

Weren't the others also upset that your

album, *McCartney*, was released a month before *Let It Be*?

Yeah, I think John thought I was using this press release for publicity – as I suppose, in a way, I was. So it all looked very weird, and it ruffled a few feathers. The good thing about it was that we all had to finally own up to the fact that we'd broken up three or four months before. We'd been ringing each other quite constantly, sort of saying, "Let's get it back together again." And I think me, George and Ringo *did* want to save things. But I think John was, at that point, too heavily into his new life – which you can't blame him for. He'd always wanted to be a little more avant-garde, and so living in New York, and Yoko's influence, obviously helped him do that. It was very exciting for him on a lot of levels. So it became clear about that time that the group wasn't gonna get back together. And that was it.

Did it sadden you to see Lennon subsequently drift off into heroin addiction?

Yeah, I really didn't like that. Unfortunately, he was driftin' away from *us* at that point, so none of us actually *knew*. He never told us; we heard rumors, and we were very sad. But he'd embarked on a new course, which really involved anything and everything. Because John was that kind of a guy – he wanted to live his life to the full as he saw it. He would often say things like, "If you find yourself at the edge of a cliff and you wonder whether you should jump off or not – try jumping." And I am afraid I would always say, "No, man, I'm not gonna jump off that cliff; I don't care how good it is." I remember we had dinner one night – just a friendly dinner, just bein' mates – and I remember John saying he was thinking of having this trepanning thing done: drilling a hole in the skull. The Romans or the Greeks or somebody used to do it, so that gave it a validity in John's mind, I think. And he said, "Would you be up for that? Do you fancy doin' that? We could go and get it done." I said, "Why?" He said, "It relieves the pressure on your brain." I said, "Look, *you* go try it, and if it's great, you tell me, and maybe I'll do it."

That was the kind of stuff that was floatin' around then. I just feel very lucky to have said no to those things. 'Cause at the time, I felt *bad* about sayin' no. I thought, "Oh, here I go again, look at me, unadventurous, I'm always the one, they're gonna make such fun of me." I mean, I got such pressure when I wouldn't take acid the first time. I got a *lot* of pressure there.

Was it like the group sitting around all dropping acid, and you . . .

Yeah. They were sayin', "What's wrong with him?" *Now*, looking back on it, I think, *Jesus*, I must have had some courage to actually resist that peer pressure. But at the time, I felt really goody-goody, you know: "Hey, Mr. Clean, squeaky clean," you know? It was like "Aw, come on, fellas, I'm not *really* squeaky clean, but, you know, acid is maybe gonna do our heads in."

But you eventually did try LSD.

Yeah, finally. In actual fact, it was because John had done it by mistake one evening. We turned up for a session at Abbey Road, and he thought he'd taken a pep pill – speed, or whatever – to sort of wake him up for the evening, but it turned out to be acid. He had a little pillbox, and he'd taken the wrong pill. This was around the time of *Sgt. Pepper*. Well, we didn't get a lot done that night. John came over and said, "Jeez, I'm trippin'." And we all went, "Ahhh . . . okay. Keep cool, lad. Now, is this a good place to be tripping?" He said, "No, not really." Okay. George Martin didn't know. We said, "George, John's not feeling too well" – so George took him *up on the roof!* We said, "Maybe that's not a good idea, George." I said, "Tell you what, I'll take him home." So I took him home, and that was my first trip, that night, because I figured, you know, I can't leave the guy on his own – he was all *aowooommm*. . . .

Your apparent preference for marijuana has made many headlines over the years. Do you still indulge?

I don't talk about stuff like that no more – it's too crazy. Where I *was* lucky was with my avoidance of heroin. I went through most of the other stuff, and I had a friend in the Sixties who was getting into heroin. He said to me, "Man, the thing about heroin is that it's okay as long as you've got the money to support the habit – there's no problem as long as you can pay. And you're not likely to have a problem with that, so it's cool." But something in my brain went *djing!* – a little light went on – and I said, "No, this is wrong." So I was very lucky. I said, "No thanks," and avoided that scene. And I thank God that I did, because a lot of my friends *didn't*, and they went through some *horror zones*, you know? Some of them didn't come out of it.

It's sobering to realize that the recreational drug taking of the Sixties, which seemed so lighthearted, has resulted in the wall-to-wall drug scene of today – which is anything but.

I think a lot of it's been caused by people's ignorance of the drug scene – like lumping marijuana with heroin, saying, "Well, one leads to the other." I always say to them, "Well, booze leads to it just as easily, and cigarettes lead to booze, and so on. It all leads to each other." I personally think that if the older generation had been more sensible, instead of busting people and using scare tactics . . .

Like the scare stories about cocaine in the States recently.

I'm not sure about coke. I'm not into that. Again, I was lucky, because I *was* into that just before the [*Cont. on 102*]

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UNDERARMS

HANDS

FEET

Paul McCartney

'George and I have talked about maybe just plonking a couple of acoustics together.'

[*Cont. from 101*] entire record industry got into it. I was into it at the time of *Sgt. Pepper*, actually. And the guys in the group were a bit, kind of, "Hey, wait a minute, that's a little heavier than we've been getting into." And I was doing the traditional coke thing – "No problem, man, it's just a little toot, no problem." It was all very lightweight, really. But I remember one evening I went down to a club, and somebody was passin' coke around, and I was feelin' so great, and I came back from the toilet – and suddenly I just got *the plunge*, you know? The *drop*. And somebody said, "Have some more. Come on, get back up again." I said, "No, man, this isn't gonna work." I mean, anything with that big a downside. . . Anyway, I could never stand that feelin' at the back of the throat – it was like you were chokin', you know? So I knocked that on the head. I just thought, "This is not fun."

I must say, since we're gettin' into drugs – and at the risk of sounding goody-goody again – that I do personally feel, from this perspective, today, that my favorite thing is to be clean and straight. I think you can enjoy your life better that way. I mean, when we were very straight in the Beatles, we did music that was pretty much as far out as the stuff we did later. Maybe it wasn't *as* far out, but actually, beneath the surface, it was every bit as meaningful.

On a more trivial but similarly ancient note, a new biography of you claims that Paul McCartney, the world's most famous left-handed bassist, is actually right-handed. True?

No, I'm quite definitely left-handed. When I first got a guitar, I couldn't understand what was wrong with it, 'cause I really couldn't get it together. I felt so unrhythmic – so *white*, you know? Suddenly I was, like, whiter than I'd ever been. I just had no rhythm in my hands. Then I saw a picture of Slim Whitman – now *there's* a name to conjure with – and he had his guitar the wrong way round. He was the first lefty I'd ever seen, and I said, "Hey, shit, that's it: turn the guitar upside down." After that, my strumming hand got a little blacker again.

Did you feel similarly reassured when Jimi Hendrix turned up on the London scene?

Yeah, Jimi was brilliant. I knew him and loved him. The first time I saw him was down at a club – I think it was the Bag o' Nails – and I was just completely blown away. I'd never seen anyone turn their amp up that high. He'd wind up a hundred-watt Marshall and hit his guitar, and it'd go *beyowww-whoot-rowww!* Fantastic! Townshend and Eric Clapton were in the audience, and me – all checking Jimi out – and our jaws were just droppin'. He had such expertise – he really knew his way around a guitar. And he was a very sweet guy, very quietly spoken, very enthusiastic. The greatest compliment he ever paid me was when the Beatles did *Sgt. Pepper*. The album was released on a Friday night, and on Sunday Jimi played a little gig that Brian Epstein used to run called the Savile Theatre – and he opened with "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band": *boom-boom-bahhhm, boom-boom-bahhhm!* Oh, man, that was so good. I mean, it had only been out for two days!

So, yeah, I have very fond memories of Jimi. I mean, Van Halen's great – I love Eddie Van Halen – but I still think Jimi was the best.

After John Lennon conquered his drug problem, did the two of you finally patch up your personal relationship?

We were submerged in business troubles at the time. There was incredible bitterness. At one point, to get some peace in the camp, I told my lawyers I wanted to give John an indemnity he had been seeking against a certain clause in one of the Apple contracts. I said, "Someone's gotta make the first move. I'd love to be the voice of reason here." I happened to be on my way to the Caribbean, so, passing through New York, I rang John up. But there was so much suspicion, even though I came bearing the olive branch. I said, "Hey, I'd like to see you." He said, "What for? What do you *really* want?" It was very difficult. Finally . . . he had a great line for me: he said, "You're all pizza and fairy tales." He'd become sort of Americanized by then, so the best insult I could think of was to say, "Oh, fuck off, Kojak," and slam the phone down. "Pizza and fairy tales" – I almost made that an album title.

That was about the strength of our relationship then – very, very bitter – and we didn't get over that for a long, long time. But thank God, at the very end, we suddenly realized that all we had to do was not mention Apple if we phoned each other. We could talk about the kids, talk about his cats, talk about writin' songs – the one paramount thing was not to mention Apple. So then the last couple of phone calls we had were getting very nice. I remember once he said to me, "Do they play

me against you like they play you against me?" Because there were always people in the background pitting us against each other. And I said, "Yeah, they do. They sure do." That was a couple of months before he . . . it's still weird even to say, "before he died." I still can't come to terms with that. I still don't believe it. It's like, you know, those dreams you have, where he's still alive; then you wake up and . . . "Oh."

It was all so tragic. But I do feel thankful that the last few years of his life were very happy, from what I can gather. He was always a very warm guy, John. His bluff was all on the surface. He used to take his glasses down – those granny glasses – take 'em down and say, "It's only me." They were like a wall, you know? A shield. Those are the moments I treasure. I suppose we hurt each other and stuff, but I keep looking at all the evidence of how I hurt him, and I don't know – it doesn't seem quite as bad as I think he was making it.

I just read about this thing that's going on sale at Sotheby's – this Apple booklet with John's comments in the margins in his own handwriting. It is *so* bitter. Like, there's a picture of Paul and Linda's wedding – and John's crossed out "wedding" and written in "funeral." I think it starts to tell there. Another caption says, "Paul goes to Hollywood" – and then he's apparently written in the margin, "To cut Yoko and John out of the film." He often thought that we were tryin' to cut Yoko out of things, to cut her out of *Let It Be*. I suppose we were, in some degree; because she wasn't in the Beatles, and it was a Beatles film, and it wasn't absolutely necessary to have long footage of her in there. She certainly *was in there*, but obviously they felt she should be in there a little more. I bent over backward trying to see John's point of view. I still bend over backward trying to not malign him.

You do seem to have been cast as the heavy in the Beatles' breakup.

It isn't pleasant. A lot of the accusations John made in public were slightly wild. I mean . . . maybe we should've taken to Yoko a little better. I often *do* feel not too clever about not taking to her, because we didn't get on too well. She was very *different* from anything we'd encountered. A lot of people still find her a little difficult to take. I figure, well, he loved her, so it's nothin' to do with me – I should respect her through him. And I felt that I tried to do that. But we were being so set against each other that his unreasonable bitterness was almost inevitable, I think. It's such a pity he felt that way. But the bottom line is we loved each other. And I'm glad to be getting back to some semblance of sanity with George and Ringo now – we can meet and hug and say we love each other, you know?

Might the three of you ever record together again?

I don't know. I'd like to. But it's a touchy affair. I think all of us, rather than get the world's press on our backs, would rather just play that aspect down for now. But I'd like to. And I know George and I have talked once or twice about maybe just plonking a couple of acoustics together. So that whole scene is warming up a bit, which is nice. It's such a breath of fresh air – and it's been a long time coming, you know? So I see hope for the future in that direction. But I don't want to rush it. I don't want to put anyone off. I'll just play it by ear. Just let it happen.

We were talking about doing a Beatles movie a couple of years ago: slinging in home movies and old outtakes, adding narration – the definitive Beatles story. We were going to call it *The Long and Winding Road*. We asked Dick Lester to direct it, but he said no one would be interested. Two months later, *The Compleat Beatles* came out on video – and it's still in the video charts. So Dick was wrong: there's quite a big market. And we have all the *Let It Be* outtakes. And I have a beautiful piece of footage from that Dezo Hoffmann photo session with the Beatles on the beach in old-fashioned bathing suits. It's fabulous, 'cause John is doing this beautiful Charleston – which his mother taught him how to do. I love it. I'd still like to do that movie. I talked to Steven Spielberg about it, and he was much more encouraging than Dick Lester. He said Martin Scorsese might be a good person to talk to.

Meanwhile, I'm thinking of getting a band together myself. I know the Beatles used to say, "We won't be rock & rollin' when we're forty," but I still love it. The Prince's Trust benefit just zonked me out: looking around and seeing Eric Clapton, Mark Knopfler, Bryan Adams, Elton, Tina – there was such a buzz on that stage. I think they were glad to see me sort of vaguely gettin' it on. I sang "I Saw Her Standing There" and "Long Tall Sally," too – in the original key! It really felt great. I could do that every night. So I'd like to get a band. I don't know if I'll call it Wings – maybe some new incarnation.

Whatever may happen, will you be leaving the gray in your hair? It looks very distinguished.

Yeah, I'm leaving that. When you're past forty, the game is up, you know? My wife actually likes it. Ringo told me off about it, though – he reckoned I ought to color it. I think he's kind of gaugin' himself by how old I look – like I make *him* feel old if *I* look a bit old. But what the hell, you know? This is life. We're all gettin' older every second. My main thing is just to try and enjoy it. And I'm very surprised to find that, more often than not, I really do. ■

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CHARTS

U.S. SINGLES

1. **PETER CETERA** "Glory of Love" – Warner Bros.
2. **MADONNA** "Papa Don't Preach" – Sire
3. **STEVE WINWOOD** "Higher Love" – Island
4. **ROD STEWART** "Love Touch" – Warner Bros.
5. **BELINDA CARLISLE** "Mad About You" – I.R.S.
6. **JERMAINE STEWART** "We Don't Have to Take Our Clothes Off" – Arista
7. **LIONEL RICHIE** "Dancing on the Ceiling" – Motown
8. **WHAM!** "The Edge of Heaven" – Columbia
9. **BANANARAMA** "Venus" – London
10. **PETER GABRIEL** "Sledgehammer" – Geffen

Courtesy of the GAVIN REPORT

DANCE TRACKS

1. **BANANARAMA** "Venus" – London
2. **PETER GABRIEL** "Sledgehammer" – Geffen
3. **PETE SHELLEY** "On Your Own" – Mercury
4. **ERASURE** "Oh l'Amour" – Sire
5. **RUN-D.M.C.** "My Adidas"/"Walk This Way" – Profile
6. **PET SHOP BOYS** "Opportunities" – EMI America
7. **THE ART OF NOISE FEATURING DUANE EDDY** "Peter Gunn" – Chrysalis
8. **ICEHOUSE** "No Promises" – Chrysalis
9. **BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE** "E = MC²" – Columbia
10. **JANET JACKSON** "Nasty" – A&M

Courtesy of Rockpool Promotions Ltd.

VIDEOS

1. **ROD STEWART** "Love Touch" – Warner Bros.
2. **MADONNA** "Papa Don't Preach" – Sire
3. **ANDY TAYLOR** "Take It Easy" – Atlantic
4. **STEVE WINWOOD** "Higher Love" – Island
5. **GENESIS** "Invisible Touch" – Atlantic
6. **PETER GABRIEL** "Sledgehammer" – Geffen
7. **DAVID LEE ROTH** "Yankee Rose" – Warner Bros.
8. **PETER CETERA** "Glory of Love" – Warner Bros.
9. **EMERSON, LAKE AND POWELL** "Touch and Go" – Polydor
10. **EURYTHMICS** "Missionary Man" – RCA
11. **THE OUTFIELD** "All the Love" – Columbia
12. **JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** "Rumble Seat" – Riva/PolyGram
13. **BELINDA CARLISLE** "Mad About You" – I.R.S.
14. **KENNY LOGGINS** "Danger Zone" – Columbia
15. **38 SPECIAL** "Somebody Like You" – A&M
16. **PET SHOP BOYS** "Opportunities" – EMI America
17. **THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS** "Wrap It Up" – CBS Associated
18. **RUN-D.M.C.** "Walk This Way" – Profile
19. **SIMPLY RED** "Holding Back the Years" – Elektra
20. **MICHAEL McDONALD** "Sweet Freedom" – MCA

Courtesy of MTV Music Television. The Top Twenty videos the week beginning August 1st, 1986.

TOP FIFTY ALBUMS

The first number tells the position of the album this week; the second its position two weeks ago; the third its number of weeks on the chart.

1-4 MADONNA 4
True Blue – Sire *(Madonna, Patrick Leonard and Stephen Bray)*

2-1 PETER GABRIEL 8
So – Geffen* *(Daniel Lanois and Peter Gabriel)*

3-2 GENESIS 4
Invisible Touch – Atlantic *(Genesis and Hugh Padgham)*

4-3 TOP GUN 8
Soundtrack – Columbia† *(Various Producers)*

5-6 STEVE WINWOOD 2
Back in the High Life – Island *(Russ Titelman and Steve Winwood)*

6-5 JANET JACKSON 20
Control – A&M† *(Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis)*

7-10 RUN-D.M.C. 8
Raising Hell – Profile† *(Russell Simmons and Rick Rubin)*

8-8 DAVID LEE ROTH 2
Eat 'Em and Smile – Warner Bros. *(Ted Templeman)*

9-7 WHITNEY HOUSTON 62
Whitney Houston – Arista†[6] *(Jermaine Jackson, Kashif, Michael Masser and Narada Michael Walden)*

10- EURYTHMICS ☜
Revenge – RCA *(David A. Stewart)*

11-11 VAN HALEN 18
5150 – Warner Bros.†[2] *(Van Halen with Mick Jones and Donn Landee)*

12-9 BILLY OCEAN 12
Love Zone – Jive/Arista† *(Barry J. Eastmond and Wayne Brathwaite)*

13-12 WHAM! 2
Music from the Edge of Heaven – Columbia *(George Michael)*

14-15 THE MOODY BLUES 12
The Other Side of Life – Polydor* *(Tony Visconti)*

15-16 PRINCE AND THE REVOLUTION 16
Parade – Paisley Park/Warner Bros.† *(Prince and the Revolution)*

16-19 THE OUTFIELD 20
Play Deep – Columbia† *(William Wittman)*

17-13 PATTI LaBELLE 12
Winner in You – MCA† *(Various Producers)*

18-14 SIMPLY RED 16
Picture Book – Elektra* *(Stewart Levine)*

19-18 GTR 12
GTR – Arista* *(Geoffrey Downes)*

20-27 JEFFREY OSBORNE 4
Emotional – A&M *(Various Producers)*

21- BOB DYLAN ☜
Knocked Out Loaded – CBS *(Bob Dylan)*

22-24 THE CURE 10
Standing on a Beach: The Singles – Elektra *(Various Producers)*

23-17 THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS 18
Tuff Enuff – CBS Associated* *(Dave Edmunds)*

24- BANANARAMA ☜
True Confessions – London *(Tony Swain and Steve Jolley)*

25-35 ANITA BAKER 14
Rapture – Elektra/Asylum *(Michael J. Powell, Marti Sharron and Gary Skardina)*

26-29 PETER CETERA 4
Solitude/Solitaire – Warner Bros. *(Michael Omartian)*

27-26 BELINDA CARLISLE 8
Belinda – I.R.S. *(Michael Lloyd)*

28-39 THE MONKEES 2
Then and Now . . . The Best of the Monkees – Arista *(Various Producers)*

29-23 THE SMITHS 4
The Queen Is Dead – Sire *(Morrissey and Johnny Marr)*

30-28 BOB JAMES AND DAVID SANBORN 8
Double Vision – Warner Bros. *(Tommy LiPuma)*

31-20 BOB SEGER 16
Like a Rock – Capitol† *(Bob Seger, Punch Andrews and David Cole)*

32-30 WHODINI 10
Back in Black – Arista* *(Larry Smith)*

33-25 38 SPECIAL 10
Strength in Numbers – A&M* *(Keith Olsen)*

34- VAN MORRISON ☜
No Guru, No Method, No Teacher – Mercury *(Van Morrison)*

35-21 PET SHOP BOYS 16
Please – EMI America* *(Stephen Hague)*

36-31 AC/DC 4
Who Made Who – Atlantic *(Harry Vanda, George Young, Robert John "Mutt" Lange, Angus Young and Malcolm Young)*

37- JERMAINE STEWART ☜
Frantic Romantic – Arista *(Narada Michael Walden and John "Jellybean" Benitez)*

38- QUIET RIOT ☜
QR III – Pasha/EDA *(Spencer Proffer)*

39- NEIL YOUNG ☜
Landing on Water – Geffen *(Neil Young and Danny Kortchmar)*

40- ANDREAS VOLLENWEIDER ☜
Down to the Moon – CBS Masterworks *(Andreas Vollenweider)*

41-34 NU SHOOZ 10
Poolside – Atlantic *(John Smith and Rick Waritz)*

42-36 JOURNEY 12
Raised on Radio – Columbia† *(Steve Perry)*

43-33 JOAN ARMATRADING 4
Sleight of Hand – A&M *(Joan Armatrading)*

44- THE ROLLING STONES 14
Dirty Work – Rolling Stones† *(Steve Lillywhite and the Glimmer Twins)*

45-41 PHIL COLLINS 72
No Jacket Required – Atlantic†[5] *(Phil Collins and Hugh Padgham)*

46-22 ROD STEWART 4
Rod Stewart – Warner Bros. *(Bob Ezrin and Michael Chapman)*

47-37 QUEENSRYCHE 2
Rage for Order – EMI America *(Neil Kernon)*

48- CINDERELLA ☜
Night Songs – Mercury *(Andy Johns)*

49- ROBERT PALMER 18
Riptide – Island* *(Bernard Edwards)*

50- RANDY TRAVIS 2
Storms of Life – Warner Bros. *(Kyle Lehning and Keith Stegall)*

The ROLLING STONE album chart is based on a nationwide telephone survey of sales in rock-oriented record stores. A hand (☜) identifies new entries; an asterisk (*) gold albums (500,000 copies sold); a dagger (†) platinum albums (1 million copies sold). For multiplatinum albums, superscript numerals indicate amount of millions. Gold and platinum sales are certified by the Recording Industry Association of America. Producers' names appear in parentheses.

BRITISH ALBUMS

1. **MADONNA** True Blue – Sire
2. **WHAM!** The Final – Epic
3. **CHRIS DE BURGH** Into the Light – A&M
4. **QUEEN** A Kind of Magic – EMI
5. **EURYTHMICS** Revenge – RCA
6. **ROBERT PALMER** Riptide – Island
7. **DIRE STRAITS** Brothers in Arms – Vertigo/Phonogram
8. **ROD STEWART** Every Beat of My Heart – Warner Bros.
9. **SIMPLY RED** Picture Book – Elektra
10. **STEVE WINWOOD** Back in the High Life – Island

Courtesy of Music Week Ltd.

BRITISH SINGLES

1. **CHRIS DE BURGH** "The Lady in Red" – A&M
2. **MADONNA** "Papa Don't Preach" – Sire
3. **SLY FOX** "Let's Go All the Way" – Capitol
4. **ROD STEWART** "Every Beat of My Heart" – Warner Bros.
5. **SINITTA** "So Macho" – Fanfare
6. **STAN RIDGWAY** "Camouflage" – I.R.S.
7. **HOLLYWOOD BEYOND** "What's the Colour of Money" – WEA
8. **UB40** "Sing Our Own Song" – DEP International
9. **ROBERT PALMER** "I Didn't Mean to Turn You On" – Island
10. **FIVE STAR** "Find the Time" – Tent

Courtesy of Music Week Ltd.

TEN YEARS AGO

1. **GEORGE BENSON** Breezin' – Warner Bros.
2. **PETER FRAMPTON** Frampton Comes Alive – A&M
3. **CHICAGO** Chicago X – Columbia
4. **THE JEFFERSON STARSHIP** Spitfire – RCA/Grunt
5. **NEIL DIAMOND** Beautiful Noise – Columbia
6. **PAUL McCARTNEY AND WINGS** Wings at the Speed of Sound – Capitol
7. **FLEETWOOD MAC** Fleetwood Mac – Warner Bros.
8. **THE BEATLES** Rock and Roll Music – Capitol
9. **AEROSMITH** Rocks – Columbia
10. **GARY WRIGHT** The Dream Weaver – Warner Bros.

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COLLEGE ALBUMS

1. **THE SMITHS** The Queen Is Dead – Sire
2. **R.E.M.** Lifes Rich Pageant – I.R.S.
3. **EURYTHMICS** Revenge – RCA
4. **PETER GABRIEL** So – Geffen
5. **JOAN ARMATRADING** Sleight of Hand – A&M
6. **SMITHEREENS** Especially for You – Enigma
7. **BIG COUNTRY** The Seer – Mercury
8. **RUN-D.M.C.** Raising Hell – Profile
9. **SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS** Gun-Shy – Elektra
10. **GUADALCANAL DIARY** Jamboree – Elektra

Courtesy of the GAVIN REPORT
Largely based on college-radio airplay.

Compiled by Dulcy Israel

The Dance Tracks chart is reprinted from RS 481.

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